THIS IS A

BOOK OF REFERENCE.

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE LIBRARY.

BROOKLYN
PUBLIC LIBRARY

Form Bo. 1-29 200M E

1983-57

HALF-HOURS

WITH THE

BEST HUMOROUS AUTHORS.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

CHARLES MORRIS.

VOL. I.

AMERICAN.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

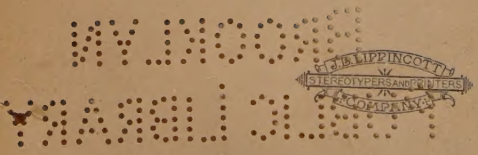
PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.
1889.

M 461921

Res
808.7
M875Hu
cop. 1 v.1

Copyright, 1889, by J. B. Lippincott Company.

~~2753.40~~
cop 1



PREFACE.

THE literature of humor belongs, in a very marked degree, to the modern world. The extant literature of Greece and Rome possesses, indeed, abundance of satire and many examples of wit, but embraces comparatively little of the laughing good nature of humor. In Aristophanes and Lucian, the two great Greek writers of this class, the fun is largely drawn from satire; while in Plautus and Terence, the Roman comedians, the amusement comes much more from ludicrous situations than from humorous conceptions. These writers have an abundance of humor, it is true, but much more of wit and satire, while the few existing fragments of the other authors of ancient comedy indicate that their productions were largely satirical.

Of the early mediæval literature the same may be said. There is abundance of satire, but little humor. Life was too hard, injustice too rife, human sympathy too lacking, for much mellowness of thought to exist, and the fun of the period is prevalently pungent and bitter, seldom warm and genial. Sympathy is needed to blunt the sting of wit, the sentiment of human brotherhood to replace ill nature by geniality, warm-hearted fellow-feeling to soften men's thoughts. In the evolution of the human intellect the sentiments here named were of slow development. Sympathy for individuals is of ancient origin; sympathy for mankind in general is one of the great gifts of Christianity to the world, and is yet very far from its full unfoldment.

Yet the mind of the true humorist must be strongly sympathetic. While full of merriment and the desire to make men laugh, he must have too much of fellow-feeling to desire to make men wince. He must be a stingless bee, yielding honey instead of poison. Wit is the weapon of selfish mirth, that laughs at what hurts; humor is the faculty of genial merriment, whose laughter has no victim, whose mirth no bitterness. In consequence, the latter is of latest birth, and came into active existence only after wit had gained its full development.

The first great influx of humor into literature took place in the last half of the sixteenth century. Then, in three separate nations, three of the greatest of the world's humorists appeared. Rabelais in France, Cervantes in Spain, and Shakespeare in England, produced their irresistible works, and the world shook its sides with laughter at the richly mirthful conceptions of these genial-hearted writers. Italy had, somewhat earlier, produced the burlesque poems of Pulci, Berni, and Ariosto; but humor then first rose into prominence as an essential province of literature, and only since then has it been largely cultivated. Satire, once the principal ingredient of the literature of laughter, has died away until it forms now but a minor constituent of written thought. Wit is still vital, but has lost much of its former prominence, and is being steadily replaced by the productions of the humorist. Mirth is losing the pungent bitterness which of old was its chief characteristic. It is growing mellow with age, softening as it ripens, and while as full of the essence of laughter as ever, it is of laughter which no longer victimizes, merriment which has no sting.

We have no purpose to trace the development of humorous literature, and need but say that it constitutes an abundant constituent of the recent literary productions of England and the United States, and is a pervading ele-

ment in much of the modern literature of Italy and France, though in the latter country wit has been more particularly cultivated. Germany has added but little to the literature of humor, though the quaintly original works of Jean Paul go far to redeem the credit of his country in this direction. As respects the humorous productions of England and America there is an essential difference in character, which it may be well to point out. English humor is the finer of the two. It depends more on the essential absurdity of the situation, and the laughable turns of the dialogue or description, and less on adventitious elements, than does the humor of American writers. The latter have introduced new and not quite legitimate constituents into their productions. Exaggerated and impossible situations, extravagant dialogue, bad spelling, and similar expedients are employed to raise a laugh. This, it must be confessed, is often done with excellent effect. Leaving out the barbarism of impossible dialect, the elements mentioned have their value, and the exaggeration introduced into many of the most popular productions of American humor forms a conception of the amusing in great part original with American writers, and in accordance with the expansion of thought and action in this New-World republic. The American method has certainly added greatly to the laughter-provoking productions of the literary world, yielding amusing effects which could not be otherwise produced, and, while not embracing the highest and purest conception of humor, has a richness and breadth of its own which few would be content to part with. Every nation has its own manner and its own conception of mirthful thought, and our American writers have at least the merit of leaving the beaten track of trans-Atlantic humor, and of adding original contributions to the world's wealth of fun.

The present work is principally confined to selections from the humorous authors of the United States and Great Britain, the fun of Continental humorists vanishing too much in translation to be largely drawn upon. In our previous series of Half-Hour readings many examples of humor were given, in some cases the best productions of their writers, which it does not seem advisable to repeat; and in the case of some other popular humorists, the fact that their works are copyright matter has prevented us from giving as extended extracts as we should have preferred; yet we trust that readers will find this work to contain fair examples from the works of all the prominent humorists of America and Great Britain, with many selections from less-known and anonymous writers which appeared sufficiently meritorious to deserve a place.

In conclusion, we return thanks for the valued privilege of using selections from their copyrighted works, to many authors, and to the following publishers, who have cheerfully and kindly granted the desired permission: Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Ticknor & Co., D. Appleton & Co., Harper & Brothers, Lee & Shepherd, G. W. Dillingham, Fords, Howard & Hulbert, Charles Scribner's Sons, Roberts Brothers, Cupples & Hurd, J. B. Lippincott Co., T. B. Peterson & Co., and Cassell & Co.; also to the editors of the following periodicals: Harper's Magazine, Lippincott's Magazine, St. Nicholas, New York World, New York Times, Chicago Tribune, and Toledo Blade.

CONTENTS.

SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
Literature of Mirth	Edwin P. Whipple	11
Wit and Humor	" "	15
Rip Van Winkle	Washington Irving	17
Foreign Correspondence	Oliver Wendell Holmes	29
The Buckwheat Cake	Henry Pickering	32
The Harp of a Thousand Strings	Anonymous	39
Living in the Country	Frederick S. Cozzens	42
Major Egerton	Gulian C. Verplanck	48
Father Abbey's Will	John Seccomb	64
My First Visit to Portland	Seba Smith	67
Swallowing an Oyster Alive	John S. Robb	72
Miss Albina McLush	Nathaniel P. Willis	75
A Desperate Race	Jonathan F. Kelley	79
Mr. Stiver's Horse	James M. Bailey	86
American Lyrics of Humor	Various	92
Paper: A Poem	Benjamin Franklin	92
Better Walk than Ride	Henry C. Knight	94
Ode to Impudence	Joseph Rodman Drake	95
Domestic Happiness	Fitz-Greene Halleck	96
Ode to my Cigar	Charles Sprague	98
The Two Comets	John G. C. Brainard	99
First of May in New York	Robert S. Coffin	101
The Critic	Epes Sargent	102
The Comet	Oliver Wendell Holmes	104
Dining as a Fine Art	John Sanderson	107
The Witness-Box	Anonymous	114
The Coupon Bonds	John T. Trowbridge	121
The Dutchman who had the Small Pox	Henry P. Leland	132
The Snake-bitten Dutchman	Anonymous	136
An Idyl of the Period	"	140

SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
The King of the Kickapoos	Hugh H. Brackenridge	142
Country Burial-Places	John Carver	150
Wouter Van Twiller	Washington Irving	153
Agamemnon's Invention	Lucretia P. Hale	160
William Brown of Oregon	Joaquin Miller	168
The Season of Pumpkin Pie	Charles Dudley Warner	172
Miss Slimmins Surprised	Metta Victoria Victor	177
The Yankee Zincali	John G. Whittier	180
Doorstep Acquaintance	William D. Howells	189
Ovid Bolus: Artist	Joseph G. Baldwin	194
Poetical Satire	Various	203
The Vase	James Jeffrey Roche	203
The Tender Heart	Helen Gray Cone	205
The Inventor's Wife	E. T. Corbett	206
A Modern Minerva	Carlotta Perry	209
The Sale of Old Bachelors	Lucretia Davidson	211
A Story of Science	Anonymous	212
Sam Slick's Sentiments	Thomas C. Haliburton	214
The Road to a Woman's Heart	" "	214
Italian Paintings	" "	219
Reply to McCrary	Thomas Corwin	223
The Pun Fiend	William Wirt Howe	231
The Little Frenchman's Water Lots	George P. Morris	241
A Monody	Robert C. Sands	248
Jones's Fight	Hamilton C. Jones	254
Cousin Sally Dilliard	" "	261
Bringing up Children	Charles B. Lewis	264
An Unnecessary Invention	William L. Alden	269
A Piece of Red Calico	Frank R. Stockton	272
The Mosquito	William Cullen Bryant	279
Aunt Dinah's Kitchen	Harriet Beecher Stowe	282
Shaking Hands	Edward Everett	288
A Hung Jury	Joseph M. Field	292
Hieronymus Pop and the Baby	Katharine S. McDowell	295
What Mr. Robinson Thinks	James Russell Lowell	303
Anecdotes of Eminent Americans	Various	305
A Traveller's Adventures	John Ross Browne	313
Rapid Travel	" " "	313
Victimized Travellers	" " "	315
A Greek Dragoman	" " "	320
Vagrant Sketches	Anonymous	323
Our Visitor and his Errand	"	323

SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
The School-Boy's Apples	Anonymous	326
The Bewitched Clock	"	328
S'posin'	"	331
A Western Artist's Accomplishments	"	334
Wild Grapes	"	336
My Familiar	John G. Saxe	342
The Cockney	" "	345
Blifkins the Author	Benjamin P. Shillaber	346
Partingtonian Patchwork	" "	353
The Poet and his Critics	Washington Allston	358
Prose Relaxations	Various	362
Letter	George Washington	362
Letter	Fisher Ames	363
The Happy Man and the Lucky Dog	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	365
The Jumping Frog	Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain)	367
Fun in Verse	Various	374
The Alarmed Skipper	James T. Fields	375
Jim Bludso	John Hay	376
Irish Astronomy	Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly)	378
A Threnody	George T. Lanigan	380
The Funny Story	Josephine Pollard	382
Just So	Metta Victoria Victor	383
The Belle	John Trumbull	384
Trials of a Twin	Henry S. Leigh	385
The Widow Bedott's Visitor	Frances M. Wicher	386
Wooding Up	Solomon F. Smith	395
Guilty but Drunk	Col. Bradbury	401
How to Write a Book of Travels	Gail Hamilton	406
Crossing the Carry	William H. H. Murray	416
Chiquita	Bret Harte	423
A New England Sunday	Henry Ward Beecher	426
The Dog Noble and the Empty Hole	" " "	433
Jokes and Jokers	Walter Edgar McCann	435
Mary Ann and Chyng Loo	Margaret Hosmer	441
Hans Breitmann in Politics	Charles G. Leland	452
Knick-Knacks	Lewis Gaylord Clark	458
A Munchausen Tramp	Willis Gaylord Clark	462
Mistake versus Blunder	Francis Hopkinson	464
The Double Bed	Anonymous	465

SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
Jimmy Butler and the Owl	ANONYMOUS	468
Anecdote of Artemus Ward	SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN)	472
A Gift Horse	ROSE TERRY COOKE	473
Corner Loungers	JOSEPH C. NEAL	481
Mr. and Mrs. Doubleday	CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND	484
The Humor of Sentiment	VARIOUS	490
The Dead Doll	MARGARET VANDEGRIFT	490
The Smack in School	WILLIAM P. PALMER	492
Why Biddy and Pat Married	RICHARD H. STODDARD	493
The Irish Picket	ROBERT H. NEWELL (ORPHEUS C. KERR)	495
The Fate of Genius	S. W. FOSS	497
Repartee	BEN. WOOD DAVIS	499
Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe	NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE	499

HALF-HOURS

WITH THE

BEST HUMOROUS AUTHORS.

THE LITERATURE OF MIRTH.

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

[As a fit introduction to the theme of the following volumes, we select from Whipple's critical productions two short essays, one of which is an eloquent appeal in favor of the mirthful side of literature, with brief pen-pictures of its most famous professors, while the other is perhaps the neatest contrast of wit and humor in existence. The author, Edwin Percy Whipple, was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1819. His works comprise many able review-essays and several volumes of critical and biographical material, which, of their kind, are unsurpassed in American literature.]

THE ludicrous side of life, like the serious side, has its literature, and it is a literature of untold wealth. Mirth is a Proteus, changing its shape and manner with the thousand diversities of individual character, from the most superficial gayety to the deepest, most earnest humor. Thus, the wit of the airy, feather-brained Farquhar glances and gleams like heat-lightning; that of Milton blasts and burns like the bolt. Let us glance carelessly over this wide field of comic writers, who have drawn new forms of mirth-

ful being from life's ludicrous side, and note, here and there, a wit or humorist. There is the humor of Goethe, like his own summer morning, mirthfully clear; and there is the tough and knotty humor of old Ben Jonson, at times ground down to the edge to a sharp cutting scorn, and occasionally hissing out stinging words, which seem, like his own Mercury's, "steeped in the very brine of conceit, and sparkle like salt in fire." There is the incessant brilliancy of Sheridan,—

> "Whose humor, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
> Played round every subject, and shone as it played;
> Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
> Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade."

There is the uncouth mirth, that winds, stutters, wriggles, and screams, dark, scornful, and savage, among the dislocated joints of Carlyle's spavined sentences. There is the lithe, springy sarcasm, the hilarious *badinage*, the brilliant, careless disdain, which sparkle and scorch along the glistening page of Holmes. There is the sleepy smile that sometimes lies so benignly on the sweet and serious diction of old Izaak Walton. There is the mirth of Dickens, twinkling now in some ironical insinuation, and anon winking at you with pleasant maliciousness, its distended cheeks fat with suppressed glee, and then, again, coming out in broad gushes of humor, overflowing all banks and bounds of conventional decorum. There is Sydney Smith, sly, sleek, swift, subtle,—a moment's motion, and the human mouse is in his paw! Mark, in contrast with him, the beautiful heedlessness with which the Ariel-like spirit of Gay pours itself out in benevolent mockeries of human folly. There, in a corner, look at that petulant little man, his features working with thought and pain, his lips wrinkled with a sardonic smile; and, see! the immortal person-

ality has received its last point and polish in that toiling brain, and, in a straight, luminous line, with a twang like Scorn's own arrow, hisses through the air the unerring shaft of Pope,—to

> "Dash the proud gamester from his gilded car,
> And bare the base heart that lurks beneath a star."

There, a little above Pope, see Dryden keenly dissecting the inconsistencies of Buckingham's volatile mind, or leisurely crushing out the insect life of Shadwell,—

> "owned, without dispute,
> Throughout the realms of Nonsense, absolute."

There, moving gracefully through that carpeted parlor, mark that dapper, diminutive Irish gentleman. The moment you look at him, your eyes are dazzled with the whizzing rockets and hissing wheels, streaking the air with a million sparks, from the pyrotechnic brain of Anacreon Moore. Again, cast your eyes from that blinding glare and glitter to the soft and beautiful brilliancy, the winning grace, the bland banter, the gliding wit, the diffusive humor, which make you in love with all mankind, in the charming pages of Washington Irving. And now for another change: glance at the jerks and jets of satire, the mirthful audacities, the fretting and teasing mockeries, of that fat, sharp imp, half Mephistophiles, half Falstaff, that cross between Beelzebub and Rabelais, known in all lands as the matchless Mr. Punch. No English statesman, however great his power, no English nobleman, however high his rank, but knows that every week he may be pointed at by the scoffing finger of that omnipotent buffoon and consigned to the ridicule of the world. The pride of intellect, the pride of wealth, the power to oppress,—nothing can save the dunce or criminal from being

pounced upon by Punch and held up to a derision or execration which shall ring from London to St. Petersburg, from the Ganges to the Oregon. From the vitriol pleasantries of this arch-fiend of Momus let us turn to the benevolent mirth of Addison and Steele, whose glory it was to redeem polite literature from moral depravity, by showing that wit could chime merrily in with the voice of virtue, and who smoothly laughed away many a vice of the national character by that humor which tenderly touches the sensitive point with an evanescent grace and genial glee. And here let us not forget Goldsmith, whose delicious mirth is of that rare quality which lies too deep for laughter,—which melts softly into the mind, suffusing it with inexpressible delight, and sending the soul dancing joyously into the eyes to utter its merriment in liquid glances, passing all the expression of tone. And here, though we cannot do him justice, let us remember the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne, deserving a place second to none in that band of humorists whose beautiful depth of cheerful feeling is the very poetry of mirth. In ease, grace, delicate sharpness of satire, in a felicity of touch which often surpasses the felicity of Addison, in a subtlety of insight which often reaches farther than the subtlety of Steele, the humor of Hawthorne presents traits so fine as to be almost too excellent for popularity, as, to every one who has attempted their criticism, they are too refined for statement. The brilliant atoms flit, hover, and glance before our minds, but the subtle sources of their ethereal light lie beyond our analysis,—

> "And no speed of ours avails
> To hunt upon their shining trails."

And now let us breathe a benison on these our mirthful benefactors, these fine revellers among human weaknesses,

these stern, keen satirists of human depravity. Wherever Humor smiles away the fretting thoughts of care, or supplies that antidote which cleanses

> "the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
> That weighs upon the heart,"—

wherever Wit riddles folly, abases pride, or stings iniquity, —there glides the cheerful spirit, or glitters the flashing thought, of these bright enemies of stupidity and gloom. Thanks to them, hearty thanks, for teaching us that the ludicrous side of life is its wicked side, no less than its foolish; that in a lying world there is still no mercy for falsehood; that Guilt, however high it may lift its brazen front, is never beyond the lightnings of scorn; and that the lesson they teach agrees with the lesson taught by all experience, that life in harmony with reason is the only life safe from laughter,—that life in harmony with virtue is the only life safe from contempt.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Wit was originally a general name for all the intellectual powers, meaning the faculty which kens, perceives, knows, understands; it was gradually narrowed in its signification to express merely the resemblance between ideas, and, lastly, to note that resemblance when it occasioned ludicrous surprise. It marries ideas lying wide apart, by a sudden jerk of the understanding. Humor originally meant moisture, a signification it metaphorically retains, for it is the very juice of the mind, oozing from the brain, and enriching and fertilizing wherever it falls. Wit exists by antipathy; humor, by sympathy. Wit laughs *at* things; humor laughs *with* them. Wit lashes external appearances, or cunningly exaggerates single foibles into character; hu-

mor glides into the heart of its object, looks lovingly on the infirmities it detects, and represents the whole man. Wit is abrupt, darting, scornful, and tosses its analogies in your face; humor is slow and shy, insinuating its fun into your heart. Wit is negative, analytical, destructive; humor is creative. The couplets of Pope are witty, but Sancho Panza is a humorous creation. Wit, when earnest, has the earnestness of passion, seeking to destroy; humor has the earnestness of affection, and would lift up what is seemingly low into our charity and love. Wit, bright, rapid, and blasting as the lightning, flashes, strikes, and vanishes in an instant; humor, warm and all-embracing as the sunshine, bathes its objects in a genial and abiding light. Wit implies hatred or contempt of folly and crime, produces its effects by brisk shocks of surprise, uses the whip of scorpions and the branding-iron, stabs, stings, pinches, tortures, goads, teases, corrodes, undermines; humor implies a sure conception of the beautiful, the majestic, and the true, by whose light it surveys and shapes their opposites. It is a humane influence, softening with mirth the ragged inequalities of existence, promoting tolerant views of life, bridging over the spaces which separate the lofty from the lowly, the great from the humble. Old Dr. Fuller's remark that a negro is "the image of God cut in ebony" is humorous; Horace Smith's inversion of it, that the taskmaster is "the image of the devil cut in ivory," is witty. Wit can coexist with fierce and malignant passions; but humor demands good feeling and fellow-feeling, —feeling not merely for what is above us, but for what is around and beneath us.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[Of the many humorous productions of Irving's pen, none has been a greater favorite with the public than the story of the good-natured village idler who napped away twenty years of his life. This story has been made highly popular through Jefferson's inimitable stage reproduction of Rip, but, well known as it is, we cannot select a better example of Irving's genial humor. The author, Washington Irving, was born in New York City in 1783, and died at "Sunnyside," on the Hudson, in 1859. His writings include "The Sketch-Book," several very attractively written histories, the highly amusing Knickerbocker "History of New York," and a number of smaller productions. It was through the influence of his admirably written works that America first gained a literary standing in Europe.]

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. . . .

At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, . . . and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the

country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. . . . He was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home. . . .

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village. . . . The children, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them; in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing

family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do: so that, though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had as much ado to hold up with one hand as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

[But Rip was not suffered to pursue the vocations of laziness in peace. His good wife had a tongue of extraordinary acerbity, and gave her idle husband the benefit of it day and night. His dog Wolf came in for a full share of this domestic ammunition, and as years went by, and Mrs. Van Winkle's tongue grew sharper and her temper more acid, Rip and his fellow-sufferer found their only refuge in the woods, where he would roam for hours, holding sympathetic communion with his dog.]

In a long ramble of this kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. . . .

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him: he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but, supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion,—a cloth jerkin strapped around the waist, several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load.

[Rip did so, and they advanced up the mountain, while long rolling peals, like distant thunder, came to their ears. Finally they came to a small amphitheatre, surrounded by precipices, whose outgrowing trees cut off nearly all the light of the sky.]

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins.

They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

[When Rip awakened, he found himself lying on the spot from which he had first seen the old keg-bearer. All the ninepin-players, with the amphitheatre, had vanished. His dog had disappeared, and the well-oiled fowling-piece of the night before was now a rusty barrel, with a worm-eaten stock. He fancied that a trick had been played upon him, and rose to seek the amphitheatre and his dog and gun. None of them could be found, and he felt his limbs so stiff and aching that he grew into deep dread of rheumatism, which would leave him a helpless victim to the eloquence of Dame Van Winkle. He finally shouldered the rusty firelock and turned his steps homeward.]

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was

larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows: everything was strange.

His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains,—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance,—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly."

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay,—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolation overcame all his connubial fears: he called loudly for his wife and children. The lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by

Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes. All this was strange and incomprehensible.

He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted, in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens, election, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of Seventy-six, and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern-politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant

stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was a Federal or Democrat?"

Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and the left with his elbows as he passed, and, planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers: "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order, and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired,—

"Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war: some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point, others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know: he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand,—war, Congress, Stony Point: he had no more courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out, in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wits' end: "I am not myself,—I am somebody else: that's me yonder,—no, that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am."

The by-standers now began to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their fore-

heads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she,—"hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What's your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he,—"young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed,

"Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle,—it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head,—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

[An old Dutch villager, however, corroborated Rip's marvellous story, assuring the company that Hendrick Hudson and his crew were in the habit of keeping vigil in the Kaatskills every twenty years, that his father had seen them playing at ninepins, and he himself had heard the sound of their balls, like distant thunder. To end the story, Rip found a comfortable home with his daughter, discovered many of his old cronies, and soon became a great favorite with the rising generation. He became reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and passed a lazy and happy old age in the absence of his termagant wife.]

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having been so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill

but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[Of our modern writers we have none with a richer and truer sense of humor than Holmes. His fun, indeed, usually takes the form of poetry, but it crops out to a notable extent in his prose, and particularly in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," from which the following selection is taken, and which contains many choice examples of genial humor.]

Do I think that the particular form of lying often seen in newspapers, under the title "From our Foreign Correspondent," does any harm?—Why, no, I don't know that it does. I suppose it doesn't really deceive people any more than the "Arabian Nights" or "Gulliver's Travels" do. Sometimes the writers compile *too* carelessly, though, and mix up facts out of geographies and stories out of the penny papers, so as to mislead those who are desirous of information. I cut a piece out of one of the papers, the other day, which contains a number of improbabilities, and, I suspect, misstatements. I will send up and get it for you, if you would like to hear it. Ah, this is it: it is headed

"OUR SUMATRA CORRESPONDENCE.

"This island is now the property of the Stamford family, having been won, it is said, in a raffle, by Sir —— Stam-

ford, during the stock-gambling mania of the South-Sea Scheme. The history of this gentleman may be found in an interesting series of questions (unfortunately not yet answered) contained in the *Notes and Queries*. This island is entirely surrounded by the ocean, which here contains a large amount of saline substance, crystallizing in cubes remarkable for their symmetry, and frequently displays on its surface, during calm weather, the rainbow tints of the celebrated South-Sea bubbles. The summers are oppressively hot, and the winters very probably cold; but this fact cannot be ascertained precisely, as, for some peculiar reason, the mercury in these latitudes never shrinks, as in more northern regions, and thus the thermometer is rendered useless in winter.

"The principal vegetable productions of the island are the pepper-tree and the bread-fruit tree. Pepper being very abundantly produced, a benevolent society was organized in London during the last century for supplying the natives with vinegar and oysters, as an addition to that delightful condiment. (Note received from Dr. D. P.) It is said, however, that, as the oysters were of the kind called *natives* in England, the natives of Sumatra, in obedience to a natural instinct, refused to touch them, and confined themselves entirely to the crew of the vessel in which they were brought over. This information was received from one of the oldest inhabitants, a native himself, and exceedingly fond of missionaries. He is said also to be very skilful in the *cuisine* peculiar to the island.

"During the season of gathering pepper, the persons employed are subject to various incommodities, the chief of which is violent and long-continued sternutation, or sneezing. Such is the vehemence of these attacks that the unfortunate subjects of them are often driven backwards for great distances at immense speed, on the well-

known principle of the æolipile. Not being able to see where they are going, these poor creatures dash themselves to pieces against the rocks, or are precipitated over the cliffs, and thus many valuable lives are lost annually. As, during the whole pepper-harvest, they feed exclusively on this stimulant, they become exceedingly irritable. The smallest injury is resented with ungovernable rage. A young man suffering from the *pepper-fever*, as it is called, cudgelled another most severely for appropriating a superannuated relative of trifling value, and was only pacified by having a present made him of a pig of that peculiar species of swine called the *Peccavi* by the Catholic Jews, who, it is well known, abstain from swine's flesh in imitation of the Mahometan Buddhists.

"The bread-tree grows abundantly. Its branches are well known to Europe and America under the familiar name of *macaroni*. The smaller twigs are called *vermicelli*. They have a decided animal flavor, as may be observed in the soups containing them. Macaroni, being tubular, is the favorite habitat of a very dangerous insect, which is rendered peculiarly ferocious by being boiled. The government of the island, therefore, never allows a stick of it to be exported without being accompanied by a piston with which its cavity may at any time be thoroughly swept out. These are commonly lost or stolen before the macaroni arrives among us. It therefore always contains many of these insects, which, however, generally die of old age in the shops, so that accidents from this source are comparatively rare.

"The fruit of the bread-tree consists principally of hot rolls. The buttered-muffin variety is supposed to be a hybrid with the cocoanut palm, the cream found on the milk of the cocoanut exuding from the hybrid in the shape of butter, just as the ripe fruit is splitting, so as to fit

it for the tea-table, where it is commonly served up with cold——"

—There, I don't want to read any more of it. You see that many of these statements are highly improbable. No, I shall not mention the paper.

THE BUCKWHEAT-CAKE.

HENRY PICKERING.

[Henry Pickering was born at Newburg, New York, in 1781; died in 1838. The poem we give is an excellent instance of the mock-heroic, in the same vein as Barlow's "Hasty Pudding."]

> "But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
> With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
> On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
> Glistering with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
> Nor grateful evening, without thee is sweet!"

MUSE, that upon the top of Pindus sitt'st,
And with the enchanting accents of thy lyre
Dost soothe the immortals, while thy influence sweet
Earth's favored bards confess, be present now;
Breathe through my soul, inspire thyself the song,
And upward bear me in the adventurous flight;
Lo, the resistless theme,—THE BUCKWHEAT-CAKE.
  Let others boastful sing the golden ear
Whose farinaceous treasures, by nice art
And sleight of hand, with store of milk and eggs,
Formed into pancakes of an ample round,
Might please an epicure, and homebred bards
Delight to celebrate the tasselled maize

Worn in the bosom of the Indian maid,
Who taught to make the hoe-cake (dainty fair,
When buttered well!), I envy not their joys.
How easier of digestion, and, beyond
Compare, more pure, more delicate, the cake
All other cakes above, queen of the whole,
And triumph of the culinary art,—
The Buckwheat-Cake! my passion when a boy,
And still the object of intensest love,—
Love undivided, knowing no decline,
Immutable. My benison on thee,
Thou glorious Plant, that thus with gladness crown'dst
Life's spring-time, and beneath bright Summer's eye,
Luredst me so oft to revel with the bee
Among thy snow-white flowers; nay, that e'en yet
Propitious, amidst visions of the past
Which seem to make my day-dreams now of joy,
Giv'st me to triumph o'er the ills of time.
Thou, when the sun "pours down his sultry wrath,"
Scorching the earth and withering every flower,
Unlock'st, beneficent, thy fragrant cells,
And lavishest thy perfume on the air;
But when brown Autumn sweeps along the glebe,
Gathering the hoar-frost in her rustling train,
Thou captivat'st my heart! for thou dost then
Wear a rich purple tint, the sign most sure
That nature hath performed her kindly task,
Leaving the husbandman to sum his wealth
And thank the bounteous gods. Oh, now be wise,
Ye swains, and use the scythe most gently; else
The grain, plump and well ripened, breaks the tie
Which slightly binds it to the parent stalk,
And falls in rattling showers upon the ground,
Mocking your futile toil, or, mingled straight

With earth, lies buried deep, with all the hopes
Of disappointed man! Soon as the scythe
Hath done its work, let the rake follow slow,
With caution gathering up into a swath
The lusty corn; which the prompt teamster next,
Or to the barn-floor clean transports, or heaps
Remorseless on the ground, there to be threshed,—
Dull work, and most unmusical the flail!
And yet, if ponderous rollers smooth the soil,
The earth affords a substitute not mean
For the more polished plank; and they who boast
The texture of their meal—the sober race
That claim a peaceful founder for their state
(Title worth all the kingdoms of the world!)—
Do most affect the practice. But a point
So subtle others may debate; enough
For me if, when enveloped in a cloud
Of steam, hot from the griddle, I perceive,
On tasting, no rude mixture in the cake,
Gravel, or sandy particle, to the ear
Even painful, and most fearful in effect:
For should the jaws in sudden contact meet,
The while, within a luscious morsel hid,
Some pebble comes between, lo! as the gates
Of hell, they "grate harsh thunder;" and the man,
Aghast, writhing with pain, the table spurns,
And looks with loathing on the rich repast.

But now, his garners full, and the sharp air
And fancy keener still the appetite
Inspiriting, to the mill, perched near some crag
Down which the foamy torrent rushes loud,
The farmer bears his grist. And here I must
To a discovery rare, in time advert;

For the pure substance dense which is concealed
Within the husk, and which, by process quick
As simple, is transformed to meal, should first
Be clean divested of its sombre coat:
The which effected, 'tween the whizzing stones
Descends the kernel, beauteous, and reduced
To dust impalpable, comes drifting out
In a white cloud. Let not the secret, thus
Divulged, be lost on you, ye delicate!
Unless, in sooth, convinced ye should prefer
A sprinkling of the bran; for 'tis by some
Alleged that this a higher zest confers.
Who shall decide? Epicurean skill
I boast not, nor exactest taste; but if
I am to be the umpire, then I say,
As did the Baratarian king, of sleep,—
My blessing on the man who first the art
Divine invented! Ay, let the pure flour
Be like the driven snow, bright to the eye,
And unadulerate. So jovial sons
Of Bacchus, with electric joy, behold
"The dancing ruby," then impatient toss
The clear unsullied draught. But is there aught
In the inebriate cup to be compared
To the attractive object of my love,
The Buckwheat Cake? Let those who list still quaff
The maddening juice, and, in their height of bliss,
Believe that such she of the laughing eye
And lip of rose, celestial Hebe, deals
Among the gods; but oh, ye powers divine,
If e'er ye listen to a mortal's prayer,
Still give me my ambrosia. This confers
No "pains arthritic," racking every joint,
But leaves the body healthful, and the mind

Serene and imperturbed. A nicer art
Than all remains yet to be taught; but dare
I venture on the theme? Ye Momus tribes,
Who laugh even wisdom into scorn,—and ye,
Authoritative dames, who wave on high
Your sceptre-spit,—away! and let the nymph
Whose smiles betoken pleasure in the task
(If task it be) bring forth the polished jar,
Or, wanting such, one of an humbler sort,
Earthen, but smooth within; although nor gold,
Nor silver vase, like those once used, in times
Remote, by the meek children of the Sun
(Ere tyrant Spain had steeped their land in gore),
Were of too costly fabric. But at once,
Obedient to the precepts of the muse,
Pour in the tepid stream, warm but not hot,
And pure as water from Castalian spring.
Yet interdicts she not the balmy tide
Which flows from the full udder, if preferred;
This, in the baking, o'er the luscious cake
Diffuses a warm golden hue,—but that
Frugality commends and taste approves;
Though if the quantity of milk infused
Be not redundant, none can take offence.
Let salt the liquid mass impregnate next,
And then into the deep, capacious urn
Adroitly sift the inestimable dust,
Stirring meanwhile, with paddle firmly held,
The thickening fluid. Sage discretion here
Can best determine the consistence fit,
Nor thin, nor yet too thick. Last, add the barm,—
The living spirit which throughout the whole
Shall quickly circulate, and airy, light,
Bear upward by degrees the body dull.

Be prudent now, nor let the appetite
Too keen urge forward the last act of all.
Time, it is true, may move with languid wing,
And the impatient soul demand the cake
Delicious; yet would I advise to bear
A transient ill, and wait the award of Fate.
The sluggish mass must be indulged till, waked
By the ethereal spirit, it shall mount
From its dark cell, and court the upper air;
For, baked too soon, the cake, compact and hard,
To the dissolving butter entrance free
Denies, while disappointment and disgust
Prey on the heart. Much less do thou neglect
The auspicious moment! Thee nor business then
Must urgent claim, nor love the while engross;
For, ever to the skies aspiring still,
The fluid vivified anon ascends,
Disdains all bound, and o'er the vase's side
Flows awful, till, too late admonished, thou
The miserable waste shalt frantic see,
And in the acid draff within perceive
Thy hopes all frustrate. Thus Vesuvius, in
Some angry hour, 'mid flames and blackening smoke,
From his infuriate crater pours profuse
The fiery lava, deluging the plains,
And burying in its course cities, and towns,
And fairest works of art. But, to arrest
Catastrophe so dire, the griddle smooth—
Like steely buckler of the heroic age,
Elliptical or round,—and for not less
Illustrious use designed—make ready quick.
Rubbed o'er the surface hot, a little sand
Will not be useless; this each particle
Adhesive of the previous batch removes,

And renders easy the important work
To gracefully reverse the half-baked cake.
With like intent the porker's salted rind,
Moved to and fro, must lubricate the whole;
And, this performed, let the white batter stream
Upon the disk opaque, till silvered o'er,
Like Cynthia's, it enchants the thoughtful soul.
Impatient of restraint, the liquid spreads,
And, as it spreads, a thousand globules rise,
Glistening, but, like the bubble joy, soon burst,
And disappear. Ah! seize the occasion fair,
Nor hesitate too long the cake to turn,
Which, of a truth, unsightly else must look,
And to the experienced nicer palate prove
Distasteful. See! 'tis done; and now, oh, now
The precious treat! spongy, and soft, and brown,
Exhaling, as it comes, a vapor bland,
While, all embossed with flowers (to be dissolved,
Anon, as with the breath of the warm South),
Upon the alluring board the butter gleams,—
Not rancid, fit for appetite alone
Of coarsest gust, but delicate and pure,
And golden like the morn. Yet one thing more,—
The liquid amber which, untired, the bee
From many a bloom distils for thankless man,—
For man who, when her services are o'er,
The little glad purveyor of his board
Remorseless kills. But to the glorious feast!
Ye gods! from your Olympian heights descend,
And share with me what ye yourselves shall own
Far dearer than ambrosia. That, indeed,
May haply give a zest to social mirth,
And, with the alternate cup, exhilarate
The sons of heaven; but my nepenthe rare

Not only cheers the heart, but from the breast
Care, grief, and every nameless ill dispels,
Yielding a foretaste of immortal joy!

THE HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS.

A HARD-SHELL BAPTIST SERMON.

ANONYMOUS.

[This effusion first appeared in a New Orleans paper, and seems worthy of preservation. The locality is supposed to be at a village on the bank of the Mississippi River, whither the volunteer parson had brought his flat-boat for the purpose of trade. It is an excellent example of the burlesque sermon, of which there are so many specimens in American periodical literature.]

I MAY say to you, my brethring, that I am not an edicated man, and I am not one of them as believes that edication is necessary for a gospel minister, for I believe the Lord edicates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edicated; an' although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the State of Indianny, whar I live, thar's no man as gets bigger congregations nor what I gits.

Thar may be some here to-day, my brethring, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I must say to you, my brethring, that I'm a Hard Shell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hard Shell Baptists, but I'd rather have a Hard Shell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my brethring, dressed up in fine clothes; you mout think I was proud, but I am not proud, my brethring, and although I've been a preacher of the gospel for twenty

years, an' although I'm capting of the flat-boat that lies at your landing, I'm not proud, my brethring.

I am not gwine to tell edzactly whar my tex may be found; suffice to say, it's in the leds of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhar between the first chapter of the book of Generations and the last chapter of the book of Revolutions, and ef you'll go and search the Scriptures you'll not only find my tex thar, but a great many other texes as will do you good to read, and my tex, when you shill find it, you shill find it to read thus:

"And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

My text, my brethring, leads me to speak of sperits. Now, thar's a great many kinds of sperits in the world: in the fuss place, thar's the sperits as some folks call ghosts, and thar's the sperits uv turpentine, and thar's the sperits as some folks call liquor, and I've got as good an artikel of them kind of sperits on my flat-boat as ever was fotch down the Mississippi River; but thar's a great many other kinds of sperits, for the tex says, "He played on a harp uv a *t-h-o-u*-sand strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind uv sperits as is meant in the tex is FIRE. That's the kind uv sperits as is meant in the tex, my brethring. Now, thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fuss place, there's the common sort of fire you light your cigar or pipe with, and then thar's fox-fire, and camphire, fire before you're ready, and fire and fall back, and many other kinds uv fire; for the tex says, "He played on the harp uv a *thou*sand strings, sperits of jest men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is meant in the tex, my brethring: it's HELL-FIRE! and that's the kind uv fire as a great many uv you'll come to, ef you don't do better

nor what you have been doin'; for "he played on a harp uv a *thou*sand strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

Now, the different sorts of fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions of Christians in the world. In the first place we have the Piscapalions, and they are a high-sailin' and high-falutin' set, and they may be likened unto a turkey-buzzard, that flies up into the air, and he goes up, and up, and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger-nail, and the fust thing you know, he cums down, and down, and down, and is a-fillin' himself on the carkiss of a dead hoss by the side of the road, and "he played on a harp uv a *thou*sand strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

And then thar's the Methodis, and they may be likened unto the squirrel runnin' up into a tree, for the Methodis believes in gwine on from one degree of grace to another, and finally on to perfection, and the squirrel goes up and up, and up and up, and he jumps from limb to limb, and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls, and down he cums kerflummix, and that's like the Methodis, for they is allers fallin' from grace, ah! and "he played on a harp uv a *thou*sand strings, sperits of jest men made perfeck."

And then, my brethring, thar's the Baptist, ah! and they have been likened unto a possum on a 'simmon-tree, and thunders may roll, and the earth may quake, but that possum clings thar still, ah! and you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail around the limb, and he clings and he clings furever, for "he played on a harp uv a *thou*sand strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck."

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

["The Sparrowgrass Papers," a highly humorous record of the miseries and misadventures of country life to those not "to the manner born," is the source of the following selection. The author, F. S. Cozzens, was a native of New York (born in 1818, died in 1869). A previous work, entitled "Prismatics," was made up of contributions to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. The "Sparrowgrass Papers" were originally contributed to *Putnam's Monthly*.]

IT is a good thing to live in the country,—to escape from the prison walls of the metropolis—the great brickery we call "the city"—and to live amid blossoms and leaves, in shadow and sunshine, in moonlight and starlight, in rain, mist, dew, hoar-frost, and drouth, out in the open campaign, and under the blue dome that is bounded by the horizon only. It is a good thing to have a well with dripping buckets, a porch with honey-buds and sweet-bells, a hive embroidered with nimble bees, a sun-dial mossed over, ivy up to the eaves, curtains of dimity, a tumbler of fresh flowers in your bedroom, a rooster on the roof, and a dog under the piazza.

When Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I moved into the country, with our heads full of fresh butter, and cool, crisp radishes for tea, with ideas entirely lucid respecting milk, and a looseness of calculation as to the number in family it would take a good laying hen to supply with fresh eggs every morning,—when Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I moved into the country, we found some preconceived notions had to be abandoned, and some departures made from the plans we had laid down in the little back-parlor of Avenue G.

One of the first achievements in the country is early rising,—with the lark,—with the sun,—while the dew is

on the grass, "under the opening eyelids of the morn," and so forth. Early rising! What can be done with five or six o'clock in town? What may not be done at those hours in the country?—with the hoe, the rake, the dibble, the spade, the watering-pot? To plant, prune, drill, transplant, graft, train, and sprinkle! Mrs. S. and I agreed to rise *early* in the country.

> "Richard and Robin were two pretty men,
> They laid in bed till the clock struck ten:
> Up jumped Richard and looked at the sky:
> O Brother Robin! the sun's *very* high!"

Early rising in the country is not an instinct: it is a sentiment, and must be cultivated.

A friend recommended me to send to the south side of Long Island for some very prolific potatoes,—the real hippopotamus breed. Down went my man, and, what with expenses of horse-hire, tavern-bills, toll-gates, and breaking a wagon, the hippopotami cost as much apiece as pineapples. They were fine potatoes, though, with comely features, and large, languishing eyes, that promised increase of family without delay. As I worked my own garden (for which I hired a landscape gardener, at two dollars per day, to give me instructions), I concluded that the object of my first experiment in early rising should be the planting of the hippopotamuses. I accordingly rose the next morning at five, and it rained! I rose next day at five, and it rained! The next, and it rained! It rained for two weeks! We had splendid potatoes every day for dinner. "My dear," said I to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "where did you get these fine potatoes?" "Why," said she, innocently, "out of that basket from Long Island!" The last of the hippopotamuses were before me, peeled, and boiled, and mashed, and baked, with a nice thin brown crust on the top.

I was more successful afterwards. I did get some fine seed-potatoes in the ground. But something was the matter; at the end of the season I did not get as many out as I had put in.

Mrs. Sparrowgrass, who is a notable housewife, said to me one day, "Now, my dear, we shall soon have plenty of eggs, for I have been buying a lot of young chickens." There they were, each one with as many feathers as a grasshopper, and a chirp not louder. Of course we looked forward with pleasant hopes to the period when the first cackle should announce the milk-white egg, warmly deposited in the hay which we had provided bountifully. They grew finely, and one day I ventured to remark that our hens had remarkably large combs, to which Mrs. S. replied, Yes, indeed, she had observed that; but if I wanted to have a real treat, I ought to get up early in the morning and hear them crow. "Crow!" said I, faintly; "our hens crowing! Then, by 'the cock that crowed in the morn, to wake the priest all shaven and shorn,' we might as well give up all hopes of having any eggs," said I; "for, as sure as you live, Mrs. S., our hens are all roosters!" And so they were roosters! they grew up and fought with the neighbors' chickens, until there was not a whole pair of eyes on either side of the fence.

A *dog* is a good thing to have in the country. I have one which I raised from a pup. He is a good, stout fellow, and a hearty barker and feeder. The man of whom I bought him said he was thoroughbred, but he begins to have a mongrel look about him. He is a good watch-dog, though; for the moment he sees any suspicious-looking person about the premises he comes right into the kitchen and gets behind the stove. First we kept him in the house, and he scratched all night to get out. Then we turned him out, and he scratched all night to get in. Then we tied

him up at the back of the garden, and he howled so that our neighbor shot at him twice before daybreak. Finally we gave him away, and he came back; and now he is just recovering from a fit, in which he has torn up the patch that has been sown for our spring radishes.

A good, strong gate is a necessary article for your garden,—a good, strong, heavy gate, with a dislocated hinge, so that it will neither open nor shut. Such an one have I. The grounds before my fence are in common, and all the neighbors' cows pasture there. I remarked to Mrs. S., as we stood at the window in a June sunset, how placid and picturesque the cattle looked, as they strolled about, cropping the green herbage. Next morning I found the innocent creatures in my garden. They had not left a green thing in it. The corn in the milk, the beans on the poles, the young cabbages, the tender lettuce, even the thriving shoots on my young fruit trees had vanished. And there they were, looking quietly on the ruin they had made. Our watch-dog, too, was forgathering with them. It was too much: so I got a large stick and drove them all out, except a young heifer, whom I chased all over the flower-beds, breaking down my trellises, my woodbines and sweet-briers, my roses and petunias, until I cornered her in the hot-bed. I had to call for assistance to extricate her from the sashes, and her owner has sued me for damages. I believe I shall move in town.

* * * * * * *

We have put a dumb-waiter in our house. A dumb-waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience. If you have company, everything can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble, and, if the baby gets to be unbearable on account of his teeth, you can dismiss the complainant by stuffing him in one of the shelves and letting him down upon the help. To pro-

vide for contingences, we had all our floors deafened. In consequence, you cannot hear anything that is going on in the story below; and, when you are in the upper room of the house, there might be a Democratic ratification-meeting in the cellar and you would not know it. Therefore, if any one should break into the basement, it would not disturb us; but, to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass, I put stout iron bars in all the lower windows. Besides, Mrs. Sparrowgrass had bought a rattle when she was in Philadelphia,—such a rattle as watchmen carry there. This is to alarm our neighbor, who, upon the signal, is to come to the rescue with his revolver. He is a rash man, prone to pull trigger first and make inquiries afterwards.

One evening Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy writing, when it struck me a glass of ice-water would be palatable. So I took the candle and a pitcher and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country-pump, in the kitchen, is more convenient; but a well with buckets is certainly most picturesque. Unfortunately, our well-water has not been sweet since it was cleaned out. First I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement-hall, and then I went to the kitchen door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her and slept with it under her pillow. Then I retraced my steps, bolted the basement door, and went up into the dining-room. As is always the case, I found, when I could not get any water, I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well; but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet doors; there was no water there; and then I thought of the dumb-waiter! The novelty of the idea made me smile: I took out two of the movable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of

the dumb-waiter, got in myself with the lamp, let myself down, until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below, and then let go.

We came down so suddenly that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult; it broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen at midnight, with no fire, and the air not much above the zero-point. The truth is, I had miscalculated the distance of the descent: instead of falling one foot, I had fallen five. My first impulse was to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door; it was locked: I tried to force it open; it was made of two-inch stuff, and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If ever I felt angry at anybody it was at myself, for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass. I put them up, not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

I laid my cheek against the ice-cold barriers and looked out at the sky: not a star was visible; it was as black as ink overhead. Then I thought of Baron Trenck, and the prisoner of Chillon. Then I made a noise. I shouted until I was hoarse, and ruined our preserving-kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous. Then I thought I heard a voice, and listened: it was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me from the top of the staircase. I tried to make her hear me, but the infernal dogs united with howl, and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Besides, there were two bolted doors and double deafened floors between us: how could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it? Mrs. Sparrowgrass called once or twice, and then got frightened; the next thing I heard was a sound as if the roof had fallen

in, by which I understood that Mrs. Sparrowgrass was springing the rattle. That called out our neighbor, already wide awake: he came to the rescue with a bull-terrier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern, and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the window he shot at me, but fortunately just missed me. I threw myself under the kitchen table and ventured to expostulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not until he had roused up everybody around, broken in the basement door with an axe, gotten into the kitchen with his cursed savage dogs and shooting-iron, and seized me by the collar, that he recognized me; and then he wanted me to explain it! But what kind of an explanation could I make to him. I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the whole matter fully. But he never would have had the particulars from me, for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot at you, break in your door, and treat you, in your own house, as if you were a jail-bird. He knows all about it, however; somebody has told him: *somebody* tells everybody everything in our village.

MAJOR EGERTON.

GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

[Gulian Crommelin Verplanck, a distinguished writer and scholar, was born at New York in 1786. His first work was a satire published in 1819, entitled "The State Triumvirate, a Political Tale." In 1826 he joined with W. C. Bryant and R. G. Sands in the publication of "The Talisman," a miscellany, of which nearly one-half was from

his pen. He wrote several other works, historical and religious, and in 1846 brought out a superb edition of Shakespeare, one of the best that had ever appeared. He died in March, 1870.]

IT was longer ago than I commonly care to tell, without special necessity, that, having finished my professional studies, I spent my first fashionable winter in New York. The gay and polite society of the city, which every day's necessity is now dividing up into smaller and more independent circles, was then one very large one, wherein whoever was introduced circulated freely throughout the whole. I of course went everywhere; and everywhere did I meet with Major Egerton. He was a young British officer, of high connections; not one of your Lord Mortimers or Marquises de Crillon, who have so often taken in our title-loving republicans of fashion, but a real officer of the —— regiment, a major at the age of twenty-six, and the nephew of a distinguished English general; in proof of which he had brought the best letters to the "best good men" in our chief cities. He was quite the fashion, and he deserved to be so. Most people thought him handsome; tall and well made, and young and accomplished, he certainly was, of easy and graceful manners, ready and bold address, and fluent rattling conversation. He danced to the admiration of the ladies; and that, at a time when our belles were accustomed to the incredible performances of so many Parisian partners, was no mean feat for an Englishman. He was overflowing with anecdotes of the great and the gay of London; and listening dinner-tables and drawing-rooms hung upon his lips while he discoursed about the Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Dudley and Ward, the Duke of Norfolk, Lady Louisa Mildmay, Mrs. Siddons, Lord Nelson, Kemble, and the Countess of Derby.

Still, I know not why, I liked not the man. There was something singularly disagreeable in the tone, or rather

the croak, of his voice. His ready and polite laugh never came from the heart; and his smile, when by a sudden draw of his lip he showed his white teeth, contrasting with his black brow and sallow cheek, had a covert ferocity in it which almost made me shudder.

One evening, at the theatre,—it was when Fennel and Cooper were contending for the palm in Othello and Iago,—we were crowded together in a corner of the stage-box.

"Mr. Herbert," said he suddenly to me, "you do not seem to know that you and I are quite old acquaintances."

"I don't understand you, major——"

"Some six or seven years ago, you, then a lad, accompanied your father to the West on his mission as a commissioner to make an Indian treaty."

"Yes."

"Do you remember among the Tuscaroras the Black Wild Cat, a youth of white blood, the adopted son of Good Peter, the great Indian orator? I mean the one who, after giving you a lesson on the bow and arrow, surprised a reverend divine of your party by reading in his Greek Testament, and then mortified him by correcting his pronunciation of Latin, which, like other American scholars, he pronounced in a way intolerable to the ears of one who has had longs and shorts flogged into him at an English school."

"Certainly I remember him; and it is a mystery which has often puzzled me ever since."

"Then you have now the solution of it. I am the Black Wild Cat."

"You?—how?"

"After leaving Harrow I accompanied my uncle to Canada. There, a boyish frolic induced me to join an Indian party who were returning home from Montreal. Good Peter (a great man, by the way, very like our Erskine) took a fancy to me, and I spent my time pleasantly

enough. It is certainly a delicious life, that of savages, as we call them. But my uncle coaxed me back. I am not sure that I was not a fool for accepting his offer, but I could not resist the temptation of the red coat and an epaulet. The old man has pushed me on as fast as money and interest could promote me. The rest I can do for myself; and if Pitt will leave off his little expeditions to pick up colonies, and give us a fair chance on the Continent, the major at six-and-twenty will be a general, and a peer at thirty."

Here the rising of the curtain interrupted us. Business called me to Albany the next day, and before my return Major Egerton had sailed for England.

I did not, however, forget him; and I often related, as one of the odd vicissitudes of life, the contrast between the young Black Wild Cat, as I first saw him in a Tuscarora wigwam, and the elegant major, glittering in scarlet and gold, when I met him again in the British consul's ball-room.

A year or two after this, I went to England, and, not long after my arrival, spent a week at Bath. All who are at all learned in English dramatic history know that the Bath company is commonly good, the Bath audience fashionable and critical, and that there many of the stars of the theatrical firmament have first risen. Whilst I was there, a first appearance was announced. Mr. Monfort, of whom report spoke favorably, was to make his *début* as Romeo. I went with the crowd to see it. Romeo entered, and thunders of applause welcomed the handsome and graceful lover.

Could I believe my eyes? Can this be Major Egerton? Yes,—he smiles: that wicked and heartless smile cannot be mistaken; and his voice,—that tuneless, grating voice. It is he. What can it mean? Is it a joke, or a frolic, or some strange caprice of fortune?

That grating voice which betrayed him to me ruined him with the house. It had sudden and most ludicrous breaks from a high, coarse croak down at once into a shrill shriek; so that, in spite of grace and figure and a tolerable conception of his author, he was fairly laughed down. I did my best to sustain him, but I was almost alone in the good-natured attempt.

Two days after, turning short round the transept of the Abbey church, I came full upon Major Egerton, who was standing alone, with a listless and melancholy air.

"Major," said I,—then, correcting myself, "Mr. Monfort,"—with an offer of my hand.

He met me boldly. "Herbert," said he, "I see you know my misfortunes."

"Not at all: I saw you in Romeo, but wherefore you were Romeo I could not guess."

"Sheer necessity. A run of ill luck, and other misfortunes to which young soldiers are exposed, threw me out of favor with my uncle the old general, and into the King's Bench. At last I sold my commission, and resolved on a new profession. I had trusted to succeed on the stage: I knew that this husky throat of mine made the attempt hazardous, yet Gifford and his brother wags had laughed at 'the hoarse croak of Kemble's foggy throat,' and if art and taste had overcome his defects, why might they not mine also? But it is all over now."

"Then you do not mean to pursue the profession?"

"No: the manager talks of twelve and sixpence a week, and ordered me to study Bardolph for Cook's Falstaff on Monday. I must seek my fortune elsewhere. If nothing better offers, I'll to my old trade, and enlist as a soldier. In the mean while, lend me a guinea for old acquaintance' sake."

I did so, and saw no more of him at Bath. I soon after

left England for the Continent. At Dover, before the quarters of some general officer, I saw the *ci-devant* Major Egerton on duty as a sentinel,—a private soldier. I did not speak to him, nor did he seem to observe me; but I was sure of my man.

The studies and the amusements of Paris during the winter, and the excitement of travel for the rest of the year, soon put my unlucky major out of my head, except that now and then, when I fell into a narrative mood, I would tell his story to some of my young countrymen, generally ending it with a Johnsonian morality, "that nothing could supply the want of prudence, and that continued irregularity will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and talent contemptible."

In those days it was not easy to get a comfortable passage from France to the United States, so that I was obliged to return home by the way of England. I therefore crossed from Holland to Harwich. Not far from the road up to London was the country-seat of a wealthy gentleman who had married a pretty American cousin of mine. I gladly seized the opportunity of paying Sophia a visit, and as willingly accepted her husband's invitation to spend a day or two with them. The next day was Sunday.

"You will go with us to church," said Sophia: "your passion for Gothic churches and old monuments will be gratified there. We have an old carved pulpit said to be without its match in England."

"Yes, cousin; but what shall we find *in* the pulpit today?"

"Oh, our rector, I suppose. He is not quite such a preacher as your Dr. Mason, yet they say he is very agreeable in society,—though I know little about him, for my husband holds him in perfect detestation."

So we went to the village church. As I followed Sophia

up the aisle, the "Dearly beloved brethren" grated on my ear in that voice which I can never forget. I looked up in amazement. In the reading-desk, duly attired in surplice and band, stood Major Egerton!

I could not allow my cousin to enter the pew without asking her, in a hurried whisper, "Who is the clergyman?"

"Mr. Egerton, the rector," she replied, as coldly as if there was nothing strange in the matter. I was lost in wonder, and stood during the whole service leaning over the high oak pew, gazing at the rector in all the fidgety impatience of curiosity. He rattled through the service, psalms, lessons, litany, and all, in little more than half an hour, and then preached a sermon of twelve minutes, which I believe was a paper of the "Rambler," with a scriptural text substituted for the classical motto. To do Egerton justice, there was nothing of levity or affectation in his manner; but it was as rapid, cold, and mechanical as possible.

As soon as it was over, without thinking of my friends or any one else, I bustled through the retiring congregation and met the rector alone at the foot of his pulpit stairs. He had observed me before, and now greeted me with a laugh. "So," said he, "Herbert, you see circumstances have altered with me since you saw me at Dover, a poor private in the Forty-Ninth."

"They have, indeed; but what does it mean?"

"Nothing more than that a rich and noble cousin was ashamed of having a relation and a godson who bore his name, and had borne a commission in his majesty's service, now known to be a private of foot. He paid my debts, took me out of the ranks, and was about to ship me off for Sierra Leone, as clerk of the courts there, when this living, which is in his gift, became vacant. I had Greek and Latin enough left out of my old Harrow stock for any ordinary

on my left, and who now suddenly darted by me in gallant style. To my surprise, the leader of the troop, who, from the dazzling splendor of his equipments, seemed to be a chief of rank, in passing looked me full in the face, and then, rapidly wheeling twice round me, sprang from his horse. In the mean while, his party, to whom he gave some brief command, went on at a slow walk, and halted in the shade of a neighboring ruin.

The stranger stood silently before me, tall and stately, in that gorgeous amplitude and splendor of dress which Eastern warriors love. His wide scarlet trousers marked him as a Mameluke. A rich cashmere shawl, such as an English duchess might have envied, was fancifully wreathed, turban-like, round his helm, and fell over his shoulders. This, as well as his clasped and silver-mounted pistols and jewel-hilted dagger in his belt, and his crooked cimeter in its crimson velvet sheath, with gold bosses and hilt, marked the rank and wealth of the wearer. So, too, did his slender-limbed, small-headed, bright-eyed iron-gray Arabian, with black legs, mane, and tail, and sprinkled all over with little stars of white, who had a moment before passed me with the swiftness of an arrow's flight, and who now stood behind his master, with the reins loose on his neck, gentle and docile as a spaniel.

Supposing that this might be some Turk whom I had known at Alexandria or Cairo, I looked him full in the face, but could not recollect having seen him before. He appeared young, except that his coal-black whiskers and beard were here and there grizzled by a grayish hair. The scar of a deep sabre-cut across the forehead and left cheek showed him no holiday soldier. There was nothing in his manner to excite alarm, and, besides, my friends, with a very strong guard of horse, were within hearing.

After mutually gazing on each other for some moments,

the customary *salaam* of Oriental salutation was on my lips, when I was startled by his grasping my hand with a genuine English shake, and calling me by name, in a well-known voice. Then, too, the thickly-mustachioed upper lip drew back, and showed me the well-remembered tiger-like smile.

"Egerton—can it be?—Major?" said I.

"No: Hussein,—Hussein Al Rus."

"Then this is not the Reverend Rector of——," I proceeded, perplexed and confused, though certain as to my man.

"Yes; but that was six long years ago. An awkward circumstance occurred which made it expedient for me to leave England, as I had no fancy to gain posthumous renown, like Dr. Dodd, by preaching my own funeral sermon and being hung in my canonicals."

"But how is it that you are in Egypt?—and that, it seems, in honor and affluence?"

"Yes, it goes well enough with me here. Accident brought me to Egypt. The Pasha wanted men who knew European tactics, and I found a place in his service. Another accident, of which I bear the mark (passing his hand across his forehead), placed me about his person. *Au reste*, I made my own way, and have a very pretty command, which I would not care to exchange for any regiment in his majesty's service."

"But the language?"

"Oh, I have a great facility in catching languages by the ear. I believe I owe it to my Tuscarora education. *A propos*, how is Good Peter? Is the old man alive?" I was about to tell him what I knew about Good Peter, when he again interrupted me. "But for yourself,—what are *you* doing here? Have you money-making Yankees caught the English folly of digging up mummies, measuring pyramids,

and buying stone coffins,—sarcophagi of Alexander and Ptolemy, as the fools call them?"

"As respects myself," I answered, "it seems so."

"Then I may serve you. You once did me a favor; perhaps I can repay it now."

"I have no favors to ask, but that of your company and the information you can give me. I am with an English party, under the protection of the British consulate at Cairo, and have no projects independent of my friends."

"Ah! is it so? then you need nothing from me. John Bull is in power here just now, and is your best protector. I am sorry that the company you are in may prevent my seeing much of you. But we'll meet somewhere again. Good-by," said he, leaping on his Arabian. In a few minutes he was at the head of his troop, and in a few more out of sight.

"Fare thee well," muttered I to myself, following him with my eyes till he was out of their reach; "better thus than as I saw thee last,—better a Mohammedan renegado than a profligate priest. But why Hussein? Zimri should be your name. You are the very Zimri of Dryden's glorious satire:

> 'In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
> A man so virtuous as he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome.'"

Thus musing and quoting, I rejoined my friends, whom, by the way, I did not let into the whole history of the Mameluke, as he had reposed some degree of confidence in me. I satisfied them with some general account of meeting a Turk whom I had seen before in England.

We returned to Cairo, and soon left Egypt. Six months later I landed once more in New York. Years rolled on, all pregnant with great events to the world, and with

smaller ones of equal interest to myself. I did not talk any more about Egerton; for his transformations had now become so multiplied that they began to sound too like a traveller's story to be told by as modest a man as I am. Besides, there was then no need of telling any old stories; for those were the glorious and stirring days of Napoleon, when

> "Events of wonder swelled each gale,
> And each day brought a varying tale."

Meantime, my natural instinct for travel,—for it is certainly an instinct: Dr. Gall himself once pointed me out in his own lecture-room as wholly deficient in the organ of *inhabitiveness*, and equally conspicuous for my capacity for *localities*,—this instinct, though long restrained, was as ardent as ever; and when my old friend Commodore —— invited me to accompany him in his Mediterranean cruise, to try a new seventy-four and parade our naval force before Turks and Christians, I could not refuse him.

Once more, then, I gazed on the towers and minarets of Constantinople. Once more that fair scene—but all that is in Dr. Clarke and the other travellers, and I hate telling thrice-told tales.

Whilst in Constantinople, or rather in its suburbs, with a party of American officers, after having satisfied our curiosity as far as we could on the shore of European Turkey, my friends were anxious to take a look at the Asiatic coast, where the true Turk was to be seen in more unadulterated purity. So, among other excursions, we went to Scutari. It is an old Turkish town, full of mosques and monasteries of dervishes; and the great lion of the place is the exhibition of the *Mehveleveh*, or dancing dervishes, one of the very few religious ceremonies of the Mohammedans which an infidel is allowed to witness.

It is a strange thing that there is so little variety among men in this large world. Nature is inexhaustible in her changes, but man is always alike. Here are we all, east, west, north, and south, and have been these two thousand years, telling and hearing the same stories, laughing at the same jokes, and playing the fool all over in the same dull way. That the business of life and its science and its passions should be uniform, is a matter of course. People must of necessity till their fields and learn their mathematics, must make money, make war, make shoes, and make love, pretty much as the rest of the world do. But their fancies and their follies, one would think, might be dissimilar, irregular, wild, capricious, and original. Nevertheless, the nonsense of the world smacks everywhere of wearisome sameness; and wherever the traveller roams, the only real variety he finds in man is that of coat, gown, cloak, or pelisse,—hat, cap, helm, or turban,—the sitting cross-legged or on a chair,—the eating dinner with a fork or the fingers.

This nonsense of the dancing and howling dervishes at Scutari is very much the same nonsense that many of my readers must have seen at Lebanon and Niskayuna among our Shakers. It is a kind of dancing by way of religious exercises, at first heavy, and then becoming more and more violent. The chief difference is that the Turks, when once excited, have more violence in whirling round and round on their tiptoes, with shouting and howling, than I have ever seen in our placid and well-fed Shaker monks. The Turks have, besides, the music of flutes and tambour, and the psalter of patriarchal days, which they accompany with a maniac guttural howling of *Ullah-hoo! Ullah-hoo!* Those who pretend to special sanctity add some sleight-of-hand tricks, such as seeming to drive daggers into their flesh and taking hot irons into their mouths.

Altogether it is a very tedious and very disgusting spectacle.

The emir or abbot of the Mohammedan monastery was old and feeble, and the chief duty of leading the dance and setting the howl devolved upon a kind of aide-de-camp, to whom great respect was evidently paid. He had the ordering of the whole ceremony and the arranging of spectators, and was in fact, as one of my naval companions called him, the Beau Nash of the dervishes' ball-room.

He was a stout, dirty Turk, with bushy gray locks and beard, dressed in the old costume of his fraternity, his brow overshadowed by the cap which they wear instead of the graceful turban of the East, and his cheek swelled up with that tumor and scar which is left by the peculiar distemper of some Syrian cities, and is called, in Turkey, the Aleppo tumor. I remarked, too, that his eyes, before he was excited by the dance, had that dreamy vacancy, and his skin that ghastly pale glossiness, which indicate the habitual opium-taker.

This fellow eyed our party frequently and closely, and, as I thought, seemed to meditate some plan for laying us under special contribution.

When the dance was over, and the rabble who formed the mass of the congregation had gone off, our guide proceeded to show us the monastery, which I thought curious only because it differed less than I had expected from the convents of Europe. Just as we were going off, an underling howler pulled me by the coat, and pointed to a cell with many gesticulations, and some words which I could not understand. Our guide told me that I was specially honored, for I was invited to converse separately with the dervish Yussuf the Wise, a most holy man, and, as he said, commonly called the Wise, because he was thought to be out of his senses.

I entered, and found my dirty, dancing, howling, swelled-faced, gray-bearded Beau Nash of the morning's service stretched on a carpet, evidently overcome with fatigue, and solacing himself with a little box of *Mash-Allah*, a kind of opium-lozenge. Scarcely were we alone, than he rose with an air of dignity and startled me by addressing me in English.

"Time has laid his hand gently upon you, Francis Herbert. You are stouter, and I see gray hairs straggling through your brown curls: otherwise you are unchanged since I left you in America twenty-five years ago. I am old. I am old before my time. Prisons and battles and the plague have borne me down. But the hand of God is with me. He is great, Mohammed is his prophet. Mohammed Resoul Allah!"

"What!—Egerton!—Hussein! When—how—why left you Egypt?"

"It was so written in the eternal counsels of him who fashions all things to his will. It was foreordained—even as all things are foreordained—that I should escape from the tyrant and become a prophet, and a holy one. In that predestination is thy fate mysteriously linked to mine."

His eye kindled, his form dilated, and he burst into the horrible howl of his order, *Ullah-hoo!*

Was this fanaticism? Was this lunacy? Was it the temporary intoxication of opium? or was this wretched man masking under wild enthusiasm some deep plot of ambition or fraud?

I know not. I was glad to leave the cell. I left it wondering, sorrowing, disgusted, and have never since seen him.

Yet frequently in crowds, or in the hurry of commercial cities, I have met faces that seemed familiar to me, though I knew them not, and I have often fancied some of them to be his.

Sometimes, too, I dream of this fearful Proteus and meet him in new shapes.

It was but last week that I supped in company with an intelligent English officer who had accompanied Lord Amherst in his mission to Pekin, and went to bed with my head full of China and its customs. I dreamt that our government had sent out Dr. Mitchell as ambassador to the Celestial Empire, and that I accompanied my learned friend. The moment we arrived at Canton, a fat old mandarin, with a blue button in his cap and a gilt dragon on his breast, came on board our frigate, flourished his hands twenty times, and thumped his forehead as often on the deck, and then, jumping up, burst into a laugh, and asked me if I did not recollect the Black Wild Cat, alias the Reverend Major, Rector, Romeo, Bardolph, Hussein, Yussuf Egerton.

FATHER ABBEY'S WILL.

JOHN SECCOMB.

[The following early example of American humor in verse was written in 1732. It has been often imitated, but none of the copies equal the original. Matthew Abbey was a bedmaker and sweeper at Harvard College for many years. He is supposed to leave his wife the whole of his estate, as enumerated below.]

To my dear wife,
My joy and life,
I freely now do give her
My whole estate,
With all my plate,
Being just about to leave her.

My tub of soap,
A long cart-rope,
A frying-pan and kettle,
An ashes' pail,
A thrashing-flail,
An iron wedge and beetle.

Two painted chairs,
Nine warden pears,
A large old dripping-platter,
This bed of hay,
On which I lay,
An old saucepan for batter.

A little mug,
A tin quart jug,
A bottle full of brandy,
A looking-glass,
To see your face,
You'll find it very handy.

A musket true
As ever flew,
A pound of shot and wallet,
A leather sash,
My calabash,
My powder-horn and bullet.

An old sword-blade,
A garden-spade,
A hoe, a rake, a ladder,
A wooden can,
A close-stool pan,
A clyster-pipe and bladder.

A greasy hat,
My old ram cat,
A yard and half of linen,
A woollen fleece,
A pot of grease,
In order for your spinning.

A small-tooth comb,
An ashen broom,
A candlestick and hatchet,
A coverlid,
Strip'd down with red,
A bag of rags to patch it.

A ragged mat,
A tub of fat,
A book put out by Bunyan,
Another book,
By Robin Cook,
A skein or two of spun-yarn.

An old black muff,
Some garden-stuff,
A quantity of borage,
Some devil's weed,
And burdock-seed,
To season well your porridge.

A chafing-dish,
With one salt fish,
If I am not mistaken,
A leg of pork,
A broken fork,
And half a flitch of bacon.

A spinning-wheel,
One peck of meal,
A knife without a handle,
A rusty lamp,
Two quarts of samp,
And half a tallow candle.

My pouch and pipes,
Two oxen tripes,
An oaken dish well carvéd,
My little dog,
And spotted hog,
With two young pigs just starvéd.

This is my store,
I have no more,
I heartily do give it,
My years are spun,
My days are done,
And so I think to leave it.

Thus Father Abbey left his spouse
As rich as church or college mouse,
Which is sufficient invitation
To serve the college in his station.

MY FIRST VISIT TO PORTLAND.

SEBA SMITH.

[Seba Smith was born near Buckfield, Maine, and in 1833 published, under the pen-name of Major Jack Downing, a series of humorous letters on political subjects, which became highly popular and were

widely read. He wrote also "Powhatan," a poem, "Away Down East, or Portraitures of Yankee Life," and "New Elements of Geometry." He died in 1868.]

IN the fall of the year 1829, I took it into my head I'd go to Portland. I had heard a good deal about Portland, what a fine place it was, and how the folks got rich there proper fast; and that fall there was a couple of new papers come up to our place from there, called the "Portland Courier" and "Family Reader," and they told a good many queer kind of things about Portland, and one thing and another; and all at once it popped into my head, and I up and told father, and says,—

"I am going to Portland, whether or no; and I'll see what this world is made of yet."

Father stared a little at first, and said he was afraid I would get lost; but when he see I was bent upon it, he give it up, and he stepped to his chist, and opened the till, and took out a dollar, and gave to me; and says he,—

"Jack, this is all I can do for you; but go and lead an honest life, and I believe I shall hear good of you yet."

He turned and walked across the room, but I could see the tears start into his eyes. And mother sat down and had a hearty crying-spell.

This made me feel rather bad for a minit or two, and I almost had a mind to give it up; and then again father's dream came into my mind, and I mustered up courage, and declared I'd go. So I tackled up the old horse, and packed in a load of axe-handles, and a few notions; and mother fried me some doughnuts, and put 'em into a box, along with some cheese, and sausages, and ropped me up another shirt, for I told her I didn't know how long I should be gone. And after I got rigged out, I went round and bid all the neighbors good-by, and jumped in, and drove off for Portland.

Aunt Sally had been married two or three years before, and moved to Portland; and I inquired round till I found out where she lived, and went there, and put the old horse up, and eat some supper, and went to bed.

And the next morning I got up, and straightened right off to see the editor of the "Portland Courier," for I knew by what I had seen in his paper, that he was just the man to tell me which way to steer. And when I come to see him, I knew I was right; for soon as I told him my name, and what I wanted, he took me by the hand as kind as if he had been a brother, and says he,—

"Mister," says he, "I'll do anything I can to assist you. You have come to a good town; Portland is a healthy, thriving place, and any man with a proper degree of enterprise may do well here. But," says he, "stranger," and he looked mighty kind of knowing, says he, "if you want to make out to your mind, you must do as the steamboats do."

"Well," says I, "how do they do?" for I didn't know what a steamboat was, any more than the man in the moon.

"Why," says he, "they go ahead. And you must drive about among the folks here just as though you were at home, on the farm among the cattle. Don't be afraid of any of them, but figure away, and I dare say you'll get into good business in a very little while. But," says he, "there's one thing you must be careful of; and that is, not to get into the hands of those are folks that trades up round Huckler's Row, for there's some sharpers up there, if they get hold of you, would twist your eye-teeth out in five minits."

Well, arter he had giv me all the good advice he could, I went back to Aunt Sally's ag'in, and got some breakfast; and then I walked all over the town, to see what chance I

could find to sell my axe-handles and things and to get into business.

After I had walked about three or four hours, I come along towards the upper end of the town, where I found there were stores and shops of all sorts and sizes. And I met a feller, and says I,—

"What place is this?"

"Why, this," says he, "is Huckler's Row."

"What!" says I, "are these the stores where the traders in Huckler's Row keep?"

And says he, "Yes."

"Well, then," says I to myself, "I have a pesky good mind to go in and have a try with one of these chaps, and see if they can twist my eye-teeth out. If they can get the best end of a bargain out of me, they can do what there ain't a man in our place can do; and I should just like to know what sort of stuff these 'ere Portland chaps are made of." So in I goes into the best-looking store among 'em. And I see some biscuit lying on the shelf, and says I,—

"Mister, how much do you ax apiece for them 'ere biscuits?"

"A cent apiece," says he.

"Well," says I, "I shan't give you that, but, if you've a mind to, I'll give you two cents for three of them, for I begin to feel a little as though I would like to take a bite."

"Well," says he, "I wouldn't sell 'em to anybody else so, but, seeing it's you, I don't care if you take 'em."

I knew he lied, for he never seen me before in his life. Well, he handed down the biscuits, and I took 'em, and walked round the store awhile, to see what else he had to sell. At last says I,—

"Mister, have you got any good cider?"

Says he, "Yes, as good as ever ye see."

"Well," says I, "what do you ax a glass for it?"

"Two cents," says he.

"Well," says I, "seems to me I feel more dry than I do hungry now. Ain't you a mind to take these 'ere biscuits again, and give me a glass of cider?"

And says he,—

"I don't care if I do."

So he took and laid 'em on the shelf again, and poured out a glass of cider. I took the cider and drinkt it down, and, to tell the truth, it was capital good cider. Then says I,—

"I guess it's time for me to be a-going," and I stept along towards the door; but says he,—

"Stop, mister: I believe you haven't paid me for the cider."

"Not paid you for the cider!" says I: "what do you mean by that? didn't the biscuits that I give you just come to the cider?"

"Oh, ah, right!" says he.

So I started to go again, and says he,—

"But stop, mister: you didn't pay me for the biscuits."

"What!" says I, "do you mean to impose upon me? do you think I am going to pay you for the biscuits and let you keep them too? Ain't they there now on your shelf? What more do you want? I guess, sir, you don't whittle me in that way."

So I turned about and marched off, and left the feller staring and scratching his head, as though he was struck with a dunderment.

Howsomever, I didn't want to cheat him, only jest to show 'em it wa'n't so easy a matter to pull my eye-teeth out; so I called in next day and paid him two cents.

[To the foregoing specimen of Yankee wit we append one of wild West humor, whose fun, if not very fine in quality, is not lacking in quantity.]

SWALLOWING AN OYSTER ALIVE.

A STORY OF ILLINOIS.

JOHN S. ROBB.

AT a late hour the other night, the door of an oyster-house in our city was thrust open, and in stalked a hero from the Sucker State. He was quite six feet high, spare, somewhat stooped, with a hungry, anxious countenance, and his hands pushed clear down to the bottom of his breeches-pockets. His outer covering was hard to define, but after surveying it minutely we came to the conclusion that his suit had been made in his boyhood, of a dingy yellow linsey-woolsey, and that, having sprouted up with astonishing rapidity, he had been forced to piece it out with all colors in order to keep pace with his body. In spite of his exertions, however, he had fallen in arrears about a foot of the necessary length, and, consequently, stuck that far through his inexpressibles. His crop of hair was surmounted by the funniest little seal-skin cap imaginable. After taking a position, he indulged in a long stare at the man opening the *bivalves*, and slowly ejaculated, "Isters?"

"Yes, sir," responded the attentive operator, "and fine ones they are, too."

"Well, I've heard of isters afore," says he, "but this is the fust time I've seed 'em, and *pre-haps* I'll know what *thar* made of afore I git out of town."

Having expressed this desperate intention, he cautiously approached the plate, and scrutinized the uncased shell-fish with a gravity and interest which would have done

honor to the most illustrious searcher into the hidden mysteries of nature. At length he began to soliloquize on the difficulty of getting them out, and how queer they looked when out!

"I never seed anythin' hold on so: takes an amazin' site of screwin', hoss, to git them out, and ain't they slick and slip'ry when they does come? Smooth as an eel! I've a good mind to give that feller lodgin', jist to realize the effects, as Uncle Jess used to say about speckalation."

"Well, sir," was the reply, "down with two bits, and you can have a dozen."

"Two bits!" exclaimed the Sucker. "Now, come, that's stickin' it on right strong, hoss, for *isters*. A dozen on 'em ain't nothin' to a chicken, and there's no gittin' more'n a picayune apiece for *them*. I've only realized forty-five picayunes on my first ventur' to St. Louis. I'll tell you what, I'll gin you two chickens for a dozen, if you'll conclude to deal."

A wag who was standing by, indulging in a dozen, winked to the attendant to shell out, and the offer was accepted.

"Now, mind," repeated the Sucker, "all fair,—two chickens for a dozen: you're a witness, mister," turning at the same time to the wag: "none of your tricks, for I've heard that your city fellers are mighty slip'ry coons."

The bargain being fairly understood, our Sucker squared himself for the onset,—deliberately put off his seal-skin, tucked up his sleeves, and, fork in hand, awaited the appearance of No. 1. It came,—he saw,—and quickly it was bolted! A moment's dreadful pause ensued. The wag dropped his knife and fork, with a look of mingled amazement and horror,—something akin to Shakespeare's Hamlet on seeing his daddy's ghost,—while he burst into the exclamation,—

"Swallowed alive, as I'm a Christian!"

Our Sucker hero had opened his mouth with pleasure a moment before, but now it *stood* open. Fear,—a horrid dread of he didn't know what,—a consciousness that all wasn't right, and ignorant of the extent of the wrong,—the uncertainty of the moment was terrible. Urged to desperation, he faltered out,—

"What on earth's the row?"

"Did you swallow it alive?" inquired the wag.

"I swallowed it jest as he gin it to me!" shouted the Sucker.

"You're a dead man!" exclaimed his anxious friend. "The creature is alive, and will eat right through you," added he, in a most hopeless tone.

"Git a pizen-pump and pump it out!" screamed the Sucker, in a frenzy, his eyes fairly starting from their sockets. "Oh, gracious! what'll I do? It's got hold of my innards already, and I'm dead as a chicken! Do somethin' for me, do!—don't let the infernal sea-toad eat me afore your eyes."

"Why don't you put some of this on it?" inquired the wag, pointing to a bottle of strong pepper-sauce.

The hint was enough. The Sucker, upon the instant, seized the bottle, and, desperately wrenching out the cork, swallowed half the contents at a draught. He fairly squealed from its effects, and gasped, and blowed, and pitched, and twisted, as if it were coursing through him with electric effect, while at the same time his eyes ran a stream of tears. At length becoming a little composed, his waggish adviser approached, almost bursting with suppressed laughter, and inquired,—

"How are you now, old fellow? Did you kill it?"

"Well, I did, hoss! Ugh! ugh! o-o-o! my innards! If that *ister* critter's dying agonies didn't stir a 'ruption in me

equal to a small arthquake, then 'tain't no use sayin' it. It squirmed like a sarpent when that killin' stuff touched it. Hu!" And here, with a countenance made up of suppressed agony and present determination, he paused to give force to his words, and slowly and deliberately remarked, "If you get two chickens from me for that live animal, I'm d—d!" and, seizing his seal-skin, he vanished.

The shout of laughter and the contortions of the company at this finale would have made a spectator believe that they had all been *swallowing oysters alive.*

MISS ALBINA M'LUSH.

N. P. WILLIS.

[Forty or fifty years ago the author of the selection here given, Nathaniel Parker Willis, was the most popular descriptive writer in America. His gossipy works of travel and of society manners and people were widely read, and were issued in rapid succession, while his poems, particularly those on Scriptural subjects, were highly esteemed. This popularity has waned, and Willis is now little read, though there is much of interest in his works. He was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807, and died in 1867.]

I HAVE a passion for fat women. If there is anything I hate in life, it is what dainty people call a *spirituelle.* Motion,—rapid motion,—a smart, quick, squirrel-like step, a pert, voluble tone,—in short, a lively girl,—is my exquisite horror! I would as lief have a *diable petit* dancing his infernal hornpipe on my cerebellum as to be in the room with one. I have tried before now to school myself into liking these parched peas of humanity. I have followed them with my eyes and attended to their rattle

till I was as crazy as a fly in a drum. I have danced with them and romped with them in the country, and perilled the salvation of my "white tights" by sitting near them at supper. I swear off from this moment. I do. I won't—no, hang me if ever I show another small, lively, *spry* woman a civility.

Albina McLush is divine. She is like the description of the Persian beauty by Hafiz: "her heart is full of passion, and her eyes are full of sleep." She is the sister of Lurly McLush, my old college chum, who, as early as his sophomore year, was chosen president of the *Dolce-far-niente* Society, no member of which was ever known to be surprised at anything (the college law of rising before breakfast excepted). Lurly introduced me to his sister one day, as he was lying upon a heap of turnips, leaning on his elbow with his head in his hand, in a green lane in the suburbs. He had driven over a stump, and been tossed out of his gig, and I came up just as he was wondering how in the d—l's name he got there! Albina sat quietly in the gig, and, when I was presented, requested me, with a delicious drawl, to say nothing about the adventure, "it would be so troublesome to relate it to everybody!" I loved her from that moment. Miss McLush was tall, and her shape, of its kind, was perfect. It was not a *fleshy* one, exactly, but she was large and full. Her skin was clear, fine-grained, and transparent, her temples and forehead perfectly rounded and polished, and her lips and chin swelling into a ripe and tempting pout, like the cleft of a bursted apricot. And then her eyes,—large, liquid, and sleepy, they languished beneath their long black fringes as if they had no business with daylight,—like two magnificent dreams, surprised in their jet embryos by some bird-nesting cherub. Oh, it was lovely to look into them!

She sat, usually, upon a *fauteuil*, with her large, full arm

embedded in the cushion, sometimes for hours without stirring. I have seen the wind lift the masses of dark hair from her shoulders when it seemed like the coming to life of a marble Hebe, she had been motionless so long. She was a model for a goddess of sleep, as she sat with her eyes half closed, lifting up their superb lids slowly as you spoke to her, and dropping them again with the deliberate motion of a cloud when she had murmured out her syllable of assent. Her figure, in a sitting posture, presented a gentle declivity from the curve of her neck to the instep of the small round foot lying on its side upon the ottoman. I remember a fellow's bringing her a plate of fruit one evening. He was one of your lively men,—a horrid monster, all right angles and activity. Having never been accustomed to hold her own plate, she had not well extricated her whole fingers from her handkerchief before he set it down in her lap. As it began slowly to slide towards her feet, her hand relapsed into the muslin folds, and she fixed her eye upon it with a kind of indolent surprise, dropping her lids gradually, till, as the fruit scattered over the ottoman, they closed entirely, and a liquid jet line was alone visible through the heavy lashes. There was an imperial indifference in it worthy of Juno.

Miss McLush rarely walks. When she does, it is with the deliberate majesty of a Dido. Her small, plump feet melt to the ground like snow-flakes, and her figure sways to the indolent motion of her limbs with a glorious grace and yieldingness quite indescribable. She was idling slowly up the Mall one evening just at twilight, with a servant at a short distance behind her, who, to while away the time between his steps, was employing himself in throwing stones at the cows feeding upon the Common. A gentleman with a natural admiration for her splendid person

addressed her. He might have done a more eccentric thing. Without troubling herself to look at him, she turned to her servant and requested him, with a yawn of desperate *ennui*, to knock that fellow down! John obeyed his orders, and, as his mistress resumed her lounge, picked up a new handful of pebbles, and, tossing one at the nearest cow, loitered lazily after.

Such supreme indolence was irresistible. I gave in,—I, who never before could summon energy to sigh,—I, to whom a declaration was but a synonyme for perspiration,—I, who had only thought of love as a nervous complaint, and of women but to pray for a good deliverance,—I—yes, I knocked under. Albina McLush! Thou wert too exquisitely lazy. Human sensibilities cannot hold out forever.

I found her one morning sipping her coffee at twelve, with her eyes wide open. She was just from the bath, and her complexion had a soft, dewy transparency, like the cheek of Venus rising from the sea. It was the hour, Lurly had told me, when she would be at the trouble of thinking. She put away with her dimpled forefinger, as I entered, a cluster of rich curls that had fallen over her face, and nodded to me like a water-lily swaying to the wind when its cup is full of rain.

"Lady Albina," said I, in my softest tone, "how are you?"

"Bettina," said she, addressing her maid in a voice as clouded and rich as the south wind on an æolian, "how am I to-day?"

The conversation fell into short sentences. The dialogue became a monologue. I entered upon my declaration. With the assistance of Bettina, who supplied her mistress with cologne, I kept her attention alive through the incipient circumstances. Symptoms were soon told.

I came to the avowal. Her hand lay reposing on the arm of the sofa, half buried in a muslin *foulard*. I took it up and pressed the cool soft fingers to my lips, unforbidden. I rose and looked into her eyes for confirmation. Delicious creature! she was asleep!

I never have had courage to renew the subject. Miss McLush seems to have forgotten it altogether. Upon reflection, too, I'm convinced she would not survive the excitement of the ceremony,—unless, indeed, she should sleep between the responses and the prayer. I am still devoted, however, and if there should come a war or an earthquake, or if the millennium should commence, as is expected in 18—, or if anything happens that can keep her waking so long, I shall deliver a declaration, abbreviated for me by a scholar-friend of mine, which he warrants may be articulated in fifteen minutes without fatigue.

A DESPERATE RACE.

JONATHAN F. KELLEY.

[American humor is said, and with much truth, to depend largely upon exaggeration. This is particularly the case with the many laughable stories of hunting adventures which are extant, and of which we give an illustrative specimen. The prolixity of this narrative is redeemed by the unexpectedness of its conclusion.]

SOME years ago, I was one of a convivial party that met in the principal hotel in the town of Columbus, Ohio, the seat of government of the Buckeye State.

It was a winter's evening, when all without was bleak and stormy and all within were blithe and gay,—when

song and story made the circuit of the festive board, filling up the chasms of life with mirth and laughter.

We had met for the express purpose of making a night of it, and the pious intention was duly and most religiously carried out. The Legislature was in session in that town, and not a few of the worthy legislators were present upon this occasion.

One of these worthies I will name, as he not only took a big swath in the evening's entertainment, but he was a man *more* generally known than our worthy President, James K. Polk. That man was the famous Captain Riley, whose "Narrative" of suffering and adventures is pretty generally known all over the civilized world. Captain Riley was a fine, fat, good-humored joker, who at the period of my story was the representative of the Dayton district, and lived near that little city when at home. Well, Captain Riley had amused the company with many of his far-famed and singular adventures, which, being mostly told before and read by millions of people that have seen his book, I will not attempt to repeat.

Many were the stories and adventures told by the company, when it came to the turn of a well-known gentleman who represented the Cincinnati district. As Mr. —— is yet among the living, and perhaps not disposed to be the subject of joke or story, I do not feel at liberty to give his name. Mr. —— was a slow believer of other men's adventures, and, at the same time, much disposed to magnify himself into a marvellous hero whenever the opportunity offered. As Captain Riley wound up one of his truthful though really marvellous adventures, Mr. —— coolly remarked that the captain's story was all very *well*, but it did not begin to compare with an adventure that he had, "once upon a time," on the Ohio, below the present city of Cincinnati.

"Let's have it!"—"Let's have it!" resounded from all hands.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Senator, clearing his voice for action and knocking the ashes from his cigar against the arm of his chair,—"gentlemen, I am not in the habit of spinning yarns of marvellous or fictitious matters; and therefore it is scarcely necessary to affirm upon the responsibility of my reputation, gentlemen, that what I am about to tell you I most solemnly proclaim to be truth, and——"

"Oh, never mind that: go on, Mr. ——," chimed the party.

"Well, gentlemen, in 18— I came down the Ohio River, and settled at Losanti, now called Cincinnati. It was at that time but a little settlement of some twenty or thirty log and frame cabins, and where now stand the Broadway Hotel and blocks of stores and dwelling-houses, was the cottage and corn-patch of old Mr. ——, the tailor, who, by the bye, bought that land for the making of a coat for one of the settlers. Well, I put up my cabin, with the aid of my neighbors, and put in a patch of corn and potatoes, about where the Fly Market now stands, and set about improving my lot, house, etc.

"Occasionally I took up my rifle and started off with my dog down the river, to look up a little deer, or *bar* meat, then very plenty along the river. The blasted redskins were lurking about and hovering around the settlement, and every once in a while picked off some of our neighbors or stole our cattle or horses. I hated the red demons, and made no bones of peppering the blasted sarpents whenever I got a sight at them. In fact, the red rascals had a dread of me, and had laid a good many traps to get my scalp, but I wasn't to be catched napping. No, no, gentlemen, I was too well up to 'em for that.

"Well, I started off one morning, pretty early, to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river, over the bottoms and hills, but couldn't find no *bar* nor deer. About four o'clock in the afternoon I made tracks for the settlement again. By and by I sees a buck just ahead of me, walking leisurely down the river. I slipped up, with my faithful old dog close in my rear, to within clever shooting-distance, and just as the buck stuck his nose in the drink I drew a bead upon his top-knot, and over he tumbled, and splurged and bounded awhile, when I came up and relieved him by cutting his wizen——"

"Well, but what has that to do with an *adventure?*" said Riley.

"Hold on a bit, if you please, gentlemen; by Jove, it had a great deal to do with it. For, while I was busy skinning the hind-quarters of the buck, and stowing away the kidney-fat in my hunting-shirt, I heard a noise like the breaking of brush under a moccasin up 'the bottom.' My dog heard it, and started up to reconnoitre, and I lost no time in reloading my rifle. I had hardly got my priming out before my dog raised a howl and broke through the brush towards me with his tail down, as he was not used to doing unless there were wolves, painters [panthers], or Injins about.

"I picked up my knife, and took up my line of march in a skulking trot up the river. The frequent gullies on the lower bank made it tedious travelling there, so I scrabbled up to the upper bank, which was pretty well covered with buckeye and sycamore, and very little underbrush. One peep below discovered to me three as big and strapping red rascals, gentlemen, as you ever clapped your eyes on! Yes, there they came, not above six hundred yards in my rear, shouting and yelling like hounds, and coming after me like all possessed."

"Well," said an old woodsman, sitting at the table, "you took a tree, of course."

"Did I? No, gentlemen, I took no tree just then, but I took to my heels like sixty, and it was just as much as my old dog could do to keep up with me. I run until the whoops of my red-skins grew fainter and fainter behind me, and, clean out of wind, I ventured to look behind me, and there came one single red whelp, puffing and blowing, not three hundred yards in my rear. He had got on to a piece of bottom where the trees were small and scarce. 'Now,' thinks I, 'old fellow, I'll have you.' So I trotted off at a pace sufficient to let my follower gain on me, and when he had got just about near enough I wheeled and fired, and down I brought him, dead as a door-nail, at a hundred and twenty yards!"

"Then you skelp'd [scalped] him immediately?" said the backwoodsman.

"Very clear of it, gentlemen; for by the time I got my rifle loaded, here came the other two red-skins, shouting and whooping close on me, and away I broke again like a quarter-horse. I was now about five miles from the settlement, and it was getting towards sunset. I ran till my wind began to be pretty short, when I took a look back, and there they came, snorting like mad buffaloes, one about two or three hundred yards ahead of the other: so I acted possum again until the foremost Injin got pretty well up, and I wheeled and fired at the very moment he was 'drawing a bead' on me: he fell head over stomach into the dirt, and up came the last one!"

"So you laid for him, and——" gasped several.

"No," continued the "member," "I didn't lay for him, I hadn't time to load, so I laid my *legs* to ground and started again. I heard every bound he made after me. I ran and ran until the fire flew out of my eyes, and the old

dog's tongue hung out of his mouth a quarter of a yard long!"

"Phe-e-e-e-w!" whistled somebody.

"Fact, gentlemen. Well, what I was to do I didn't know: rifle empty, no big trees about, and a murdering red Indian not three hundred yards in my rear; and what was worse, just then it occurred to me that I was not a great ways from a big creek (now called Mill Creek), and there I should be pinned at last.

"Just at this juncture, I struck my toe against a root, and down I tumbled, and my old dog over me. Before I could scrabble up——"

"The Indian fired!" gasped the old woodsman.

"He did, gentlemen, and I felt the ball strike me under the shoulder; but that didn't seem to put any embargo upon my locomotion, for as soon as I got up I took off again, quite freshened by my fall! I heard the red-skin close behind me coming booming on, and every minute I expected to have his tomahawk dashed into my head or shoulders.

"Something kind of cool began to trickle down my legs into my boots——"

"Blood, eh? for the shot the varmint gin you," said the old woodsman, in a great state of excitement.

"I thought so," said the Senator; "but what do you think it was?"

Not being blood, we were all puzzled to know what the blazes it could be; when Riley observed,—

"I suppose you had——"

"Melted the deer-fat which I had stuck in the breast of my hunting-shirt, and the grease was running down my legs until my feet got so greasy that my heavy boots flew off, and one, hitting the dog, nearly knocked his brains out."

We all grinned, which the "member" noticing, observed,—

"I hope, gentlemen, no man here will presume to think I'm exaggerating?"

"Oh, certainly not! Go on, Mr. ——" we all chimed in.

"Well, the ground under my feet was soft, and, being relieved of my heavy boots, I put off with double-quick time, and, seeing the creek about half a mile off, I ventured to look over my shoulder to see what kind of chance there was to hold up and load. The red-skin was coming jogging along, pretty well blowed out, about five hundred yards in the rear. Thinks I, 'Here goes to load, anyhow.' So at it I went: in went the powder, and, putting on my patch, down went the ball about half-way, and off snapped my ramrod!"

"Thunder and lightning!" shouted the old woodsman, who was worked up to the top-notch in the "member's" story.

"Good gracious! wasn't I in a pickle! There was the red whelp within two hundred yards of me, pacing along and *loading up his rifle as he came!* I jerked out the broken ramrod, dashed it away, and started on, priming up as I cantered off, determined to turn and give the red-skin a blast, anyhow, as soon as I reached the creek.

"I was now within a hundred yards of the creek, could see the smoke from the settlement chimneys. A few more jumps, and I was by the creek. The Indian was close upon me: he gave a whoop, and I raised my rifle: on he came, knowing that I had broken my ramrod and my load not down: another whoop! whoop! and he was within fifty yards of me. I pulled trigger, and——"

"And killed *him?*" chuckled Riley.

"No, *sir!* I missed fire!"

"And the red-skin——" shouted the old woodsman, in a frenzy of excitement.

"*Fired and killed me!*"

The screams and shouts that followed this finale brought landlord Noble, servants, and hostlers running up-stairs to see if the house was on fire!

MR. STIVER'S HORSE.

JAMES M. BAILEY.

[The author of the following selection, James Montgomery Bailey, was born at Albany, New York, in 1841, and in 1865 became an editor of the *News*, of Danbury, Connecticut, in which, under the title of "the Danbury News Man," he published many humorous sketches. He is the author of "Life in Danbury," and of other collections of amusing newspaper sketches.]

THE other morning at breakfast Mrs. Perkins observed that Mr. Stiver, in whose house we live, had been called away, and wanted to know if I would see to his horse through the day.

I knew that Mr. Stiver owned a horse, because I occasionally saw him drive out of the yard, and I saw the stable every day,—but what kind of a horse I didn't know. I never went into the stable, for two reasons: in the first place, I had no desire to; and, secondly, I didn't know as the horse cared particularly for company.

I never took care of a horse in my life; and, had I been of a less hopeful nature, the charge Mr. Stiver had left with me might have had a very depressing effect; but I told Mrs. Perkins I would do it.

"You know how to take care of a horse, don't you?" said she.

I gave her a reassuring wink. In fact, I knew so little about it that I didn't think it safe to converse more fluently than by winks.

After breakfast I seized a toothpick and walked out towards the stable. There was nothing particular to do, as Stiver had given him his breakfast, and I found him eating it; so I looked around. The horse looked around, too, and stared pretty hard at me. There was but little said on either side. I hunted up the location of the feed, and then sat down on a peck measure and fell to studying the beast. There is a wide difference in horses. Some of them will kick you over and never look around to see what becomes of you. I don't like a disposition like that, and I wondered if Stiver's horse was one of them.

When I came home at noon I went straight to the stable. The animal was there all right. Stiver hadn't told me what to give him for dinner, and I had not given the subject any thought; but I went to the oat-box and filled the peck measure and sallied up to the manger.

When he saw the oats he almost smiled: this pleased and amused him. I emptied them into the trough, and left him above me to admire the way I parted my hair behind. I just got my head up in time to save the whole of it. He had his ears back, his mouth open, and looked as if he were on the point of committing murder. I went out and filled the measure again, and climbed up the side of the stall and emptied it on top of him. He brought his head up so suddenly at this that I immediately got down, letting go of everything to do it. I struck on the sharp edge of a barrel, rolled over a couple of times, then disappeared under a hay-cutter. The peck measure went down on the other side, and got mysteriously tangled up in that animal's heels, and

he went to work at it, and then ensued the most dreadful noise I ever heard in all my life, and I have been married eighteen years.

It did seem as if I never would get out from under that hay-cutter; and all the while I was struggling and wrenching myself and the cutter apart, that awful beast was kicking around in that stall, and making the most appalling sound imaginable.

When I got out I found Mrs. Perkins at the door. She had heard the racket, and had sped out to the stable, her only thought being of me and three stove-lids which she had under her arm, and one of which she was about to fire at the beast.

This made me mad.

"Go away, you unfortunate idiot!" I shouted: "do you want to knock my brains out?" For I remembered seeing Mrs. Perkins sling a missile once before, and that I nearly lost an eye by the operation, although standing on the other side of the house at the time.

She retired at once. And at the same time the animal quieted down, but there was nothing left of that peck measure, not even the maker's name.

I followed Mrs. Perkins into the house, and had her do me up, and then I sat down in a chair and fell into a profound strain of meditation. After a while I felt better, and went out to the stable again. The horse was leaning against the stable stall, with eyes half closed, and appeared to be very much engrossed in thought.

"Step off to the left," I said, rubbing his back.

He didn't step. I got the pitchfork and punched him in the leg with the handle. He immediately raised up both hind legs at once, and that fork flew out of my hands, and went rattling up against the timbers above, and came down again in an instant, the end of the handle rapping me with

such force on the top of the head that I sat right down on the floor under the impression that I was standing in front of a drug-store in the evening. I went back to the house and got some more stuff on me. But I couldn't keep away from that stable. I went out there again. The thought struck me that what the horse wanted was exercise. If that thought had been an empty glycerin-can, it would have saved a windfall of luck for me.

But exercise would tone him down, and exercise him I should. I laughed to myself to think how I would trounce him around the yard. I didn't laugh again that afternoon. I got him unhitched, and then wondered how I was to get him out of the stall without carrying him out. I pushed, but he wouldn't budge. I stood looking at him in the face, thinking of something to say, when he suddenly solved the difficulty by veering about and plunging for the door. I followed, as a matter of course, because I had a tight hold on the rope, and hit about every partition-stud worth speaking of on that side of the barn. Mrs. Perkins was at the window and saw us come out of the door. She subsequently remarked that we came out skipping like two innocent children. The skipping was entirely unintentional on my part. I felt as if I stood on the verge of eternity. My legs may have skipped, but my mind was filled with awe.

I took that animal out to exercise him. He exercised me before I got through with it. He went around a few times in a circle; then he stopped suddenly, spread out his forelegs, and looked at me. Then he leaned forward a little, and hoisted both hind legs, and threw about two coal-hods of mud over a line full of clothes Mrs. Perkins had just hung out.

That excellent lady had taken a position at the window, and, whenever the evolutions of the awful beast permitted, I caught a glance at her features. She appeared to be very

much interested in the proceedings; but the instant that the mud flew, she disappeared from the window, and a moment later she appeared on the stoop with a long poker in her hand, and fire enough in her eye to heat it red-hot.

Just then Stiver's horse stood up on his hind legs and tried to hug me with the others. This scared me. A horse never shows his strength to such advantage as when he is coming down on you like a frantic pile-driver. I instantly dodged, and the cold sweat fairly boiled out of me.

It suddenly came over me that I had once figured in a similar position years ago. My grandfather owned a little white horse that would get up from a meal at Delmonico's to kick the President of the United States. He sent me to the lot one day, and unhappily suggested that I often went after that horse and suffered all kinds of defeat in getting him out of the pasture, but I had never tried to ride him. Heaven knows I never thought of it. I had my usual trouble with him that day. He tried to jump over me, and push me down in a mud-hole, and finally got up on his hind legs and came waltzing after me with facilities enough to convert me into hash, but I turned and just made for that fence with all the agony a prospect of instant death could crowd into me. If our candidate for the Presidency had run one-half as well, there would be seventy-five postmasters in Danbury to-day, instead of one.

I got him out finally, and then he was quiet enough, and I took him up alongside the fence and got on him. He stopped an instant, one brief instant, and then tore off down the road at a frightful speed. I lay down on him and clasped my hands tightly around his neck, and thought of my home. When we got to the stable I was confident he would stop, but he didn't. He drove straight at the

door. It was a low door, just high enough to permit him to go in at lightning speed, but there was no room for me. I saw if I struck that stable the struggle would be a very brief one. I thought this all over in an instant, and then, spreading out my arms and legs, emitted a scream, and the next moment I was bounding about in the filth of that stable-yard. All this passed through my mind as Stiver's horse went up into the air. It frightened Mrs. Perkins dreadfully.

"Why, you old fool!" she said; "why don't you get rid of him?"

"How can I?" said I, in desperation.

"Why, there are a thousand ways," said she.

This is just like a woman. How differently a statesman would have answered!

But I could think of only two ways to dispose of the beast. I could either swallow him where he stood and then sit down on him, or I could crawl inside of him and kick him to death.

But I was saved either of these expedients by his coming towards me so abruptly that I dropped the rope in terror, and then he turned about, and, kicking me full of mud, shot for the gate, ripping the clothes-line in two, and went on down the street at a horrible gallop, with two of Mrs. Perkins's garments, which he hastily snatched from the line, floating over his neck in a very picturesque manner.

So I was afterwards told. I was too full of mud myself to see the way into the house.

Stiver got his horse all right, and stays at home to care for him. Mrs. Perkins has gone to her mother's to recuperate, and I am healing as fast as possible.

AMERICAN LYRICS OF HUMOR.

VARIOUS.

[In the following series we give some of the humorous productions of American poets of the past and the early years of the present century. Some of them are perhaps not quite up to the modern idea, which seems to require its fun to be well spiced with extravagance, but they are of interest from the names attached to them, which include those of several of the leading American poets. The first given is one of Franklin's few efforts at poetry. It is full of his strong sense of humor.]

PAPER: A POEM.

SOME wit of old,—such wits of old there were,—
Whose hints showed meaning, whose allusions care,
By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
Called clear blank paper every infant mind!
Then still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true;
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.
I (can you pardon my presumption?), I—
No wit, no genius—yet for once will try.

Various the papers various wants produce,
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.
Men are as various; and, if right I scan,
Each sort of *paper* represents some *man*.

Pray note the fop,—half powder and half lace,—
Nice as a bandbox were his dwelling-place;
He's the *gilt paper*, which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands in the escritoire.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
Are *copy-paper*, of inferior worth,—
Less prized, more useful, for your desk decreed,
Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The wretch whom avarice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is coarse *brown paper*, such as peddlers choose
To wrap up wares which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune in a round of joys.
Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout.
He's a true *sinking paper*, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought
Deems *this* side always right, and *that* stark naught;
He foams with censure, with applause he raves,—
A dupe to rumors, and a tool of knaves:
He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim
While such a thing as *foolscap* has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
Who picks a quarrel if you step awry,
Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure,—
What's he? What? *Touch-paper*, to be sure.

What are our poets, take them as they fall,
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
Them and their works in the same class you'll find:
They are the mere *waste paper* of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet;
She's fair *white paper*, an unsullied sheet,
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
May write his *name*, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one, I'll bring;
'Tis the *great man* who scorns a little thing,
Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims, are his own,
Formed on the feelings of his heart alone;
True genuine *royal paper* is his breast,—
Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BETTER WALK THAN RIDE.

SPAVINED SAPPHICS.

Lo! how much grander for a human being,
When he would journey, never to demean him-
Self with a horse or carriage, but to leg it
Free from all cumbrance.

Sure 'tis a folly, humble degradation,
For a strong biped, muscular and nervous,
Tied to a horse-tail, in a creaking coach to
Drag on dependent.

"But it is quicker; it is less fatiguing;"
True, these are reasons when the knees are gouty,
Or one would flee that bashful man the sheriff,
Or from the small-pox.

And let a doctor, or a country parson,
Stride like dividers, spurring like a Sambo,
When one is qualmish with the pangs of nature,
Or with a neck broke.

But for a tourist, sketching what his eyes see,
But for a scholar, musing as he mopes on,
Just as well, better, pleasanter and safer,
For them to foot it.

That we have two legs, evident to all 'tis,
Who are not maimed; and if any doubt it,
Let him his own count, and, if he deny it,
Best learn to cipher.

Well, then, these legs were given us to walk with;
Nothing more true is to a man of science;
For all the joints are fitted to this purpose,
Supple, and firm too.

Then never tell me more of fleetest horses,
Chariots and tandems: rather, boots or shoes on,
Take up your staff, and, free and philosophic,
Ride on your own feet.

Cease, now, Miss Musey, spitting out your sapphics:
Go, for I hate ye preaching 'bout your plodding.
Give me a coach, and dappled pair of geldings:
You may ride shank's mare.

HENRY C. KNIGHT.

[The following two effusions are from the "Croaker" poems, to which Drake and Halleck contributed some of their best efforts.]

ODE TO IMPUDENCE.

The man who wears a brazen face
Quite *à son aise* his glass may quaff,
And, whether in or out of place,
May twirl his stick and laugh.
Useless to him the broad doubloon,
Red note, or dollar of the mill:
Though all his gold be in the moon,
His brass is current money still.

Thus, when my cash was at low water,
  At Niblo's I sat down to dine,
And, after a tremendous slaughter
  Among the wild-fowl and the wine,
The bill before mine eye was placed,—
  When, slightly turning round my head,
"*Charge it!*" cried I. The man, amazed,
  Stared, made his congee, and obeyed.

Oh, bear me to some forest thick,
  Where wampumed Choctaws prowl alone,
Where ne'er was heard the name of *tick*,
  And *bankrupt* laws are quite unknown;
Or to some shop, by bucks abhorred,
  Where, to the longing pauper's sorrow,
The cursed inscription decks the board,
  Of "*pay to-day and trust to-morrow;*"

Or plunge me in the dungeon tower;
  With bolts and turnkeys blast mine eyes;
While, called from death by marshal's power,
  The ghosts of murdered debts arise!
The easy dupes I'll wheedle still
  With looks of brass and words of honey,
And, having scored a decent bill,
  Pay off my impudence for money.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

"Beside the nuptial curtain bright,"
  The bard of Eden sings,
"Young Love his constant lamp will light,
  And wave his purple wings."

But rain-drops from the clouds of care
May bid that lamp be dim,
And the boy Love will pout and swear
'Tis then no place for him.

So mused the lovely Mrs. Dash,—
'Tis wrong to mention names,—
When for her surly husband's cash
She urged in vain her claims:
"I want a little money, dear;
For Vandervoort and Flandin
Their bill, which now has run a year,
To-morrow mean to hand in."

"More?" cried the husband, half asleep;
"You'll drive me to despair."
The lady was too proud to weep,
And too polite to swear.
She bit her lip for very spite,
He felt a storm was brewing,
And dreamed of nothing else all night
But brokers, banks, and ruin.

He thought her pretty once, but dreams
Have sure a wondrous power,
For to his eye the lady seems
Quite altered since that hour;
And Love, who on that bridal eve
Had promised long to stay,
Forgot his promise, took French leave,
And bore his lamp away.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

ODE TO MY CIGAR.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learnéd doctors' spite:
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
And lap me in delight.

What though they tell, with phizzes long,
My years are sooner passed,
I would reply, with reason strong,
"They're sweeter while they last."

And oft, mild friend, to me thou art
A monitor, though still:
Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart
Beyond the preacher's skill.

Thou'rt like the man of worth, who gives
To goodness every day,
The odor of whose virtues lives
When he has passed away.

When in the lonely evening hour,
Attended but by thee,
O'er history's varied page I pore,
Man's fate in thine I see.

Oft as thy snowy column grows,
Then breaks and falls away,
I trace how mighty realms thus rose,
Thus tumbled to decay.

Awhile like thee earth's masters burn,
And smoke and fume around,
And then like thee to ashes turn
And mingle with the ground.

Life's but a leaf adroitly rolled,
And Time's the wasting breath
That late or early, we behold,
Gives all to dusty death.

From beggar's frieze to monarch's robe,
One common doom is passed:
Sweet nature's works, the swelling globe,
Must all burn out at last.

And what is he who smokes thee now?
A little moving heap,
That soon like thee to fate must bow,
With thee in dust must sleep.

But, though thy ashes downward go,
Thy essence rolls on high:
Thus, when my body must lie low,
My soul shall cleave the sky.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

THE TWO COMETS.

[There were two visible at the time this was written.]

There once dwelt in Olympus some notable oddities,
For their wild singularities called gods and goddesses;
But one in particular beat them all hollow,
Whose name, style, and title was Phœbus Apollo.

Now Phœb. was a genius: his hand he could turn
To anything, everything genius can learn,
Bright, sensible, graceful, '*cute*, spirited, *handy*,
Well bred, well behaved,—a celestial dandy!

An eloquent god, though he didn't *say* much;
But he drew a long bow, spoke Greek, Latin, and Dutch;
A doctor, a poet, a soarer, a diver,
And of horses in harness an excellent driver.

He would tackle his steeds to the wheels of the sun,
And he drove up the east every morning, *but one*,
When young Phaëton begged of his daddy at five
To stay with Aurora a day, and *he'd* drive.

So good-natured Phœbus gave Phaey the seat,
With his mittens, change, way-bill, and stage-horn complete;
To the breeze of the morning he shook his bright locks,
Blew the lamps of the night out, and mounted the box.
The *crack* of his whip, like the *breaking* of day,
Warmed the wax in the ears of the leaders, and they,
With a snort, like the fog of the morning, cleared out
For the west, as young Phaey meant to get there about
Two hours before sunset.
He looks at his "*turnip*,"
And, to make the delay of the old line concern up,
He gave 'em the reins; and from Aries to Cancer
The style of his drive on the road seemed to answer;
But at Leo the ears of the near wheel-horse pricked,
And at Virgo the heels of the off leader kicked,
Over Libra the whiffle-tree broke in the middle,
And the traces snapped short, like the strings of a fiddle.
One wheel struck near Scorpio, who gave it a roll,
And set it to buzz, like a top, round the pole,
While the other whizzed back, with its linchpin and hub,
Or, more learnedly speaking, its nucleus or nub;
And, whether in earnest or whether in fun,
He carried away a few locks of the sun.

The state of poor Phaëton's coach was a blue one,
And Jupiter ordered Apollo a new one;
But our driver felt rather too proud to say "Wo!"
Letting horses, and harness, and everything go
At their terrified pleasure abroad, and the muse
Says they cut to this day just what capers they choose,—
That the eyes of the chargers as meteors shine forth,
That their manes stream along in the lights of the north,
That the wheels which are missing are comets, that run
As fast as they did when they carried the sun,
And, still pushing forward, though never arriving,
Think the west is before them, and Phaëton driving.

J. G. C. Brainard.

FIRST OF MAY IN NEW YORK.

First of May, clear the way!
Baskets, barrows, trundles;
Take good care, mind the ware!
Betty, where's the bundles?
Pots and kettles, broken victuals,
Feather beds, plaster heads,
Looking-glasses, torn mattresses,
Spoons and ladles, babies, cradles,
Cups and saucers, salts and castors.
Hurry, scurry,—grave and gay,
All must trudge the first of May.

Now we start, mind the cart!
Shovels, bedclothes, bedding:
On we go, soft and slow,
Like a beggar's wedding!
Jointed stools, domestic tools,
Chairs unbacked, tables cracked,

Gridiron black, spit and jack,
Trammels, hooks, musty books,
Old potatoes, ventilators.
Hurry, scurry,—grave or gay,
On we trudge the first of May.

Now we've got to the spot,
Bellows, bureaus, settee;
Rope untie, mind your eye,
Pray be careful, Betty;
Lord! what's there? Broken ware,
Decanters dashed, china smashed,
Pickles spoiled, carpets soiled,
Sideboard scratched, cups unmatched,
Empty casks, broken flasks.
Hurry, scurry,—grave or gay,
Devil take the first of May.

ROBERT S. COFFIN.

THE CRITIC.

Once on a time, the nightingale, whose singing
Had with her praises set the forest ringing,
Consented at a concert to appear:
Of course her friends all flocked to hear,
And with them many a critic, wide awake
To pick a flaw or carp at a mistake.

She sang as only nightingales can sing;
And when she'd ended,
There was a general cry of "Bravo! splendid!"
While she, poor thing,
Abashed and fluttering, to her nest retreated,
Quite terrified to be so warmly greeted.

The turkeys gobbled their delight; the geese,
Who had been known to hiss at many a trial,
That this was perfect ventured no denial;
It seemed as if the applause would never cease.

But 'mong the critics on the ground
An ass was present, pompous and profound,
Who said, "My friends, I'll not dispute the honor
That you would do our little prima donna:
Although her upper notes are very shrill,
And she defies all method in her trill,
She has some talent, and, upon the whole,
With study, may some cleverness attain.
Then, her friends tell me, she's a virtuous soul;
But—but——"

"But!—" growled the lion, "by my mane,
I never knew an ass who did not strain
To qualify a good thing with a but!"
"Nay," said the goose, approaching with a strut,
"Don't interrupt him, sire; pray let it pass:
The ass is honest, if he is an ass!"

"I was about," said Long-Ear, "to remark
That there is something lacking in her whistle,—
Something magnetic,
To waken chords and feelings sympathetic,
And kindle in the breast a spark
Like—like, for instance, a good juicy thistle."

The assembly tittered, but the fox, with gravity,
Said, at the lion winking,
"Our learnéd friend, with his accustomed suavity,
Has given his opinion without shrinking;

But, to do justice to the nightingale,
He should inform us, as no doubt he will,
What sort of music 'tis that does not fail
His sensibilities to rouse and thrill."

"Why," said the critic, with a look potential,
And pricking up his ears, delighted much
At Reynard's tone and manner deferential,—
"Why, sir, there's nothing can so deeply touch
My feelings, and so carry *me* away,
As a fine, mellow, ear-inspiring bray."

"I thought so," said the fox, without a pause.
"As far as you're concerned, your judgment's true:
You do not like the nightingale, because
The nightingale is not an ass like you!"

EPES SARGENT.

THE COMET.

The Comet! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies;
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,—
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on by whistling spheres of light
He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left nor right,
He asks them not their names;

One spurn from his demoniac heel,
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil's path
Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forest gleam;
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream!

I saw a tutor take his tube
The comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream,—the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye;
I saw a fort,—the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green;
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the balls!
Bang went the magazine!

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warping back,
"The Dream of Beelzebub:"
He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The crackling, sweating pines,

And streams of smoke, like water-spouts,
Burst through the rumbling mines;
I asked the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answered not, but all the while
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Towards the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze;
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
Bob through the bubbling brine;
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul:
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! Oh, fearful dream!
Its memory haunts me still,
The steaming sea, the crimson glare,
That wreathed each wooded hill;
Stranger! if through thy reeling brain
Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare, spare, oh, spare thine evening meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

DINING AS A FINE ART.

JOHN SANDERSON.

[The lively and amusing "American in Paris" of John Sanderson is the source of our present selection. The work in question mingles humorous suggestion with keen observation, and is well worthy of the popularity which it long enjoyed. The author was born at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1785, became professor of Latin and Greek at the Philadelphia High School about 1836, and died in 1844.]

THE English are before all nations in bull-dogs,—perhaps also in morals; but for the art of dressing themselves and their dinners the first honors are due by general acknowledgment to the French. . . . The shortest way to give value to a profession is to bestow honor and reward upon those who administer its duties, and to this policy, nowhere so well understood as in Paris, the French kitchen chiefly owes its celebrity. I begin, therefore, with a brief notice of some of its most distinguished artists. . . .

The classical school has at its head the name of Beauvilliers, of the Rue Richelieu, No. 20. He was in great vogue at the end of the imperial government, and in 1811–15 shared with Véry the favor of "our friends the enemy," as he used to call the Allies. He left a standard work, in one vol. 8vo, on the "Art de Cuisine," and closed his illustrious career the same year as Napoleon, and his monument rivals those of the heroes of Wagram and Rivoli at Père la Chaise. He died, too, of a good old age, in the course of nature; while the tap of the drum was thy death-larum, Prince of Moscow.

At the head of the romantic school, and ahead at no moderate distance, is Jean de Carême, whose works are in the hands of every one, and whose name is identified with the great personages of his age. His descent is from the

famous chief of Leo X., and is called Jean de Carême (Jack of Lent) in honor of a *soupe maigre* he invented for his Holiness during the abstemious season. He began his studies with a regular course of roasting, under celebrated professors, served his time to sauces under Richaut, of the house of the Prince of Condé, and finished his studies with Robert the elder, author of "Élégance Moderne," a person remarkable not only for his great invention, but for a bad memory, as you may see in his epitaph.

"Qui dès l'âge le plus tendre
Inventa la soupe Robert;
Mais jamais il ne peut apprendre
Ni son Credo ni son Pater."

After refusing nearly all the sovereigns of Europe, he was prevailed upon to become chief to George IV., at sixteen hundred guineas per annum. But at Carlton House he was before the age, and quit after a few months, indignant at wasting his time upon a nation so imperfectly able to appreciate his services. On his return he accepted an appointment from Baron Rothschild, and remained with "the Jew," dining the best men of a glorious age, and acquiring new laurels, till the close of life, with the conscious pride of having concentrated his entire mind to the advantage and honor of his native country. Drop a tear, gentle reader, if thou hast ever tasted a *soupe maigre à la Pape Pie-Sept, or potage à la Rothschild*,—a tear upon the memory of Jack of Lent!

Véry, of the Palais Royal, also is of this school, and belongs to the *haute cuisine*. He feasted the allied sovereigns, and has a monument at Père la Chaise, on which you will read this simple inscription:

"His life was devoted to the useful arts."

This is a name also to be revered wherever eating is held in proper veneration,—a veritable and authentic artist, seeking fame by no diplomatic trick, no *ruse de cuisine*, but honestly and instinctively obeying the impulse of his splendid abilities. He employed his mornings and heat of imagination in composing,—pouring out a vast number of dishes, as Virgil used to do verses of the Æneid, and giving his afternoons, when fancy was cool and judgment predominated, to revisal, correction, and experiment. A person came in once of a morning inconsiderately to consult him, and, addressing the waiter, "*Pas visible, monsieur*," replied the garçon, with an air significant of his sense of the impropriety, "*il compose ;*" and the gentleman, with an apologetic bow, retired.

I omit many others of nearly equal dignity, for want of space. There is one, however, of the old school, who, like Homer or Hesiod, announced from afar the future glory of his country, whom I cannot pass altogether in silence,—*Vatel*. While in Paris, I went out to Chantilly,—the Utica of the gourmands,—not, as you may conceive, to see the races, or the stables of the great Condé, that cost thirty millions, or his *magnifique maison de plaisance*, which opened its doors to a thousand guests of a night, but . . . I stood in the very spot in which the illustrious martyr fell upon his sword,—the very spot in which he screamed, in glorious agony, "*Quoi ! la morue n'arrive pas encore !*" and died. Poor fellow! scarce had he drawn the fatal knife from his throat when the codfish arrived. I would give more of this tragical history, but it is told in its beautiful details by Madame de Sévigné, to whom the reader is respectfully referred. . . .

Cooking, like the drama, will conform with public opinion, and bad eaters and bad judges of a play are alike the ruin of good houses and the reputation of the artists.

Woe to the gastronomy of a people whose public taste is gross and uncultivated! In those countries where men dine with cynical voracity in fifteen minutes, why talk of it!—*dine*, as Carême eloquently and indignantly expresses it, as if they had craws for the comminution of their food after its deglutition.

I remember about five hundred dyspeptics who used to group themselves about the Red Sulphur (which they preferred to all the Virginia springs, for the abundance of its table); how they used to saunter about in little squads, or huddle all together at the source of the little ruby and sulphurous fountain, and discourse the livelong day of gastric juices, peristaltic motions, kneading of stomachs, virtues of aliments and remedies, inquiring diligently into the cause that might be assigned for the almost epidemic prevalence of this disease; some blaming the stars, some hot rolls, others the cacochymical qualities of our American climate, and a few threatening to leave the country. Two Virginia members believed it was the exciting nature of our institutions, and they sat about upon stumps (these gentlemen having a great affinity for stumps), pale, abdominous, and wan, and nearly disgusted with republicanism; and there was an Irish gentleman who had a strong suspicion he might have been changed at nurse, for he was a healthy baby.

These things are better managed in China. Chewing is done, they say, at a large Chinese ordinary, by a kind of isochronical movement, regulated by music. They have a leader, as at our concerts, and up go the jaws upon sharp F and down upon G flat. I wish our "Conscript Fathers" at Washington, if it would not interfere too much with the liberty of the subject, would take this matter under consideration, and if, themselves, they would chew and digest a little more their dinners and speeches, I beg leave to

intimate it would be not only a personal comfort, but an economy of the money and reputation of the republic. The destiny of a nation, says a sensible French writer, may depend upon the digestion of the first minister. Who knows, then, but the distress that has fallen, without any assignable cause, like a blight upon our prosperity,—that the contentious ill-humors of our two houses, their sparrings, duellings, floggings, removal of deposits, expungings, vetoings, and disruption of cabinets, may not be chiefly due to an imperfect mastication by the two honorable bodies, the President, secretaries, and others intrusted with the management of the country? Legislation upon such subjects is not without respectable precedent. The emperor Domitian had it brought regularly before *his* senate what sauce he should employ upon a turbot. It was put to vote in committee of the whole, and the decree (as related by Tacitus, and translated by the *Almanach des Gourmands*) was a *sauce piquante.*

[The author proceeds to describe the make-up of the several French meals, and the emotions with which a French epicure looks upon an artistically-laden table.]

Persons are rarely subject to these violent emotions if not bred in Paris, and to many they might appear exaggerated; but let them look into history. I will cite a few authentic anecdotes in illustration of this part of my subject; and I will show, too, that these gastronomic emotions and elegant dinners do not appertain exclusively to the French, and are marks of a high civilization in all countries.

Fontenelle, dining a friend one day, and his politeness getting the better of his reason, yielded reluctantly to his desire of having the asparagus dressed with butter instead

of oil, and went slowly towards the head of the stairs to give orders to this effect. During the absence his friend had fallen down in apoplexy, which observing at his return, he hastened back to the stairs: "Cook! cook! cook!" he cried out, in a subdued voice, "you can dress them with oil!" and he afforded then to his deceased friend the due offices of humanity.

Judge Savarin, hunting one day with Jefferson, near Paris, caught a couple of hares, and they returned home with this game late in the evening. To lighten the way, the American ambassador related to the judge various anecdotes of Washington, and was encouraged to continue for two or three miles by the close attention and meditative air of his companion. But at length the judge, awakening up and breaking through his long silence, said, with the decision of one who has made up his mind, "Yes, I will cook them with truffles," Jefferson being about half through the battle of the Cowpens.

Among the Latins and Greeks a great many interesting examples are recorded of the same kind. Cratinus, seeing his wine spilt, one day, died of grief; he had survived the loss of his wife. His fate is recorded in Aristophanes. Apicius sailed to Africa to pass his life there, hearing that the oysters were better than in his native country, but, finding them worse, sailed back again. An epicure is mentioned by Athenæus who, having eaten a sturgeon at a meal, all but the head, fell into indigestion, and was given up by the doctors. Says he, "Well, if I must die, I'll thank you to bring me in the rest of the fish." Apicius, as it is well known, spent two millions of dollars upon his table, and, when he had but a *fippenny-bit* left, blew out his brains.

Some very creditable instances have been found even in England. Pope, the actor, one day received the invita-

tion of a lord, "Dear Pope, if you can dine on a roast, come at six: we have nothing else." He came, and acted accordingly. At the conclusion, however, a truffled hare of most appetizing flavor was brought in. Astonishment and dismay succeeded in Pope's countenance, as he looked at it, scarce believing his eyes. He took up his knife, tried, but could not. . . . At length, after several vain efforts, pushing his plate aside and putting down his knife, he said, tears starting in his eyes, "From an old friend I did not expect this!"

Of Lady Morgan's France, one of the prettiest pages by far is her description of a dinner at Rothschild's villa, near Paris, served up by the celebrated Carême, at which she was present. . . .

"With less genius," says her ladyship, "than went to the composition of this dinner, men have written epic poems; and if crowns were distributed to cooks as to actors, the wreath of Pasta and Sontag (divine as they are) was never more fairly won than the laurel that should have graced the brow of Carême for this specimen of the intellectual perfection of his art,—the standard and gauge of modern civilization. Cruelty, violence, barbarism, were the characteristics of men who fed upon the tough fibres of half-fed oxen; humanity, knowledge, refinement, of the generation whose tastes and temper are regulated by the science of such philosophers as Carême and such Amphitryons as Rothschild."

Of the dinner she says, "It was in season; it was up to the time,—in the spirit of the age. There was no *perruque* in its composition, no trace of the 'wisdom of our ancestors,' in a single dish; no high-priced sauces, no *sauce blanche;* no flavor of cayenne and allspice, no tincture of catsup and walnut pickles; no visible agency of those vulgar elements of cookery of the good old times. Fire-and-

water distillations of the most delicate viands exhaled in silver dews, with chemical precision,

'on tepid clouds of rising steam,'

formed the *fond* of all. Every meat presented its natural aroma; every vegetable its shade of verdure; *margonnese* was fried in ice (as Ninon said of Sévigné's heart), and the tempered chill of the *plobian*, which held the place of the eternal *fondus* and *soufflets* of an Englishman's table, anticipated the shock, and broke it of the exaggerated avalanche," etc., etc. . . .

Lord Byron has expressed his dislike of "eating women." But his lordship had an infinity of little capricious dislikes. Monsieur Savarin, of much better taste in such matters, describes his "pretty gourmande under arms" as one of the most interesting of objects. From the stimulus of eating, she has greater brilliancy of eyes and grace of conversation; the vermilion of her lips is of a deeper dye, and she is improved in all the attributes of her beauty, and in all respects better recommended to our sympathies, as the honey-bee that sips the golden flower is better liked for its appetites. Nothing that is natural can be justly called an imperfection; and I would respectfully suggest in reply to his fastidious lordship that the first temptation of mankind was eating, and that it began with the fair sex.

THE WITNESS-BOX.

ANONYMOUS.

[Poems have been written on the Pleasures of Hope, of Memory, etc., but no one has taken as the subject of his song the Delights of Being a Witness, perhaps from a sense of inability to do it justice.

Poetry having thus ignored this fruitful theme, it has been left to prose. We give below one of the efforts to deal fitly with it.]

THE nominal purpose of a court of justice is to seek the *truth;* but I question whether the *truth* is ever in other places more attacked, sneered at, browbeaten, ridiculed, and put out of countenance. It is the *truth* which, in this place, every one in his turn finds it his interest to conceal. It is the *truth* that every one is afraid of. Even the party most unequivocally in the right is anxious to exclude the *truth* from the other side, lest it may seem to contradict his own; and all the lawyers, and even the judge, seem as much on the watch to stop the witness's mouth every two minutes as they have been to make him come there to open it. One of the most ridiculous things in the world is a witness in the box, trying (poor fellow!) to give in his testimony. He is, we will suppose, not in the slightest degree interested in either of the parties, and doubtless wishes them both tied together by the neck and at the bottom of the lake. He comes into court, not voluntarily, but dragged, if he resists, by two or three scowling ministers of the law, who, from the mere fact of being presumed to know something about the pending suit, think themselves entitled to treat him as if he had been brought up for robbing a hen-roost. He is forced from his business or his amusements for the purpose of speaking the truth, and he inwardly resolves to tell the whole story as soon as possible and get rid of the business. He thinks he knows the worst. He thinks the loss of time, and the awkwardness of speaking for the first time of his life in public, are the extent of his sufferings! Unsuspecting victim! He no sooner enters the box than he finds himself at once the centre of a circle of enemies and holding a position not greatly unlike that of a prisoner in an Indian war-dance. He tries to tell his story.

WITNESS. I was going down Maiden Lane——

COUNSELLOR BLOWHARD. Stop, sir.

COUNSELLOR BOTHEREM. Don't interrupt the witness.

COUNSELLOR BOWWOW (*briefly and indignantly*). We want the fact.

JUDGE. Let the witness tell his story.

WITNESS. I was going down Maiden Lane, where I live——

BLOWHARD. We don't want to know where you live, sir.

BOTHEREM. That is a part of his testimony.

SLABSIDES. You can have the witness when we have done with him: he belongs to us now.

BOWWOW (*sarcastically*). Very well, sir.

JUDGE. Gentlemen, I beg you will sit down.

ONE OF THE ASSISTANTS. Officer, keep order.

OFFICER (*as loud as he can bawl*). Silence.

WITNESS. I was going down Maiden Lane, where I reside, as I said before, when——

BLOWHARD. You don't come here, sir, to repeat what you said before!

BOTHEREM. I beg——

SLABSIDES (*starting to his feet*). No intemperance, I *persist* on't!

BOWWOW. Your honor, I appeal to you to protect me from the impertinence of this witness.

All the Counsellors and Judges together. The witness must be com——

OFFICER (*in a voice of thunder*). Silence! Silence!

JUDGE. Gentlemen, it seems to me that the best way to come *at the truth* is to let the witness go on, and I will call him to order if he wanders from his duty. Witness!

WITNESS. Your honor.

JUDGE. Tell the plain fact of this assault: tell the jury what you know about it. Remember you are here to speak

the truth, and nothing but the truth. Raise your voice, and turn your face to the jury. What do you know of this affair?

Again the witness commenced, the lawyers continuing to skirmish around all the while, like a parcel of wild Arabs fighting for the clothes of some unhappy prisoner. So far from getting a chance to say the truth, the poor man cannot get a chance to say anything. At length,—bewildered out of his recollection, frightened, insulted, and indignant,—however really desirous of telling the truth, he stumbles upon some inconsistency, some trifling or not trifling paradox,—accounted for at once and to every one's entire satisfaction by the idea that he has forgotten. But then comes the cross-examination; then the scientific artillery of a cool, impudent, and vulgar lawyer, sharpened by thirty years of similar practices, is brought to bear upon one trembling and already nervous stranger,—perhaps ignorant, perhaps a boy. Then comes the laugh of judge and jury, the murmur and astonishment of the crowd that a person could be found degraded and base enough to say that "the defendant wore *a little rimmed hat*," when he acknowledged subsequently, off his guard, that the hat had "*a tolerably large rim.*" Then the poor fellow, sore all over, and not quite sure that he will not be sent to prison and hard labor for perjury before the week has rolled away, although he is the only person in the court who does not, in a greater or less degree, merit that punishment, is dismissed to a bench a few yards off, where he is obliged to remain to hear the lawyers, in their address to the jury, mumble his character to pieces with glorious turns of rhetoric and yet more glorious gesticulations.

"What, gentlemen of the jury," says Counsellor Blowhard, beating the table in fury and heaving his body like

some wood-sawyer under the operation of an emetic,—"what does the next witness, this Mr. John Raw, say? Gentlemen, he comes forward under the most peculiar circumstances. 'He claps perjury to his soul,' as Dr. Watts says. A dark mystery conglimmerates his motives, which I don't think proper to disentangle; but he comes forward, and without the least back'ardness, and he takes his place in that 'ere witness-box with the open, the avowed, the undignified, the undisguised, the unaffected, the diabolical, the determined resolution to fix upon my client, the injured, the suffering, the cruelly-tortured Mr. Funk, this foul and unnatural assault and battery. Didn't you see, gentlemen, when I cross-examined him, how he trembled under my eye? you saw him prevaricate and how pale he turned at my voice. You heard him stammer and take back his words and say he did 'not recollect.' Is this, gentlemen of the jury, an *honest* witness? The language of *truth* is plain and simple: it don't require no previous calkylation. If I ask you if you saw the sun rise yesterday, you answer, unless you are given to that horrible, detestable, abominable, infernal vice of drunkenness, and never kidnapped niggers, yes or no: you do not hesitate, you do not tremble. You don't say, 'Yes, I did,' and in the very next breath, 'No, I didn't.' You don't at first tell me, 'I walked ten miles on Monday,' and say afterwards, in a jerk, 'I was all day on Monday ill in bed with the dysentery.'"

(Here one of the jurors puts his nose to that of another, and utters something in approbation of this profound argument, and the other nods his head and looks at the speaker, as much as to say, "There is no use in trying to elude the sagacity of this keen old fellow. The witness had much better have told the truth.")

"Now, gentlemen, what does this here witness say? He

began by telling you, gentlemen, that he lived in Maiden Lane; that he was going home on the day when this ridiculous and unnatural assault took place; that he saw a crowd; that he approached; that he saw Mr. Funk, my client, the defendant in this action, come up to the plaintiff, Sam Wiggins, and give him, Wiggins, the said plaintiff, a blow with a bludgeon. But, gentlemen, when I came to look into this cock-and-bull story, you saw him equivocate, and heard him change color and contradict himself. 'What sort of a hat had Mr. Funk on?' 'A black one.' 'Of what broadness was the rim?' 'About an inch.' He thought, doubtless, that he was to have everything his own way, till I brought into the witness-box to confute him the hatter—yes, gentlemen, the very hatter—who made and sold the hat, and who proves to you that the rim was broad. You therefore must believe, you cannot do otherwise, that the hat worn on that day by Mr. Funk was a broad-brimmed hat; all the witnesses for the defendant swear it, and even Johnny Raw himself, when closely questioned, acknowledged that it *might* have been a broad-brimmed hat. Next, gentlemen, the pantaloons. 'What color was Mr. Funk's pantaloons?' 'Black,' said this bloody Mr. John Raw. [A great laugh at this stroke of wit.] Gentlemen, I have produced these pantaloons in court. They have been identified beyond the possibility of doubt. What was the result? You saw, yourselves, gentlemen, the pantaloons were *pepper-and-salt*."

A cry of admiration throughout the court. The officer cries, "Order!"

The poor witness unfortunately occupies a conspicuous seat, and all eyes are fixed upon him with the most virtuous indignation.

"Furthermore, gentlemen, I asked this witness to describe the bludgeon. He could not. 'Had it ivory or

horn on the handle?' He could not tell. 'Was there a piece of brass on the end?' Did not know. 'Was it heavy?' 'Yes.' 'Had he ever handled it?' 'No.' How, in the name of the heavens above and the earth below, how, upon your oaths, gentlemen, how could he tell the heft of a thing if he had never handled it? [Another buzz of admiration.] 'Was he personally acquainted with Mr. Funk?' 'No.' 'Had he ever seen him before?' 'No.' 'Since?' 'No.' 'Could he tell whether he had an aquiline nose or not?' 'No.' 'Was he not a friend of Sam Wiggins?' 'Yes.' 'Had he not expressed an opinion upon this case?' 'Yes; he had said the scoundrel ought to be ashamed of himself.' 'Was Sam Wiggins's hat knocked off?' 'No.' But before he left the witness-box he said he saw the blood on the top of the plaintiff's head. How, upon your oaths again, gentlemen, how could he see the top of his head unless the hat had been knocked off?"

[Another buzz.] The witness here rose and said, "Mr. Wiggins *took it off to show me.*"

OFFICER. Silence, there!

JUDGE. Witness, you must not interrupt the counsel. You have had the opportunity of saying whatever you pleased. If you are guilty of so great an indecorum, I shall be obliged to commit you.

Witness stands stupid.

OFFICER. Sit down! *(in a tone of indignant command).*

Witness sits down,—the officer scowling at him as if he would snap his head off.

I shall not follow the learned gentleman further. I only appeal to every witness that has ever been brought into a court of justice, whether it is not the most difficult place in the world to tell the truth in, and whether, when the truth was at length told, there ever were so many attempts made to mystify it,—whether so much of what every one

present knew in his heart to be the truth could anywhere else be so deliberately rejected, and whether, when this poor, belabored, mutilated truth, so much demanded, was at length produced, it did not have an aspect so disguised that its own mother might not have known it.

THE COUPON BONDS.

JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE.

[Among our choicest American humorists must be named John Townsend Trowbridge, who alike in poetic and in prose fun is unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries. "Coupon Bonds," from which we make the following selection, is, as a whole, one of the most amusing stories in American literature. Mr. Trowbridge was born in Monroe County, New York, in 1827.]

[Mr. and Mrs. Ducklow have secretly purchased bonds with money that should have been given to their adopted son Reuben, who has sacrificed his health in serving his country as a soldier. They are very nervous about the bonds, and, going to visit Reuben on the morning of his return home, they hide the bonds under the carpet of the sitting-room, and leave the house in charge of Taddy, another adopted son. Leaving his wife at Reuben's house, Mr. Ducklow drives to the station for the trunk of the sick soldier.]

MR. DUCKLOW had scarcely turned the corner of the street, when, looking anxiously in the direction of his homestead, he saw a column of smoke. It was directly over the spot where he knew his house to be situated. He guessed at a glance what had happened. The frightful catastrophe he foreboded had befallen. Taddy had set the house afire.

"Them bonds! them bonds!" he exclaimed, distractedly.

He did not think so much of the house: house and furniture were insured; if they were burned the inconvenience would be great indeed, and at any other time the thought of such an event would have been a sufficient cause for trepidation; but now his chief, his only anxiety was the bonds. They were not insured. They would be a dead loss. And, what added sharpness to his pangs, they would be a loss which he must keep a secret, as he had kept their existence a secret,—a loss which he could not confess, and of which he could not complain. Had he not just given his neighbors to understand that he held no such property? And his wife,—was she not at that very moment, if not serving up a lie upon the subject, at least paring the truth very thin indeed?

"A man would think," observed Ferring, "that Ducklow had some o' them bonds on his hands, and got scaret, he took such a sudden start. He has, hasn't he, Mrs. Ducklow?"

"Has what?" said Mrs. Ducklow, pretending ignorance.

"Some o' them cowpon bonds. I rather guess he's got some."

"You mean Gov'ment bonds? Ducklow got some? 'Tain't at all likely he'd spec'late in them without saying something to *me* about it. No, he couldn't have any without my knowing it, I'm sure."

How demure, how innocent she looked, plying her knitting-needle, and stopping to take up a stitch! How little at that moment she knew of Ducklow's trouble and its terrible cause!

Ducklow's first impulse was to drive on and endeavor at all hazards to snatch the bonds from the flames. His next was to return and alarm his neighbors and obtain their assistance. But a minute's delay might be fatal: so he drove on, screaming, "Fire! fire!" at the top of his voice.

But the old mare was a slow-footed animal; and Ducklow had no whip. He reached forward and struck her with the reins.

"Git up! git up!—Fire! fire!" screamed Ducklow. "Oh, them bonds! them bonds! Why didn't I give the money to Reuben? Fire! fire! fire!"

By dint of screaming and slapping, he urged her from a trot into a gallop, which was scarcely an improvement as to speed, and certainly not as to grace. It was like the gallop of an old cow. "Why don't ye go 'long?" he cried, despairingly.

Slap! slap! He knocked his own hat off with the loose end of the reins. It fell under the wheels. He cast one look behind, to satisfy himself that it had been very thoroughly run over and crushed into the dirt, and left it to its fate.

Slap! slap! "Fire! fire!" Canter, canter, canter! Neighbors looked out of their windows, and, recognizing Ducklow's wagon and old mare in such an astonishing plight, and Ducklow himself, without his hat, rising from his seat and reaching forward in wild attitudes, brandishing the reins, and at the same time rending the azure with yells, thought he must be insane.

He drove to the top of the hill, and, looking beyond, in expectation of seeing his house wrapped in flames, discovered that the smoke proceeded from a brush-heap which his neighbor Atkins was burning in a field near by.

The revulsion of feeling that ensued was almost too much for the excitable Ducklow. His strength went out of him. For a little while there seemed to be nothing left of him but tremor and cold sweat. Difficult as it had been to get the old mare in motion, it was now even more difficult to stop her.

"Why, what has got into Ducklow's old mare? She's

running away with him! Who ever heard of such a thing!" And Atkins, watching the ludicrous spectacle from his field, became almost as weak from laughter as Ducklow was from the effects of fear.

At length Ducklow succeeded in checking the old mare's speed and in turning her about. It was necessary to drive back for his hat. By this time he could hear a chorus of shouts, "Fire! fire! fire!" over the hill. He had aroused the neighbors as he passed, and now they were flocking to extinguish the flames.

"A false alarm! a false alarm!" said Ducklow, looking marvellously sheepish, as he met them. "Nothing but Atkins's brush-heap!"

"Seems to me you ought to have found that out 'fore you raised all creation with your yells!" said one hyperbolical fellow. "You looked like the Flying Dutchman! This your hat? I thought 'twas a dead cat in the road. No fire! no fire!"—turning back to his comrades,—"only one of Ducklow's jokes."

Nevertheless, two or three boys there were who would not be convinced, but continued to leap up, swing their caps, and scream "Fire!" against all remonstrance. Ducklow did not wait to enter into explanations, but, turning the old mare about again, drove home amid the laughter of the by-standers and the screams of the misguided youngsters. As he approached the house, he met Taddy rushing wildly up the street.

"Thaddeus! Thaddeus! Where ye goin', Thaddeus?"

"Goin' to the fire!" cried Taddy.

"There isn't any fire, boy."

"Yes, there is! Didn't ye hear 'em? They've been yellin' like fury."

"It's nothin' but Atkins's brush."

"That all?" And Taddy appeared very much disap-

pointed. "I thought there was goin' to be some fun. I wonder who was such a fool as to yell fire just for a darned old brush-heap!"

Ducklow did not inform him.

"I've got to drive over to town and git Reuben's trunk. You stand by the mare while I step in and brush my hat."

Instead of applying himself at once to the restoration of his beaver, he hastened to the sitting-room, to see that the bonds were safe.

"Heavens and 'arth!" said Ducklow.

The chair, which had been carefully planted in the spot where they were concealed, had been removed. Three or four tacks had been taken out, and the carpet pushed from the wall. There was straw scattered about. Evidently Taddy had been interrupted, in the midst of his ransacking, by the alarm of fire. Indeed, he was even now creeping into the house to see what notice Ducklow would take of these evidences of his mischief.

In great trepidation the farmer thrust in his hand here and there, and groped, until he found the envelope precisely where it had been placed the night before, with the tape tied around it, which his wife had put on to prevent its contents from slipping out and losing themselves. Great was the joy of Ducklow. Great also was the wrath of him when he turned and discovered Taddy.

"Didn't I tell you to stand by the old mare?"

"She won't stir," said Taddy, shrinking away again.

"Come here!" And Ducklow grasped him by the collar. "What have you been doin'? Look at that!"

"'Twan't me!" beginning to whimper and ram his fists into his eyes.

"Don't tell me 'twan't you!" Ducklow shook him till his teeth chattered. "What was you pullin' up the carpet for?"

"Lost a marble!" snivelled Taddy.

"Lost a marble! Ye didn't lose it under the carpet, did ye? Look at all that straw pulled out!" shaking him again.

"Didn't know but it might 'a' got under the carpet, marbles roll so," explained Taddy, as soon as he could get his breath.

"Wal, sir,"—Ducklow administered a resounding box on his ear,—"don't you do such a thing again, if you lose a million marbles!"

"Hain't got a million!" Taddy wept, rubbing his cheek. "Hain't got but four! Won't ye buy me some to-day?"

"Go to that mare, and don't you leave her again till I come, or I'll *marble* ye in a way you won't like."

Understanding, by this somewhat equivocal form of expression, that flagellation was threatened, Taddy obeyed, still feeling his smarting and burning ear.

Ducklow was in trouble. What should he do with the bonds? The floor was no place for them after what had happened; and he remembered too well the experience of yesterday to think for a moment of carrying them about his person. With unreasonable impatience, his mind reverted to Mrs. Ducklow.

"Why ain't she to home? These women are forever a-gaddin'! I wish Reuben's trunk was in Jericho!"

Thinking of the trunk reminded him of one in the garret, filled with old papers of all sorts,—newspapers, letters, bills of sale, children's writing-books,—accumulations of the past quarter of a century. Neither fire nor burglar nor ransacking youngster had ever molested those ancient records during all those five-and-twenty years. A bright thought struck him.

"I'll slip the bonds down into that worthless heap o'

rubbish, where no one 'ull ever think o' lookin' for 'em, and resk 'em."

Having assured himself that Taddy was standing by the wagon, he paid a hasty visit to the trunk in the garret, and concealed the envelope, still bound in its band of tape, among the papers. He then drove away, giving Taddy a final charge to beware of setting anything afire.

He had driven about half a mile, when he met a peddler. There was nothing unusual or alarming in such a circumstance, surely; but, as Ducklow kept on, it troubled him.

"He'll stop to the house, now, most likely, and want to trade. Findin' nobody but Taddy, there's no knowin' what he'll be tempted to do. But I ain't a-goin' to worry. I'll defy anybody to find them bonds. Besides, she may be home by this time. I guess she'll hear of the fire-alarm and hurry home: it'll be jest like her. She'll be there, and trade with the peddler!" thought Ducklow, uneasily. Then a frightful fancy possessed him. "She has threatened two or three times to sell that old trunkful of papers. He'll offer a big price for 'em, and ten to one she'll let him have 'em. Why *didn't* I think on't? What a stupid blunderbuss I be!"

As Ducklow thought of it, he felt almost certain that Mrs. Ducklow had returned home, and that she was bargaining with the peddler at that moment. He fancied her smilingly receiving bright tin-ware for the old papers; and he could see the tape-tied envelope going into the bag with the rest. The result was that he turned about and whipped his old mare home again in terrific haste, to catch the departing peddler.

Arriving, he found the house as he had left it, and Taddy occupied in making a kite-frame.

"Did that peddler stop here?"

"I hain't seen no peddler."

"And hain't yer Ma Ducklow been home, nuther?"

"No."

And, with a guilty look, Taddy put the kite-frame behind him.

Ducklow considered. The peddler had turned up a cross-street: he would probably turn down again and stop at the house, after all: Mrs. Ducklow might by that time be at home: then the sale of old papers would be very likely to take place. Ducklow thought of leaving word that he did not wish any old papers in the house to be sold, but feared lest the request might excite Taddy's suspicions.

"I don't see no way but for me to take the bonds with me," thought he, with an inward groan.

He accordingly went to the garret, took the envelope out of the trunk, and placed it in the breast-pocket of his overcoat, to which he pinned it, to prevent it by any chance from getting out. He used six large, strong pins for the purpose, and was afterwards sorry he did not use seven.

"There's suthin' losin' out o' yer pocket!" bawled Taddy, as he was once more mounting the wagon.

Quick as lightning, Ducklow clapped his hand to his breast. In doing so he loosed his hold of the wagon-box and fell, raking his shin badly on the wheel.

"Yer side-pocket! It's one o' yer mittens!" said Taddy.

"You rascal! How you scared me!"

Seating himself in the wagon, Ducklow gently pulled up his trousers-leg to look at the bruised part.

"Got anything in yer boot-leg to-day, Pa Ducklow?" asked Taddy, innocently.

"Yes,—a barked shin!—all on your account, too! Go and put that straw back, and fix the carpet; and don't ye let me hear ye speak of my boot-leg again, or I'll *boot-leg* ye!"

So saying, Ducklow departed.

Instead of repairing the mischief he had done in the sitting-room, Taddy devoted his time and talents to the more interesting occupation of constructing his kite-frame. He worked at that until Mr. Grantly, the minister, driving by, stopped to inquire how the folks were.

"Ain't to home: may I ride?" cried Taddy, all in a breath.

Mr. Grantly was an indulgent old gentleman, fond of children: so he said, "Jump in;" and in a minute Taddy had scrambled to a seat by his side.

And now occurred a circumstance which Ducklow had foreseen. The alarm of fire had reached Reuben's; and, although the report of its falseness followed immediately, Mrs. Ducklow's inflammable fancy was so kindled by it that she could find no comfort in prolonging her visit.

"Mr. Ducklow'll be going for the trunk, and I *must* go home and see to things, Taddy's *such* a fellow for mischief. I can foot it; I shan't mind it."

And off she started, walking herself out of breath in her anxiety.

She reached the brow of the hill just in time to see a chaise drive away from her own door.

"Who *can* that be? I wonder if Taddy's there to guard the house! If anything should happen to them bonds!"

Out of breath as she was, she quickened her pace, and trudged on, flushed, perspiring, panting, until she reached the house.

"Thaddeus!" she called.

No Taddy answered. She went in. The house was deserted. And, lo! the carpet torn up, and the bonds abstracted!

Mr. Ducklow never would have made such work, re-

moving the bonds. Then somebody else must have taken them, she reasoned.

"The man in the chaise!" she exclaimed, or rather made an effort to exclaim, succeeding only in bringing forth a hoarse, gasping sound. Fear dried up articulation. *Vox faucibus hæsit.*

And Taddy? He had disappeared, been murdered, perhaps,—or gagged and carried away by the man in the chaise.

Mrs. Ducklow flew hither and thither (to use a favorite phrase of her own), "like a hen with her head cut off;" then rushed out of the house and up the street, screaming after the chaise,—

"Murder! murder! Stop thief! stop thief!"

She waved her hands aloft in the air frantically. If she had trudged before, now she trotted, now she cantered; but, if the cantering of the old mare was fitly likened to that of a cow, to what thing, to what manner of motion under the sun, shall we liken the cantering of Mrs. Ducklow? It was original; it was unique; it was prodigious. Now, with her frantically waving hands, and all her undulating and flapping skirts, she seemed a species of huge, unwieldy bird, attempting to fly. Then she sank down into a heavy, dragging walk,—breath and strength all gone,—no voice left even to scream "murder!" Then, the awful realization of the loss of the bonds once more rushing over her, she started up again. "Half running, half flying, what progress she made!" Then Atkins's dog saw her, and, naturally mistaking her for a prodigy, came out at her, bristling up and bounding and barking terrifically.

"Come here!" cried Atkins, following the dog. "What's the matter? What's to pay, Mrs. Ducklow?"

Attempting to speak, the good woman could only pant and wheeze.

"Robbed!" she at last managed to whisper, amid the yelpings of the cur that refused to be silenced.

"Robbed? How? Who?"

"The chaise. Ketch it."

Her gestures expressed more than her words; and, Atkins's horse and wagon, with which he had been drawing out brush, being in the yard near by, he ran to them, leaped to the seat, drove into the road, took Mrs. Ducklow aboard, and set out in vigorous pursuit of the slow two-wheeled vehicle.

"Stop, you, sir! Stop, you, sir!" shrieked Mrs. Ducklow, having recovered her breath by the time they came up with the chaise.

It stopped, and Mr. Grantly, the minister, put out his good-natured, surprised face.

"You've robbed my house! You've took——"

Mrs. Ducklow was going on in wild, accusatory accents, when she recognized the benign countenance.

"What do you say? I have robbed you?" he exclaimed, very much astonished.

"No, no! not you! You wouldn't do such a thing!" she stammered forth, while Atkins, who had laughed himself weak at Mr. Ducklow's plight earlier in the morning, now laughed himself into a side-ache at Mrs. Ducklow's ludicrous mistake. "But did you—did you stop at my house? Have you seen our Thaddeus?"

"Here I be, Ma Ducklow!" piped a small voice; and Taddy, who had till then remained hidden, fearing punishment, peeped out of the chaise from behind the broad back of the minister.

"Taddy! Taddy! how came the carpet——"

"I pulled it up, huntin' for a marble," said Taddy, as she paused, overmastered by her emotions.

"And the—the thing tied up in a brown wrapper?"

"Pa Ducklow took it."

"Ye sure?"

"Yes; I seen him."

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Ducklow, "I never was so beat! Mr. Grantly, I hope—excuse me—I didn't know what I was about! Taddy, you notty boy, what did you leave the house for? Be ye quite sure yer Pa Ducklow——"

Taddy replied that he was quite sure, as he climbed from the chaise into Atkins's wagon. The minister smilingly remarked that he hoped she would find no robbery had been committed, and went his way. Atkins, driving back, and setting her and Taddy down at the Ducklow gate, answered her embarrassed "Much obleeged to ye" with a sincere "Not at all," considering the fun he had had a sufficient compensation for his trouble. And thus ended the morning adventures, with the exception of an unimportant episode, in which Taddy, Mrs. Ducklow, and Mrs. Ducklow's rattan were the principal actors.

THE DUTCHMAN WHO HAD THE "SMALL POX."

HENRY P. LELAND.

[From the many instances of Yankee wit aimed at our fellow-citizens of German extraction we select the following two specimens. The author of the first given is a brother of Charles G. Leland,—or Hans Breitmann, to give him his humorous cognomen.]

VERY dry, indeed, is the drive from Blackberry to Squash Point,—dry even for New Jersey; and when you remember that it's fifty miles between the two towns, its division into five drinks seems very natural. When you

are packed, three on one narrow seat, in a Jersey stage, it is necessary.

A Jersey stage! It is not on record, but when Dante winds up his Tenth "Canter" into the Inferno with—

> Each, as his back was laden, came indeed
> Or more or less contracted; and it seemed
> As he who showed most patience in his look,
> Wailing, exclaimed, "I can endure no more!"

the conclusion that he alluded to a crowded Jersey stage-load is irresistible. A man with long legs, on a back seat, in one of these vehicles, suffers like a snipe shut up in a snuff-box. For this reason, the long-legged man should sit on the front seat with the driver; there, like the hen-turkey who tried to sit on a hundred eggs, he can "spread himself." The writer sat alongside the driver one morning, just at break of day, as the stage drove out of Blackberry: he was a through passenger to Squash Point. It was a very cold morning. In order to break the ice for a conversation, he praised the fine points of an off horse. The driver thawed:

"Ya-as; she's a goot hoss, und I knows how to trive him!" It was evidently a case of mixed breed.

"Where is Wood, who used to drive this stage?"

"He be's lait up mit ter rummatiz sence yesterweek, und I trives for him. So——" I went on reading a newspaper: a fellow-passenger, on a back seat, not having the fear of murdered English on his hands, coaxed the Dutch driver into a long conversation, much to the delight of a very pretty Jersey-blue belle, who laughed so merrily that it was contagious; and in a few minutes, from being like unto a conventicle, we were all as wide awake as one of Christy's audiences. By sunrise we were in excellent spirits, up to all sorts of fun; and when, a

little later on, our stage stopped at the first watering-place, the driver found himself the centre of a group of treaters to the distilled "juice of apples." It is just as easy to say "apple-jack," and be done with it; but the writer, being very anxious to form a style, cribs from all quarters. The so oft-repeated expression "juice of the grape" has been for a long time on his hands, and, wishing to work it up, he would have done it in this case, only he fears the scepticism of his readers. By courtesy, they may wink at the poetical license of a reporter of a public dinner who calls turnip-juice and painted whiskey "juice of the grape," but they would not allow the existence, for one minute, of such application to the liquors of a Jersey tavern. It's out of place.

"Here's a package to leave at Mr. Scudder's, the third house on the left-hand side after you get into Jericho. What do you charge?" asked a man who seemed to know the driver.

"Pout a leffy," answered he. Receiving the silver, he gathered up the reins, and put the square package in the stage-box. Just as he started the horses, he leaned his head out of the stage, and, looking back to the man who gave him the package, shouted out the question,—

"Ter fird haus on ter lef hant out of Yeriko?" The man didn't hear him, but the driver was satisfied. On we went at a pretty good rate, considering how heavy the roads were. Another tavern, more watering, more apple-jack. Another long stretch of sand, and we were coming into Jericho.

"Anypotty know ter Miss Scutter haus?" asked the driver, bracing his feet on the mail-bag which lay in front of him, and screwing his head round so as to face in. There seemed to be a consultation going on inside the stage.

"I don't know nobody o' that name in Jericho. Do

you, Lishe?" asked a weather-beaten-looking man, who evidently "went by water," of another one who apparently went the same way.

"There wos ole Square Gow's da'ter, she marri'd a Scudder; moved up here some two year back. Come to think on't, guess she lives nigher to Glass-house," answered Lishe.

The driver, finding he could get no light out of the passengers, seeing a tall, raw-boned woman washing some clothes in front of a house, and who flew out of sight as the stage flew in, handed me the reins as he jumped from his seat and chased the fugitive, hallooing,—

"I'fe got der small pox, I'fe got der——" Here his voice was lost as he dashed into the open door of the house. But in a minute he reappeared, followed by a broom with an enraged woman annexed, and a loud voice shouting out,—

"You git out of this! Clear yourself, quicker! I ain't goin' to have you diseasin' honest folks, ef you have got the small-pox!"

"I dells you I'fe got der small pox. Ton't you verstch? der SMALL POX!" This time he shouted it out in capital letters!

"Clear out! I'll call the men-folks ef you don't clear;" and at once she shouted, in a tip-top voice, "Ike, you Ike, where air you?"

Ike made his appearance on the full run.

"W-w-what's the matter, mother?"—*Miss* Scudder his mother! I should have been shocked, as I was on my first visit to New Jersey, if I had not had a key to this. "That is a very pretty girl," I said on that occasion to a Jerseyman: "who is she?"—"She's old *Miss* Perrine's da'ter," was the reply. I looked at the innocent victim of man's criminal conduct with commiseration. "What a pity!" I remarked.

"Not sech a very great pity," said Jersey, eying me

very severely. "I reckon old man Perrine's got as big a cedar-swamp as you, or I either, would like to own."

"Her grandfather you speak of?"

"No, I don't: I'm talking 'bout her father,—he that married Abe Simm's da'ter and got a power of land by it; and that gal, their da'ter, one of these days will step right into them swamps."

"Oh," I replied, "*Mrs.* Perrine's daughter," accenting the "Missis!"

"Missus or Miss, it's all the same in Jersey," he answered.

Knowing this, Ike's appeal was intelligible. To proceed with our story, the driver, very angry by this time, shouted,—

"I dells you oonst more for der last dime. I'fe got der small pox! unt Mishter Ellis he gifs me a leffy to gif der small pox to Miss Scutter; unt if dat vrow is Miss Scutter, I bromised to gif her ter small pox."

It was *Miss* Scudder, and I explained to her that it was a small *box* he had for her. The affair was soon settled as regarded its delivery, but not as regards the laughter and shouts of the occupants of the old stage-coach as we rolled away from Jericho. The driver joined in, although he had no earthly idea as to its cause, and added not a little to it by saying, in a triumphant tone of voice,—

"I vos pount to gif ter olt voomans ter small pox!"

THE SNAKE-BITTEN DUTCHMAN.

ANONYMOUS.

SOME years ago, near the town of Reading, Berks County, Pennsylvania, there lived a cosey old farmer, named Sweighoffer,—of German descent, and accent too, as his speech

will indicate. Old man Sweighoffer had once served as a member in the legislature, and was therefore "no fool;" and, as he had also long commanded a volunteer corps of rustic militia, he should hardly be supposed inclined to cowardice. His son Peter was his only son, a strapping lad of seventeen; and upon old Peter and young Peter devolved the principal cares and toils of the old gentleman's farm, now and then assisted by the old lady and her two bouncing daughters,—for it is very common in that State to see the women and girls at work in the fields,—and upon extra occasions by some hired hands.

Well, one warm day in haying-time, old Peter and young Peter were hard at it in the meadow, when the old man drops his scythe and bawls out,—

"Oh, mine Gott, Peter!"

"What's de matter, fader!" answers the son, straightening up and looking at his sire.

"Oh, mine Gott, Peter!" again cries the old fellow.

"Donder!" echoes young Peter, hurrying up to the old man.

"Oh, mine Gott, der shnake bite mine leg!"

If anything in particular was capable of frightening young Peter, it was snakes; for he had once nearly crippled himself for life by trampling upon a crooked stick, which cramped his ankle and so horrified the young man that he had like to have fallen through himself.

At the word "snake" young Peter fell back, nimbly as a wire-drawer, and bawled out in turn,—

"Where is der shnake?"

"Up my trowsis, Peter! Oh, mine Gott!"

"Oh, mine Gott!" echoed Peter junior: "kill him, fader, kill him."

"No-a, no-a, he kill me, Peter; come—come; quick; get off my trowsis!"

But Peter the younger's cowardice overcame his filial affection, while his fear lent strength to his legs, and he started like a scared locomotive to call the old burly Dutchman, who was in a distant part of the field, to give his father a lift with the snake.

Old Jake, the farmer's assistant, came bounding along as soon as he heard the news, and, passing along the fence whereon Peter and his boy had hung their "linsey-woolsey" vests, Jake grabbed one of the garments, and hurried to the old man Peter, who still managed to keep on his pins, although he was quaking and trembling like an aspen-leaf in a June gale of wind.

"Oh, mine Gott! Come, come quick, Yacob! He bite me all to pieces,—here, up mine leg."

Old Jake was not particularly sensitive to fear, but few people, young or old, are dead to alarm when a "pizenous" reptile is about. Gathering up the stiff dry stalks of a stalwart weed, old Jake told the boss to stand steady, and he would at least stun the snake by a rap or two, if he did not kill her stone dead; and the old man Peter, less loath to have legs broken than to be bitten to death by a snake, designated the spot to strike, and old Jake let him have it. The first blow broke the weed and knocked old Sweighoffer off his pegs.

"Oh!" roared old Peter, "you broke mine leg and de shnake's gone!"

"Vere? vere?" cried old Jake, moving briskly about and scanning very narrowly the ground he stood upon.

"Never mind him, Yacob: help me up. I'll go home."

"Put on your vesht, den; here it is," said the old crout-eater, gathering up his boss and trying to get the garment upon his lumpy back. The moment old Peter made this effort, he grew livid in the face; his hair stood on end, "like the quills upon the frightful porcupine," as Mrs.

Partington observes, he shivered, he shook, his teeth chattered, and his knees knocked a *staccato* accompaniment.

"Oh, Yacob, carry me home! I'm dead as nits!"

"Vat! Ish nodder shnake in your troushers?"

"No-a. Look, I'm swelt all up! Mine vesht won't go on my back. Oh! oh! mine Gott!"

"Dunder and blixen!" cried old Jake, as he took the same conclusion, and with might and main the old man, scared into a most wonderful feat of physical activity and strength, lugged and carried the boss some quarter or half a mile to the house.

Young Peter had shinned it home at the earliest stage of the dire proceedings, and so alarmed the girls that they were in a high state when they saw the approach of the good old dad and his assistant.

Old man Peter was carried in, and began to die as natural as life, when in comes the old lady, in a great bustle, and wanted to know what was going on. Old Peter, in the last gasp of agony and weakness, opened his eyes and feebly pointed to his leg. The old woman ripped up the pantaloons, and out fell a small thistle-top, and at the same time considerable of a scratch was made visible.

"Call dis a shnake! Bah!" says the old woman.

"Oh, but I'm pizhened to death, Molly! See, I'm all pizhen—mine vesht—oh, dear, mine vesht not come over mine body!"

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared the old woman. "Vat a fool! You got Peter's vesht on,—haw, haw, haw!"

"Bosh!" roars old Peter, shaking off death's icy fetters at one surge, and jumping up. "Bosh! Yacob, vat an old fool you musht be, to say I vash shnake-bite? Go 'bout your bishness, gals. Peter, bring me some beer."

The old woman saved Peter's life.

AN IDYL OF THE PERIOD.

ANONYMOUS.

I.

"COME right in,—how are you, Fred?
Find a chair and have a light."
"Well, old boy, recovered yet
From the Mathers' jam last night?"
"Didn't dance; the german's old."
"Didn't you? I had to lead,—
Awful bore; but where were you?"
"Sat it out with Mollie Meade;
Jolly little girl she is,—
Said she didn't care to dance,
'D rather have a quiet chat;
Then she gave me such a glance!
Gave me her bouquet to hold,
Asked me to draw off her glove;
You'd have known, I saw at once,
She was coquetting with love;
Then, of course, I squeezed her hand,
Talked about my wasted life,
Said my sole salvation must
Be a true and gentle wife:
Then, you know, I used my eyes;
She believed me, every word,
Almost said she loved me,—Jove!
Such a voice I never heard!—
Gave me some symbolic flower,
Had a meaning, oh, so sweet!
Don't know where it is, I'm sure,
Must have dropped it in the street.

How I spooned! and she—ha! ha!
Well, I know it wasn't right,
But she did believe me so,
That I—kissed her. Pass a light."

II.

"Mollie Meade!—well, I declare!
Who'd have thought of seeing you,
After what occurred last night,
Out here on the avenue?
Oh, you awful, awful girl!
There, don't blush,—I saw it all."
"Saw all what?" "Ahem! last night,—
At the Mathers', in the hall."
"Oh, you horrid! where were you?
Wasn't he an awful goose?
Most men must be caught, but he
Ran his neck right in the noose.
I was almost dead to dance,
I'd have done it if I could,
But old Gray said I must stop,
And I promised ma I would:
So I looked up sweet, and said
I had rather talk with him,—
Hope he didn't see my face;
Luckily the lights were dim.
Then, oh, how he squeezed my hand!
And he looked up in my face
With his great, big, lovely eyes,—
Really it's a dreadful case!
He was all in earnest, too;
But I really thought I'd laugh,

When he kissed a flower I gave,
  Looking, oh, like such a calf!
I suppose he has it now
  In a wineglass on his shelves;
It's a mystery to me
  Why men will deceive themselves.
'Saw him kiss me!' Oh, you wretch!
  Well, he begged so hard for one,
And I thought there'd no one know,—
  So I let him, just for fun.
I know it wasn't really right
  To trifle with his feelings, dear;
But men are such conceited things,
  They need a lesson once a year."

THE KING OF THE KICKAPOOS.

HUGH H. BRACKENRIDGE.

[Hugh Henry Brackenridge, an American writer and politician of the last century, was born in Scotland in 1748, studied law, and settled at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where he died in 1816. Of his works, the only one now extant is "Modern Chivalry, or the Adventures of Captain Farrago," a humorous and satirical book, in which the sober good sense of the captain is contrasted with the absurd conceptions of Teague, his servant. The work has but little literary value, yet is not lacking in laughable situations, of which we give an example.]

NOT long after what has been related in the last chapter, being at a certain place, he was accosted by a stranger in the following manner.

"Captain," said he, "I have heard of a young man in your service who talks Irish. Now, sir, my business is

that of an Indian-treaty-maker, and I am on my way with a party of kings and half-kings, to the commissioners, to hold a treaty. My king of the Kickapoos, who was a Welsh blacksmith, took sick by the way, and is dead: I have heard of this lad of yours, and could wish to have him awhile to supply his place. The treaty will not last longer than a couple of weeks; and, as the government will probably allow three or four thousand dollars for the treaty, it will be in our power to make it worth your while to spare him for that time."

"Your king of the Kickapoos!" said the captain. "What does that mean?" Said the stranger, "It is just this. You have heard of the Indian nations to the westward, that occasionally make war upon the frontier settlements. It has been a policy of government to treat with these and distribute goods. Commissioners are appointed for that purpose. Now, you are not to suppose that it is an easy matter to catch a real chief and bring him from the woods; or, if at some expense one was brought, the goods would go to his use; whereas it is much more profitable to hire substitutes and make chiefs of our own. And, as some unknown gibberish is necessary, to pass for an Indian language, we generally make use of Welsh, or Low Dutch, or Irish, or pick up an ingenious fellow here and there who can imitate a language by sounds of his own in his mouth and throat. But we prefer one who can speak a real tongue, and give more for him. We cannot afford you a great deal at this time for the use of your man; because it is not a general treaty, where twenty or thirty thousand dollars are appropriated for the purpose of holding it, but an occasional, or what we call a running treaty, by way of brightening the chain and holding fast friendship. The commissioners will doubtless be glad to see us, and procure from government an

allowance for the treaty. For the more treaties the more use for commissioners. The business must be kept up, and treaties made, if there are none of themselves. My Piankasha and Choctaw chiefs are very good fellows: the one of them a Scotch peddler that talks the Erse; the other has been some time in Canada, and has a little broken Indian, I know not of what language, but has been of great service in assisting to teach the rest some Indian customs and manners. I have had the whole of them for a fortnight past under my tuition, teaching them war-songs and dances, and to make responses at the treaty. If your man is tractable, I can make him a Kickapoo in about nine days. A breech-clout and leggins that I took off the blacksmith that died, I have ready to put on him. He must have part of his head shaved, and painted, with feathers on his crown; but the paint will rub off, and the hair grow in a short time, so that he can go about with you again."

"It is a very strange affair," said the captain. "Is it possible that such deception can be practised in a new country? It astonishes me that the government does not detect such imposition."

"The government," said the Indian-treaty-man, "is at a great distance. It knows no more of Indians than a cow does of Greek. The legislature hears of wars and rumors of wars, and supports the executive in forming treaties. How is it possible for men who live remote from the scene of action to have adequate ideas of the nature of Indians, or the transactions that are carried on in their behalf? Do you think the one-half of those savages that come to treat are real representatives of the nation? Many of them are not savages at all, but weavers and peddlers, as I have told you, picked up to make kings and chiefs. I speak of those particularly that come trading

down to inland towns or the metropolis. I would not communicate these mysteries of our trade, were it not that I confide in your good sense and have occasion for your servant."

"It is a mystery of iniquity," said the captain. "Do you suppose that I would countenance such a fraud upon the public?"

"I do not know," said the other; "it is a very common thing for men to speculate, nowadays. If you will not, another will. A hundred dollars might as well be in your pocket as another man's. I will give you that for the use of your servant for a week or two, and say no more about it."

"It is an idea new to me entirely," said the captain, "that Indian princes, whom I have seen escorted down as such, were no more than trumpery disguised as you mention; that such should be introduced to polite assemblies, and have the honor to salute the fair ladies with a kiss, the greatest beauties thinking themselves honored by having the salutation of a sovereign."

"It is so," said the other. "I had a bricklayer once whom I passed for a Chippewa, and who has dined with clubs and sat next the President. He was blind of an eye, and was called Blind Sam by the traders. I had given it out that he was a great warrior, and had lost his eye by an arrow in war with a rival nation. These things are now reduced to a system; and it is so well known to those who are engaged in the traffic that we think nothing of it."

"How the devil," said the captain, "do you get speeches made, and interpret them so as to pass for truth?"

"That is an easy matter," said the other. "Indian speeches are nearly all alike. You have only to talk of burying hatchets under large trees, kindling fires, brightening chains, with a demand, at the latter end, of rum to get drunk on."

"I much doubt," said the captain, "whether treaties that are carried on in earnest are of any great use."

"Of none at all," said the other,—"especially as the practice of giving goods prevails, because this is an inducement to a fresh war. This being the case, it can be no harm to make a farce of the whole matter,—or rather a profit of it by such means as I propose to you, and have pursued myself."

"After all," said the captain, "I cannot but consider it as a kind of contraband and illicit traffic; and I must be excused from having any hand in it. I shall not betray your secret, but I shall not favor it. It would ill become me, whose object in riding about in this manner is to impart just ideas on all subjects, to share in such ill-gotten gain."

The Indian-treaty-man, finding it in vain to say more, withdrew.

The captain, apprehending that he might not yet drop his designs upon the Irishman, but be tampering with him out of doors, should he come across him, sent for Teague. For he well knew that, should the Indian-treaty-man get the first word of him, the idea of making him a king would turn his head, and it would be impossible to prevent his going with him.

Teague coming in, said the captain to him, "Teague, I have discovered in you, for some time past, a great spirit of ambition, which is doubtless commendable in a young person; and I have checked it only in cases where there was real danger or apparent mischief. There is now an opportunity of advancing yourself, not so much in the way of honor as profit. But profit brings honor, and is, indeed, the most substantial support of it. There has been a man here with me that carries on a trade with the Indians, and tells me that red-headed scalps are in great demand with

them. If you could spare yours, he would give a good price for it. I do not well know what use they make of this article, but so it is, the traders find their account in it. Probably they dress it with the hairy side out and make tobacco-pouches for the chiefs when they meet in council. It saves dyeing; and, besides, the natural red hair of a man may, in their estimation, be superior to any color they can give by art. The taking off the scalp will not give much pain, it is so dexterously done by them with a crooked knife they have for that purpose. The mode of taking off the scalp is this: you lie down on your face; a warrior puts his feet upon your shoulders, collects your hair in his left hand, and, drawing a circle with the knife in his right, makes the incision, and with a sudden pull separates it from the head, giving, in the mean time, what is called the scalp-yell. The thing is done in such an instant that the pain is scarcely felt. He offered me a hundred dollars if I would have it taken off for his use, giving me directions, in the mean time, how to stretch it and dry it on a hoop. I told him, no: it was a perquisite of your own, and you might dispose of it as you thought proper. If you chose to dispose of it, I had no objections; but the bargain should be of your own making, and the price such as should please yourself. I have sent for you to give you a hint of this chapman, that you may have a knowledge of his wish to possess the property, and ask accordingly. It is probable you may bring him up to a half-johannes more by holding out a little. But I do not think it would be advisable to lose the bargain. A hundred dollars for a little hairy flesh is a great deal. You will trot a long time before you make that with me. He will be with you probably to propose the purchase. You will know him when you see him: he is a tall-looking man, with leggins on, and has several Indians with him going to a treaty. He talked

to me something of making you a king of the Kickapoos after the scalp is off; but I would not count on that so much, because words are but wind, and promises are easily broken. I would advise you to make sure of the money in the first place, and take chance for the rest."

I have seen among the prints of Hogarth some such expression of countenance as that of Teague at this instant, who, as soon as he could speak, but with a double brogue on his tongue, began to intimate his disinclination to the traffic. The hair of his scalp itself, in the mean time, had risen in opposition to it. "Dear master, will you trow me into ridicule, and de blessed salvation of my life and all dat I have in de world, to be trown like a dog to de savages, and have my flesh torn off my head to give to dese wild bastes to make a knapsack to carry deir paratees and tings in, for a hundred dollars or de like? It shall never be said that de hair of de O'Regans made mackeseens for a wild Indian to trat upon. I would sooner trow up my own head, hair and all, in de fire, dan give it to dese paple to smoke wid out of deir long pipes."

"If this be your determination," said the captain, "it will behoove you to keep yourself somewhat close, and, while we remain at this public-house, avoid any conversation with the chapman or his agents, should they come to tamper with you. For it is not improbable, while they are keeping you in talk, proposing to make you a Kickapoo chief and the like, they may snatch the scalp off your head, and you not be the wiser for it."

Teague thought the caution good, and, resolving to abide by it, retired to the kitchen. The maid, at this time, happening to want a log of wood, requested Teague to cut it for her. Taking the axe, accordingly, and going out, he was busy chopping, with his head down; while in the mean time the Indian-treaty-man had returned with one

in Indian dress, who was the chief of the Killinoos, or at least passed for such, and whom he brought as having some recruiting talents and might prevail with Teague to elope and join the company.

"I suppose," said the Indian-treaty-man, "you are the waiter of the captain who lodges here at present." Teague, hearing a man speak, and lifting up his head, saw the leggins on the one and the Indian dress on the other, and with a kind of involuntary effort threw the axe directly from him at the Killinoo. It missed him, but about an inch, and fell behind. Teague, in the mean time, raising a shout of desperation, was fixed on the spot, and his locomotive faculties suspended, so that he could neither retreat nor advance, but stood still, like one enchained or enchanted for the moment. The king of the Killinoos, in the mean time, drew his tomahawk and prepared for battle.

The captain, who was reading at a front window, hearing the shout, looked about and saw what was going on at the wood-pile. "Stop, villain!" said he to the king of the Killinoos; "you are not to take that scalp yet, however much you may value it. He will not take a hundred dollars for it, nor five hundred, though you make him king of the Kickapoos or anything else. It is no trifling matter to have the ears slit in tatters, and the nose run through with a bodkin, and a goose-quill stuck across; so that you may go about your business,—you will get no king of the Kickapoos here."

Under cover of this address of the captain, Teague had retired to the kitchen and ensconced himself behind the rampart of the maid. The Indian-treaty-man and the Killinoo chief, finding the measure hopeless, withdrew, and turned their attention, it is to be supposed, to some other quarter to find a king of the Kickapoos, while the captain, after paying his score, set out on his travels.

COUNTRY BURIAL-PLACES.

JOHN CARVER.

[From Carver's "Sketches of New England" we select the following brief account of some of the whimsicalities of queer people and of gravestone literature.]

IN passing through New England, a stranger will be struck with the variety, in taste and feeling, respecting burial-places. Here and there may be seen a solitary grave in a desolate and dreary pasture-lot, and anon under the shade of some lone tree the simple stone reared by affection to the memory of one known and loved by the humble fireside only. There, on that gentle elevation, sloping green and beautiful towards the south, is a family enclosure, adorned with trees, and filled with the graves of the household. How many breaking hearts have there left the loved till that bright morning! Here in this garden, beside the vine-covered arbor, and amidst the shrubbery which her own hand planted, is the monument to the faithful wife and loving mother. How appropriate! How beautiful! And to the old land-holders of New England, what motive to hold sacred from the hand of lucre so strong as the ground loved by the living as the burial-place of their dead!

À propos to burying in gardens, I heard a story of an old man who was bent on interring his wife in his garden, despite of the opposition of all his neighbors to his doing so. Indeed, the old fellow avowed this as his chief reason, and to all their entreaties and deprecations and earnest requests he still declared he would do it. Finding everything they could do to be of no avail, the people bethought themselves of a certain physician, who was said to have great influence over the old man, and who owned an or-

chard adjoining the very garden: so, going to him in a body, they besought him to attempt to change the determination of his obstinate friend. The doctor consented to do so, and went. After offering his condolence on the loss of his wife, and proffering any aid he might be able to render at the funeral, the doctor said, "I understand you intend to bury your deceased wife in your garden."

"Yes," answered the old man, "I do. And the more people object, the more I'm determined to do it."

"Right!" replied the doctor, with an emphatic shake of the head; "right! I applaud the deed. I'd bury her there, if I was you. The boys are always stealing the pears from my favorite tree that overhangs your garden, and by and by you'll die, Uncle Diddle, and they'll bury you there too, and then I'm sure that the boys will never dare steal another pear."

"No, I'll be hanged if I bury her there," said the old man, in great wrath. "I'll bury her in the grave-yard!"

New England can boast her beautiful places of sepulture, but as a common thing they are too much neglected, and attractive only to the lover of oddities and curious old epitaphs. Occasionally you may see a strangely-shaped tomb, or, as in a well-known village, a knocker placed on the door of his family vault by some odd specimen of humanity. When asked the reason for doing so singular a thing, he gravely replied that when the old gentleman should come to claim his own the tenants might have the pleasure of saying, "Not at home," or of fleeing out of the back door.

In passing through these neglected grounds, you will often find some touchingly beautiful scriptural allusion, some apt quotation, or some emblem, so lovely and instructive that the memory of it will go with you for days. Here in a neglected spot, and amid a cluster of raised

stones, is the grave of the stranger clergyman's child who died on its journey. The inscription is sweet, when taken in connection with the portion of sacred history from which the quotation is made. "Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well." Again, the only inscription is an emblem,—a butterfly rising from the chrysalis. Glorious thought, embodied in emblem so singular! "Sown in corruption, raised in incorruption!"

Then come you to some strangely odd, as, for instance,—

> "Here lies John Auricular,
> Who in the ways of the Lord walked perpendicular."

Again,—

> "Many a cold wind o'er my body shall roll,
> While in Abraham's bosom I'm a-feasting my soul;"

appropriate certainly, as the grave was on a cold northeast slope of one of our bleak hills.

Again, a Dutchman's epitaph for his twin babes:

> "Here lies two babes, dead as two nits,
> Who shook to death mit ague fits.
> They was too good to live mit me,
> So God he took 'em to live mit he."

There is the grave of a young man, who, dying suddenly, was eulogized with this strange aim at the sublime:

> "He lived,
> He died!"

Not a hundred miles from Boston is a gravestone, the epitaph upon which, to all who knew the parties, borders strongly upon the burlesque. A widower, who within a

few months buried his wife and adopted daughter, the former of whom was all her life long a thorn in his flesh, and whose death could not but have been a relief, wrote thus: "They were lovely and beloved in their lives, and in death were not divided." Poor man! well *he* knew how full of strife and sorrow an evil woman can make life! He was worn to a shadow before her death, and his hair was all gone. Many of the neighbors thought surely that *he* well knew what had become of it, especially as it disappeared by the handful. But the grave covers all faults; and those who knew her could only hope that she might rest from her labors, and her works follow her!

On a low sandy mound far down on the Cape rises a tall slate stone, with fitting emblems, and epitaph as follows:

"Here lies Judy and John,
That lovely pair:
John was killed by a whale,
And Judy sleeps here."

WOUTER VAN TWILLER.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[From Irving's inimitable "Knickerbocker's History of New York" we extract a pen-picture of one of the early Dutch governors. Overflowing with fun as is the whole work, it contains nothing richer than this description of the redoubtable Van Twiller.]

It was in the year of our Lord 1629 that Mynheer Wouter Van Twiller was appointed governor of the province of Nieuw Nederlandts, under the commission and control of their High Mightinesses the Lords States Gen-

eral of the United Netherlands and the privileged West India Company.

This renowned old gentleman arrived at New Amsterdam in the merry month of June, the sweetest month in all the year,—when dan Apollo seems to dance up the transparent firmament,—when the robin, the thrush, and a thousand other wanton songsters make the woods to resound with amorous ditties, and the luxurious little bob-lincon revels among the clover-blossoms of the meadows, —all which happy coincidence persuaded the old dames of New Amsterdam, who were skilled in the art of foretelling events, that this was to be a happy and prosperous administration.

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam, and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety that they were never either heard or talked of,—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world: one, by talking faster than they think, and the other, by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke, except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh or even

to smile through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke were uttered in his presence, that set light-minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter, and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pike-staff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim, "Well, I see nothing in all that to laugh about."

With all his reflective habits, he never made up his mind on a subject. His adherents accounted for this by the astonishing magnitude of his ideas. He conceived every subject on so grand a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it. Certain it is that, if any matter were propounded to him on which ordinary mortals would rashly determine at first glance, he would put on a vague, mysterious look, shake his capacious head, smoke some time in profound silence, and at length observe that "he had his doubts about the matter;" which gained him the reputation of a man slow of belief and not easily imposed upon. What is more, it gained him a lasting name; for to this habit of the mind has been attributed his surname of Twiller, which is said to be a corruption of the original Twijfler, or, in plain English, *Doubter.*

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions that Dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt,

and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between the shoulders. His body was oblong, and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer-barrel on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament, and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller,—a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched for at least half a century the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by an experi-

enced timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet into exact imitations of gigantic eagle's claws. Instead of a sceptre, he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmine and amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council-chamber. Nay, it has even been said that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet the renowned Wouter would shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects; and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict made by his contending doubts and opinions.

It is with infinite difficulty I have been enabled to collect these biographical anecdotes of the great man under consideration. The facts respecting him were so scattered and vague, and divers of them so questionable in point of authenticity, that I have had to give up the search after many, and decline the admission of still more, which would have tended to heighten the coloring of his portrait.

I have been the more anxious to delineate fully the person and habits of Wouter Van Twiller, from the consideration that he was not only the first but also the best governor that ever presided over this ancient and respectable province; and so tranquil and benevolent was his reign that I do not find throughout the whole of it a single

instance of any offender being brought to punishment,—a most indubitable sign of a merciful governor, and a case unparalleled, excepting in the reign of the illustrious King Log, from whom, it is hinted, the renowned Van Twiller was a lineal descendant.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been installed in office, and at the moment that he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was interrupted by the appearance of Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle. Governor Van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings,—or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt as he shovelled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth,—either as a sign that he relished the dish or comprehended the story,—he called unto him his constable, and, pulling out of his breeches-pocket a huge jack-knife, despatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco-box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal-ring of the great Haroun-al-Raschid among the true believers. The two parties being confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts, written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High-Dutch commentator or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took

them one after the other, and, having poised them in his hands and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco-smoke, and with marvellous gravity and solemnity pronounced that, having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, it was found that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other: therefore it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced: therefore Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt, and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision, being straightway made known, diffused general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was that not another lawsuit took place throughout the whole of his administration, and the office of constable fell into such decay that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years. I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter,—being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.

AGAMEMNON'S INVENTION.

LUCRETIA P. HALE.

[The author of the following selection, Lucretia P. Hale, born in Boston in 1820, is a sister of the well-known author, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and herself a writer of skill and ability. She has written numerous stories for periodicals, and among her latest works are the humorous "Peterkin Papers" (1882) and "The Last of the Peterkins" (1886). From the former we select an amusing satire on "modern improvements" and on the over-development of the inventive faculty.]

AGAMEMNON felt that it became necessary for him to choose a profession. It was important on account of the little boys. If he should make a trial of several different professions, he could find out which would be the most likely to be successful, and it would then be easy to bring up the little boys in the right direction.

Elizabeth Eliza agreed with this. She thought the family occasionally made mistakes, and had come near disgracing themselves. Now was their chance to avoid this in future, by giving the little boys a proper education.

Solomon John was almost determined to become a doctor. From earliest childhood he had practised writing recipes on little slips of paper. Mrs. Peterkin, to be sure, was afraid of infection. She could not bear the idea of his bringing one disease after the other into the family circle. Solomon John, too, did not like sick people. He thought he might manage it if he should not have to see his patients while they were sick. If he could only visit them when they were recovering, and when the danger of infection was over, he would really enjoy making calls.

He should have a comfortable doctor's chaise, and take one of the little boys to hold his horse while he went in,

and he thought he could get through the conversational part very well, and feeling the pulse,—perhaps looking at the tongue. He should take and read all the newspapers, and so be thoroughly acquainted with the news of the day to talk of. But he should not like to be waked up at night to visit. Mr. Peterkin thought that would not be necessary. He had seen signs on doors of "Night Doctor," and certainly it would be as convenient to have a sign of "Not a Night Doctor."

Solomon John thought he might write his advice to those of his patients who were dangerously ill, from whom there was danger of infection. And then Elizabeth Eliza agreed that his prescriptions would probably be so satisfactory that they would keep his patients well, not too well to do without a doctor, but needing his receipts.

Agamemnon was delayed, however, in his choice of a profession by a desire he had to become a famous inventor. If he could only invent something important, and get out a patent, he would make himself known all over the country. If he could get out a patent, he would be set up for life, or at least as long as the patent lasted, and it would be well to be sure to arrange it to last through his natural life.

Indeed, he had gone so far as to make his invention. It had been suggested by their trouble with a key, in their late moving to their new house. He had studied the matter over a great deal. He looked it up in the Encyclopædia, and had spent a day or two in the Public Library in reading about Chubb's Lock and other patent locks.

But his plan was more simple. It was this: that all keys should be made alike! He wondered it had not been thought of before; but so it was, Solomon John said, with all inventions, with Christopher Columbus, and everybody. Nobody knew the invention till it was invented, and then

it looked very simple. With Agamemnon's plan, you need have but one key, that should fit everything! It should be a medium-sized key, not too large to carry. It ought to answer for a house door, but you might open a portmanteau with it. How much less danger there would be of losing one's keys, if there were only one to lose!

Mrs. Peterkin thought it would be inconvenient if their father were out and she wanted to open the jam-closet for the little boys. But Agamemnon explained that he did not mean there should be but one key in the family, or in a town: you might have as many as you pleased, only they should all be alike.

Elizabeth Eliza felt it would be a great convenience: they could keep the front door always locked, yet she could open it with the key of her upper drawer; that she was sure to have with her. And Mrs. Peterkin felt it might be a convenience if they had one on each story, so that they need not go up and down for it.

Mr. Peterkin studied all the papers and advertisements, to decide about the lawyer whom they should consult, and at last, one morning, they went into town to visit a patent-agent.

Elizabeth Eliza took the occasion to make a call upon the lady from Philadelphia, but she came back hurriedly to her mother.

"I have had a delightful call," she said; "but perhaps I was wrong, I could not help, in conversation, speaking of Agamemnon's proposed patent. I ought not to have mentioned it, as such things are kept profound secrets; they say women always do tell things, I suppose that is the reason."

"But where is the harm?" asked Mrs. Peterkin. "I'm sure you can trust the lady from Philadelphia!"

Elizabeth Eliza then explained that the lady from Phila-

delphia had questioned the plan a little, when it was told her, and had suggested that "if everybody had the same key there would be no particular use in a lock."

"Did you explain to her," said Mrs. Peterkin, "that we were not all to have the same keys?"

"I couldn't quite understand her," said Elizabeth Eliza, "but she seemed to think that burglars and other people might come in, if the keys were the same."

"Agamemnon would not sell his patent to burglars!" said Mrs. Peterkin, indignantly.

"But about other people," said Elizabeth Eliza: "there is my upper drawer; the little boys might open it at Christmas-time,—and their presents in it!"

"And I am not sure that I could trust Amanda," said Mrs. Peterkin, considering.

Both she and Elizabeth Eliza felt that Mr. Peterkin ought to know what the lady from Philadelphia had suggested. Elizabeth Eliza then proposed going into town; but it would take so long, she might not reach them in time. A telegram would be better, and she ventured to suggest using the Telegraph Alarm.

For on moving into their new house they had discovered it was provided with all the modern improvements. This had been a disappointment to Mrs. Peterkin, for she was afraid of them, since their experience the last winter, when their water-pipes were frozen up. She had been originally attracted to the house by an old pump at the side, which had led her to believe there were no modern improvements. It had pleased the little boys, too. They liked to pump the handle up and down, and agreed to pump all the water needed and bring it into the house.

There was also an old well, with a picturesque well-sweep, in a corner by the barn. Mrs. Peterkin was frightened by this, at first. She was afraid the little boys would

be falling in every day. And they showed great fondness for pulling the bucket up and down. It proved, however, that the well was dry. There was no water in it, so she had some moss thrown down, and an old feather bed, for safety, and the old well was a favorite place of amusement.

The house, it had proved, was well furnished with bath-rooms, and "set-waters" everywhere; water-pipes and gas-pipes all over the house; and a hack-telegraph, and fire-alarm, with a little knob for each.

Mrs. Peterkin was very anxious. She feared the little boys would be summoning somebody all the time, and it was decided to conceal from them the use of the knobs, and the card of directions at the side was destroyed. Agamemnon had made one of his first inventions to help this. He had arranged a number of similar knobs to be put in rows in different parts of the house, to appear as if they were intended for ornament, and had added some to the original knobs.

Mrs. Peterkin felt more secure, and Agamemnon thought of taking out a patent for this invention.

It was, therefore, with some doubt that Elizabeth Eliza proposed sending a telegram to her father. Mrs. Peterkin, however, was pleased with the idea. Solomon John was out, and the little boys were at school, and she herself would touch the knob, while Elizabeth Eliza should write the telegram.

"I think it is the fourth knob from the beginning," she said, looking at one of the rows of knobs.

Elizabeth Eliza was sure of this. Agamemnon, she believed, had put three extra knobs at each end.

"But which is the end, and which is the beginning?—the top or the bottom?" Mrs. Peterkin asked, hopelessly.

Still, she bravely selected a knob, and Elizabeth Eliza

hastened with her to look out for the messenger. How soon should they see the telegraph-boy?

They seemed to have scarcely reached the window, when a terrible noise was heard, and down the shady street the white horses of the fire-brigade were seen rushing at a fatal speed! It was a terrific moment!

"I have touched the fire-alarm," Mrs. Peterkin exclaimed.

Both rushed to open the front door in agony. By this time the fire-engines were approaching.

"Do not be alarmed," said the chief engineer; "the furniture shall be carefully covered, and we will move all that is necessary."

"Move again!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, in agony.

Elizabeth Eliza strove to explain that she was only sending a telegram to her father, who was in Boston.

"It is not important," said the head engineer: "the fire will all be out before it could reach him."

And he ran up-stairs, for the engines were beginning to play upon the roof.

Mrs. Peterkin rushed to the knobs again, hurriedly; there was more necessity for summoning Mr. Peterkin home.

"Write a telegram to your father," she said to Elizabeth Eliza, "to 'come home directly.'"

"That will take but three words," said Elizabeth Eliza, with presence of mind, "and we need ten. I was just trying to make them out."

"What has come now?" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, and they hurried again to the window, to see a row of carriages coming down the street.

"I must have touched the carriage-knob," cried Mrs. Peterkin, "and I pushed it half a dozen times, I felt so anxious!"

Six hacks stood before the door. All the village boys

were assembling. Even their own little boys had returned from school, and were showing the firemen the way to the well.

Again Mrs. Peterkin rushed to the knobs, and a fearful sound arose. She had touched the burglar alarm!

The former owner of the house, who had a great fear of burglars, had invented a machine of his own, which he had connected with a knob. A wire attached to the knob moved a spring that could put in motion a number of watchman's rattles, hidden under the eaves of the piazza.

All these were now set agoing, and their terrible din roused those of the neighborhood who had not before assembled around the house. At this moment Elizabeth Eliza met the chief engineer.

"You need not send for more help," he said; "we have all the engines in town here, and have stirred up all the towns in the neighborhood; there's no use in springing any more alarms. I can't find the fire yet, but we have water pouring all over the house."

Elizabeth Eliza waved her telegram in the air.

"We are only trying to send a telegram to my father and brother, who are in town," she endeavored to explain.

"If it is necessary," said the chief engineer, "you might send it down in one of the hackney-carriages. I see a number standing before the door. We'd better begin to move the heavier furniture, and some of you women might fill the carriages with smaller things."

Mrs. Peterkin was ready to fall into hysterics. She controlled herself with a supreme power, and hastened to touch another knob.

Elizabeth Eliza corrected her telegram, and decided to take the advice of the chief engineer, and went to the door to give her message to one of the hackmen, when she saw

a telegraph-boy appear. Her mother had touched the right knob. It was the fourth from the beginning, but the beginning was at the other end!

She went out to meet the boy, when, to her joy, she saw behind him her father and Agamemnon. She clutched her telegram and hurried toward them. Mr. Peterkin was bewildered. Was the house on fire? If so, where were the flames?

He saw the row of carriages. Was there a funeral, or a wedding? Who was dead? Who was to be married?

He seized the telegram that Elizabeth Eliza reached to him, and read it aloud:

"Come to us directly: the house is NOT on fire!"

The chief engineer was standing on the steps. "The house not on fire!" he exclaimed. "What are we all summoned for?"

"It is a mistake," cried Elizabeth Eliza, wringing her hands. "We touched the wrong knob; we wanted the telegraph-boy!"

"We touched all the wrong knobs," exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, from the house.

The chief engineer turned directly to give counter-directions, with a few exclamations of disgust, as the bells of distant fire-engines were heard approaching.

Solomon John appeared at this moment, and proposed taking one of the carriages and going for a doctor for his mother, for she was now nearly ready to fall into hysterics, and Agamemnon thought to send a telegram down by the boy, for the evening papers, to announce that the Peterkins' house had not been on fire.

The crisis of the commotion had reached its height. The beds of flowers bordered with dark-colored leaves were trodden down by the feet of the crowd that had assembled.

The chief engineer grew more and more indignant, as he sent his men to order back the fire-engines from the neighboring towns. The collection of boys followed the procession as it went away. The fire-brigade hastily removed covers from some of the furniture, restored the rest to their places, and took away their ladders. Many neighbors remained, but Mr. Peterkin hastened into the house to attend to Mrs. Peterkin.

Elizabeth Eliza took an opportunity to question her father, before he went in, as to the success of their visit to town.

"We saw all the patent-agents," answered Mr. Peterkin, in a hollow whisper. "Not one of them will touch the patent, or have anything to do with it."

Elizabeth Eliza looked at Agamemnon, as he walked silently into the house. She would not now speak to him of the patent; but she recalled some words of Solomon John. When they were discussing the patent, he had said that many an inventor had grown gray before his discovery was acknowledged by the public. Others might reap the harvest, but it came, perhaps, only when he was going to his grave.

Elizabeth Eliza looked at Agamemnon reverently, and followed him silently into the house.

WILLIAM BROWN OF OREGON.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

[Miller, the poet of the Sierras, does not often descend into humor, but in the following sketch he has neatly satirized an oft-handled theme. All readers of Mrs. Browning will remember how the poor

poet, by innate force of genius, won the love of the proud duchess. Here the hired man wins the haughty belle in a manner quite different, but equally effective.]

THEY call *him* Bill, the hired man,
  But *her*, Gulnare Belinda Jane,
  The Squire's daughter; and to reign
The belle from *Ber*-she-*be* to Dan
Her little game. How lovers rash
  Got mittens at that spelling-school!
  How many a mute inglorious fool
Wrote rhymes and sighed and died—*moustache!*

This hired man had loved her long,
  Had loved her best, and first, and last.
  Her very garments, as she passed,
For him had symphony and song.
So when, one day, with brow afrown,
  She called him "Bill," he raised his head;
  He caught her eye, and faltering said,
"I love you! and my name is Brown."

She fairly waltzed with rage; she wept;
  You would have thought the house on fire.
  She told her sire, the portly squire,
Then smelt her smelling-salts and slept.
Poor William did what could be done;
  He swung a pistol on each hip,
  He gathered up a great ox-whip
And drove toward the setting sun.

He crossed the great backbone of earth;
  He saw the snowy mountains rolled
  Like mighty billows; saw the gold
Of awful sunsets; felt the birth

Of sudden dawn upon the plain:
  And every night would William Brown
  Eat pork and beans, and then lie down
And dream of dear Belinda Jane.

Her lovers passed. Wolves hunt in packs.
  They sought for bigger game; somehow
  They seemed to see about her brow
The forky sign of turkey-tracks.
The teeter-board of life goes up;
  The teeter-board of life goes down;
  The fairest face must learn to frown,
Dregs may be in the sweetest cup.

O maidens, pluck not at the air;
  The sweetest flowers I have found
  Grow rather close unto the ground,
And highest places are most bare.
Why, you had better win the grace
  Of one poor dark-hued Af-ri-*can*,
  Than win the eyes of every man
In love alone with his own face.

At last she nursed a new desire;
  She sighed, she wept for William Brown.
  She watched the splendid sun go down,
Like some great sailing ship on fire,
Then rose and checked her trunks right on,
  And on the cars she lunched and lunched,
  And had her ticket punched and punched,
Until she came to Ore*gon*.

She reached the limit of the lines.
  She wore blue specs upon her nose,

Wore rather short and manly clothes,
And so set out to reach the mines.
Her right hand held a Testament,
Her pocket held a parasol,
And thus equipped right on she went,—
Went water-proof and water-fall.

She met a miner gazing down,
Slow stirring something with a spoon:
"Oh, tell me true and tell me soon,
What has become of William Brown?"
He looked askance beneath her specs,
Then stirred the mixture round and round,
Then raised his head and sighed profound,
And said, "He's handed in his checks."

Then care fed on her damaged cheek,
And she grew faint, did sighing Jane,
And smelt her smelling-salts in vain;
Yet, wandering on wayworn and weak,
At last she climbed a hill alone,
And on that hill she sat her down;
For on that hill there stood a stone,
And, lo! that stone read, William Brown!

"Oh, William Brown! Oh, WILLIAM BROWN!
And here you rest at last," she said,
"With this lone stone above your head,
And forty miles from any town!
I will plant cypress-trees, I will,
And I will build a fence around,
And I will fertilize the ground
With tears enough to turn a mill."

She went and got a hired man,
  She brought him forty miles from town,
  And in the tall grass squatted down,
And bade him build as she should plan.
But Indian herders with their bands
  Them saw, and hurriedly they ran
  And told a bearded cattle-man
Somebody builded on his lands.

He snatched his rifle from the rack,
  He girt himself in battle-pelt,
  He stuck two pistols in his belt,
And, mounting on his horse's back,
He plunged ahead. But when they shewed
  A woman fair, about his eyes
  He pulled his hat, and he likewise
Pulled at his beard and chewed and chewed.

At last he got him down and spake:
  "Oh, lady dear! what do you here?"
  "I build a tomb unto my dear,
I plant sweet flowers for his sake!"
The bearded man threw his two hands
  Above his head, then brought them down,
  And cried, "Oh, I am William Brown,
And this the corner-stone of my lands!"

THE SEASON OF PUMPKIN-PIE.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

[The author of the following selection was born at Plainfield, Massachusetts, in 1829, became a Philadelphia lawyer in 1857, and afterwards a Hartford journalist. Most of his works are humorous in

vein, the best-known among them being "My Summer in a Garden," "Back-Log Studies," and the "Gilded Age," the last-named of which he wrote in conjunction with Mark Twain. From his "Being a Boy," an amusing description of the life of a boy on a farm, we select a chapter principally devoted to an institution sacred to New England,—the pumpkin-pie.]

WHAT John said was, that he didn't care much for pumpkin-pie; but that was after he had eaten a whole one. It seemed to him then that mince would be better.

The feeling of a boy towards pumpkin-pie has never been properly considered. There is an air of festivity about its approach in the fall. The boy is willing to help pare and cut up the pumpkin, and he watches with the greatest interest the stirring-up process and the pouring into the scolloped crust. When the sweet savor of the baking reaches his nostrils, he is filled with the most delightful anticipations. Why should he not be? He knows that for months to come the buttery will contain golden treasures, and that it will require only a slight ingenuity to get at them.

The fact is that the boy is as good in the buttery as in any part of farming. His elders say that the boy is always hungry; but that is a very coarse way to put it. He has only recently come into a world that is full of good things to eat, and there is, on the whole, a very short time in which to eat them; at least he is told, among the first information he receives, that life is short. Life being brief, and pie and the like fleeting, he very soon decides upon an active campaign. It may be an old story to people who have been eating for forty or fifty years, but it is different with a beginner. He takes the thick and thin as it comes, as to pie, for instance. Some people do make them very thin. I knew a place where they were not thicker than the poor man's plaster: they were spread so

thin upon the crust that they were better fitted to draw out hunger than to satisfy it. They used to be made up by the great oven-full and kept in the dry cellar, where they hardened and dried to a toughness you would hardly believe. This was a long time ago, and they make the pumpkin-pie in the country better now, or the race of boys would have been so discouraged that I think they would have stopped coming into the world.

The truth is that boys have always been so plenty that they are not half appreciated. We have shown that a farm could not get along without them, and yet their rights are seldom recognized. One of the most amusing things is their effort to acquire personal property. The boy has the care of the calves; they always need feeding or shutting up or letting out; when the boy wants to play there are those calves to be looked after,—until he gets to hate the name of calf. But, in consideration of his faithfulness, two of them are given to him. There is no doubt that they are his; he has the entire charge of them. When they get to be steers he spends all his holidays in breaking them in to a yoke. He gets them so broken in that they will run like a pair of deer all over the farm, turning the yoke, and kicking their heels, while he follows in full chase, shouting the ox language till he is red in the face. When the steers grow up to be cattle, a drover comes along one day and takes them away, and the boy is told that he can have another pair of calves; and so, with undiminished faith, he goes back and begins over again to make his fortune. He owns lambs and young colts in the same way, and makes just as much out of them.

There are ways in which the farmer-boy can earn money, as by gathering the early chestnuts and taking them to the corner store, or by finding turkeys' eggs and selling

them to his mother; and another way is to go without butter at the table,—but the money thus made is for the heathen. John read in Dr. Livingstone that some of the tribes in Central Africa (which is represented by a black spot on the Atlas) use the butter to grease their hair, putting on pounds of it at a time; and he said he had rather eat his butter than have it put to that use, especially as it melted away so fast in that hot climate.

Of course it was explained to John that the missionaries do not actually carry butter to Africa, and that they must usually go without it themselves there, it being almost impossible to make it good from the milk in the cocoanuts. And it was further explained to him that even if the heathen never received his butter, or the money for it, it was an excellent thing for a boy to cultivate the habit of self-denial and of benevolence, and if the heathen never heard of him he would be blessed for his generosity. This was all true.

But John said that he was tired of supporting the heathen out of his butter, and he wished the rest of the family would also stop eating butter and save the money for missions; and he wanted to know where the other members of the family got their money to send to the heathen; and his mother said that he was about half right, and that self-denial was just as good for grown people as it was for little boys and girls.

The boy is not always slow to take what he considers his rights. Speaking of those thin pumpkin-pies kept in the cellar cupboard: I used to know a boy, who afterwards grew to be a selectman, and brushed his hair straight up like General Jackson, and went to the legislature, where he always voted against every measure that was proposed, in the most honest manner, and got the reputation of being the "watch-dog of the treasury." Rats in the cellar were

nothing to be compared to this boy for destructiveness in pies. He used to go down whenever he could make an excuse, to get apples for the family, or draw a mug of cider for his dear old grandfather (who was a famous story-teller about the Revolutionary War, and would no doubt have been wounded in battle if he had not been as prudent as he was patriotic), and come up-stairs with a tallow candle in one hand and the apples or cider in the other, looking as innocent and as unconscious as if he had never done anything in his life except deny himself butter for the sake of the heathen. And yet this boy would have buttoned under his jacket an entire round pumpkin-pie. And the pie was so well made and so dry that it was not injured in the least, and it never hurt the boy's clothes a bit more than if it had been inside of him instead of outside; and this boy would retire to a secluded place and eat it with another boy, being never suspected, because he was not in the cellar long enough to eat a pie, and he never appeared to have one about him. But he did something worse than this. When his mother saw that pie after pie departed, she told the family that she suspected the hired man; and the boy never said a word,—which was the meanest kind of lying. That hired man was probably regarded with suspicion by the family to the end of his days, and if he had been accused of robbing they would have believed him guilty.

I shouldn't wonder if that selectman occasionally has remorse now about that pie,—dreams, perhaps, that it is buttoned up under his jacket and sticking to him like a breast-plate; that it lies upon his stomach like a round and red-hot nightmare, eating into his vitals. Perhaps not. It is difficult to say exactly what was the sin of stealing that kind of pie, especially if the one who stole it ate it. It could have been used for the game of pitching

quoits, and a pair of them would have made very fair wheels for the dog-cart. And yet it is probably as wrong to steal a thin pie as a thick one; and it made no difference because it was easy to steal this sort. Easy stealing is no better than easy lying, where detection of the lie is difficult. The boy who steals his mother's pies has no right to be surprised when some other boy steals his watermelons. Stealing is like charity in one respect,—it is apt to begin at home.

MISS SLIMMENS SURPRISED.

METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

[Of humorous writers Mrs. Victor occupies a very creditable position among the literary women of America, and in both prose and verse has made her mark in the world of fun and laughter. Of her longer works of humor may be named "Miss Slimmens's Boarding-House," "Miss Slimmens's Windows," "The Rasher Family," "A Bad Boy's Diary," etc. From the first-named of these we select a short example, indicative of Miss Slimmens's ability in getting into and out of an awkward situation.]

"DORA! Dora! Dora! wake up, wake up, I say! Don't you smell something burning? Wake up, child! Don't you smell fire? Good Lord! so do I! I thought I wasn't mistaken. The room's full of smoke. Oh, dear! what'll we do? Don't stop to put on your petticoat. We'll all be burned to death. Fire! fire! fire! fire!

"Yes, there is! I don't know where! It's all over,—our room's all in a blaze, and Dora won't come out till she gets her dress on. Mr. Little, you *shan't* go in—I'll hold you—you'll be killed just to save that chit of a girl, when —I—I—— He's gone!—rushed right into the flames!

Oh, my house! my furniture! all my earnings! Can't anything be done? Fire! fire! fire! Call the fire-engines! Ring the dinner-bell! Be quiet? How can I be quiet? Yes, it is all in flames. I saw them myself! Where's my silver spoons? Oh, where's my teeth, and my silver soup-ladle? Let me be! I'm going out into the street before it's too late! Oh, Mr. Grayson, have you got water? have you found the place? are they bringing water?

"Did you say the fire was out? Was that you that spoke, Mr. Little? I thought you were burned up, sure. And there's Dora, too. How did they get out? My clothes-closet was on fire, and the room too! We would have been smothered in five minutes more if we hadn't waked up! But it's all out now, and no damage done, but my dresses destroyed and the carpet spoiled. Thank the Lord if that's the worst! But it *ain't* the worst. Dora, come along this minute to my room. I don't care if it is cold, and wet, and full of smoke. Don't you see—don't you see I'm in my night-clothes? I never thought of it before. I'm ruined,—ruined completely! Go to bed, gentlemen; get out of the way as quick as you can. Dora, shut the door. Hand me that candle: I want to look at myself in the glass. To think that all those gentlemen should have seen me in this fix! I'd rather have perished in the flames. It's the very first night I've worn these flannel night-caps; and to be seen in 'em! Good gracious! how old I do look! Not a spear of hair on my head, scarcely, and this red night-gown and old petticoat on, and my teeth in the tumbler, and the paint all washed off my face, and scared besides! It's no use! I never, never can again make any of *those* men believe that I'm only twenty-five; and I felt so sure of some of them.

"Oh, Dora Adams! *you* needn't look pale; you've lost nothing. I'll warrant Mr. Little thought you never looked

so pretty as in that ruffled gown, and your hair all down over your shoulders. He says you were fainting from the smoke when he dragged you out. You must be a little fool to be afraid to come out looking *that* way. They say that new boarder is a drawing-master; and I seen some of his pictures yesterday: he had some such ridiculous things. He'll caricature me for the amusement of the young men, I know. Only think how my portrait would look taken to-night! and he'll have it, I'm sure, for I noticed him looking at me,—the first thing that reminded me of my situation after the fire was put out. Well, there's but one thing to be done, and that's to put a bold face on it. I can't sleep any more to-night; besides, the bed's wet, and it's beginning to get daylight. I'll go to work and get myself ready for breakfast, and I'll pretend to something —I don't know just what—to get myself out of this scrape, if I can. . . .

"Good-morning, gentlemen, good-morning! We had quite a fright last night, didn't we? Dora and I came pretty near paying dear for a little frolic. You see, we were dressing up in character to amuse ourselves, and I was all fixed up for to represent an old woman, and had put on a gray wig and an old flannel gown that I'd found, and we'd set up pretty late, having some fun all to ourselves; and I expect Dora must have been pretty sleepy when she was putting some of the things away, and set fire to a dress in the closet without noticing it. I've lost my whole wardrobe, nigh about, by her carelessness; but it's such a mercy we weren't burned in our bed that I don't feel to complain so much on that account. Isn't it curious how I got caught dressed up like my grandmother? We didn't suppose we were going to appear before so large an audience when we planned out our little frolic. What character did Dora assume? Really, Mr. Little, I was so

scared last night that I disremember. She took off *her* rigging before she went to bed. Don't you think I'd personify a pretty good old woman, gentlemen—ha! ha!—for a lady of my age? What's that, Mr. Little? You wish I'd make you a present of that night-cap, to remember me by? Of course; I've no further use for it. Of course I haven't. It's one of Bridget's, that I borrowed for the occasion, and I've got to give it back to her. Have some coffee, Mr. Grayson—do! I've got cream for it this morning. Mr. Smith, help yourself to some of the beefsteak. It's a very cold morning,—fine weather out of doors. Eat all you can, all of you. Have you any profiles to take yet, Mr. Gamboge? I *may* make up my mind to set for mine before you leave us; I've always thought I should have it taken some time. In character? He! he! Mr. Little, you're so funny! But you'll excuse *me* this morning, as I had such a fright last night. I must go and take up that wet carpet."

THE YANKEE ZINCALI.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[John Greenleaf Whittier, the "Quaker Poet," has never posed as a humorist. He is quite too serious in his views of life for that, and much more inclined to scourge the evils than to laugh at the frailties of human institutions. Yet many of his poems are full of the spirit of cheerfulness, and the prose sketch which we here give manifests a delicate appreciation of humor such as would hardly have been looked for from Whittier's pen. He was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808, and still remains with us as a hardy remnant from the past generation of American writers.]

HARK! a rap at my door. Welcome anybody, just now. One gains nothing by attempting to shut out the sprites

of the weather. They come in at the keyhole; they peer through the dripping panes; they insinuate themselves through the crevices of the casement, or plump down the chimney astride of the rain-drops.

I rise and throw open the door. A tall, shambling, loose-jointed figure; a pinched, shrewd face, sun-brown and wind-dried; small, quick-winking, black eyes. There he stands, the water dripping from his pulpy hat and ragged elbows.

I speak to him, but he returns no answer. With a dumb show of misery, quite touching, he hands me a soiled piece of parchment, whereon I read what purports to be a melancholy account of shipwreck and disaster, to the particular detriment, loss, and damnification of one Pietro Frugoni, who is, in consequence, sorely in want of the alms of all charitable Christian persons, and who is, in short, the bearer of this veracious document, duly certified and endorsed by an Italian consul in one of our Atlantic cities, of a high-sounding, but to Yankee organs unpronounceable, name.

Here commences a struggle. Every man, the Mohammedans tell us, has two attendant angels, the good one on his right shoulder, the bad on his left. "Give," says Benevolence, as with some difficulty I fish up a small coin from the depths of my pocket. "Not a cent," says selfish Prudence, and I drop it from my fingers. "Think," says the good angel, "of the poor stranger in a strange land, just escaped from the terrors of the sea-storm, in which his little property has perished, thrown half naked and helpless on our shores, ignorant of our language, and unable to find employment suited to his capacity." "A vile impostor!" replies the left-hand sentinel, "his paper purchased from one of those ready writers in New York who manufacture beggar credentials at the low price of one dollar

per copy, with earthquakes, fires, or shipwrecks, to suit customers."

Amid this confusion of tongues, I take another survey of my visitant. Ha! a light dawns upon me. That shrewd old face, with its sharp, winking eyes, is no stranger to me. Pietro Frugoni, I have seen thee before! *Si, Señor*, that face of thine has looked at me over a dirty white neckcloth, with the corners of that cunning mouth drawn downwards, and those small eyes turned up in sanctimonious gravity, while thou wast offering to a crowd of half-grown boys an extemporaneous exhortation in the capacity of a travelling preacher. Have I not seen it peering out from under a blanket as that of a poor Penobscot Indian who had lost the use of his hands while trapping on the Madawaska? Is it not the face of the forlorn father of six small children whom the "marcury doctors" had "pizened" and crippled? Did it not belong to that Down-East unfortunate who had been out to the "Genesee country" and got the "fevern-nager," and whose hand shook so pitifully when held out to receive my poor gift? The same, under all disguises, — Stephen Leathers, of Barrington, — him and none other! Let me conjure him into his own likeness.

"Well, Stephen, what news from old Barrington?"

"Oh, well, I thought I knew ye," he answers, not the least disconcerted. "How do you do? and how's your folks? All well, I hope? I took this 'ere paper, you see, to help a poor furriner, who couldn't make himself understood any more than a wild goose. I thought I'd just start him for'ard a little. It seemed a marcy to do it."

Well and shiftily answered, thou ragged Proteus. One cannot be angry with such a fellow. I will just inquire into the present state of his gospel mission and about the condition of his tribe on the Penobscot, and it may not be

amiss to congratulate him on the success of the steam-doctors in sweating the "pizen" of the regular faculty out of him. But he evidently has no wish to enter into idle conversation. Intent upon his benevolent errand, he is already clattering down-stairs. Involuntarily I glance out of the window, just in season to catch a single glimpse of him ere he is swallowed up in the mist.

He has gone; and, knave as he is, I can hardly help exclaiming, "Luck go with him!" He has broken in upon the sombre train of my thoughts, and called up before me pleasant and grateful recollections. The old farm-house nestling in its valley; hills stretching off to the south, and green meadows to the east; the small stream, which came noisily down its ravine, washing the old garden wall, and softly lapping on fallen stones and mossy roots of beeches and hemlocks; the tall sentinel poplars at the gate-way; the oak forest sweeping unbroken to the northern horizon; the grass-grown carriage-path, with its rude and crazy bridge:—the dear old landscape of my boyhood lies outstretched before me like a daguerrotype from that picture within, which I have borne with me in all my wanderings. I am a boy again, once more conscious of the feeling, half terror, half exultation, with which I used to announce the approach of this very vagabond and his "kindred after the flesh."

The advent of wandering beggars, or "old stragglers," as we were wont to call them, was an event of no ordinary interest in the generally monotonous quietude of our farm-life. Many of them were well known; they had their periodical revolutions and transits; we could calculate them like eclipses or new moons. Some were sturdy knaves, fat and saucy, and whenever they ascertained that the "men-folks" were absent, would order provisions and cider like men who expected to pay for it, seating

themselves at the hearth or table with the air of Falstaff: "Shall I not take mine ease in mine own inn?" Others, poor, pale, patient, like Sterne's monk, came creeping up to the door, hat in hand, standing there in their gray wretchedness with a look of heart-break and forlornness which was never without its effect on our juvenile sensibilities. At times, however, we experienced a slight revulsion of feeling, when even these humblest children of sorrow somewhat petulantly rejected our proffered bread and cheese and demanded instead a glass of cider. Whatever the temperance society might in such cases have done, it was not in our hearts to refuse the poor creatures a draught of their favorite beverage; and wasn't it a satisfaction to see their sad melancholy faces light up as we handed them the full pitcher, and, on receiving it back empty from their brown, wrinkled hands, to hear them, half breathless from their long, delicious draught, thanking us for the favor, as "dear, good children"! Not unfrequently these wandering tests of our benevolence made their appearance in interesting groups of man, woman, and child, picturesque in their squalidness, and manifesting a maudlin affection which would have done honor to the revellers at *Poosie Nansie's*, immortal in the cantata of Burns. I remember some who were evidently the victims of monomania, haunted and hunted by some dark thought, possessed by a fixed idea. One, a black-eyed, wild-haired woman, with a whole tragedy of sin, shame, and suffering written in her countenance, used often to visit us, warm herself by our winter fire, and supply herself with a stock of cakes and cold meat, but was never known to answer a question or to ask one. She never smiled; the cold, stony look of her eye never changed; a silent impassive face, frozen rigid by some great wrong or sin. We used to look with awe upon the

"still woman," and think of the demoniac of Scripture, who had a "dumb spirit."

One (I think I see him now, grim, gaunt, and ghastly, working his slow way up to our door) used to gather herbs by the wayside, and call himself Doctor. He was bearded like a he-goat, and used to counterfeit lameness, yet, when he supposed himself alone, would travel on lustily, as if walking for a wager. At length, as if in punishment of his deceit, he met with an accident in his rambles, and became lame in earnest, hobbling ever after with difficulty on his gnarled crutches. Another used to go stooping, like Bunyan's pilgrim, under a pack made of an old bed-sacking, stuffed out into most plethoric dimensions, tottering on a pair of small meagre legs, and peering out with his wild, hairy face from under his burden like a big-bodied spider. That "Man with the Pack" always inspired me with awe and reverence. Huge, almost sublime in its tense rotundity,—the father of all packs,—never laid aside and never opened, what might not be within it? With what flesh-creeping curiosity I used to walk round about it at a safe distance, half expecting to see its striped covering stirred by the motions of a mysterious life, or that some evil monster would leap out of it, like robbers from Ali Baba's jars, or armed men from the Trojan horse.

Often, in the gray of the morning, we used to see one or more of these "gaberlunzie men," pack on shoulder and staff in hand, emerging from the barn or other out-buildings, where they had passed the night. I was once sent to the barn to fodder the cattle late in the evening, and, climbing into the mow to pitch down hay for that purpose, I was startled by the sudden apparition of a man rising up before me, just discernible in the dim moonlight streaming through the seams of the boards. I made a rapid retreat down the ladder, and was only reassured by hearing the object of my

terror calling after me, and recognizing his voice as that of a harmless old pilgrim whom I had known before. Our farm-house was situated in a lonely valley, half surrounded with woods, with no neighbors in sight. One dark, cloudy night, when our parents chanced to be absent, we were sitting with our aged grandmother in the fading light of the kitchen fire, working ourselves into a very satisfactory state of excitement and terror by recounting to each other all the dismal stories we could remember of ghosts, witches, haunted houses, and robbers, when we were suddenly startled by a loud rap at the door. A stripling of fourteen, I was very naturally regarded as the head of the household; and with many misgivings I advanced to the door, which I slowly opened, holding the candle tremulously above my head and peering out into the darkness. The feeble glimmer played upon the apparition of a gigantic horseman, mounted on a steed of a size for such a rider,—colossal, motionless, like images cut out of the solid night. The strange visitant gruffly saluted me, and, after making several ineffectual efforts to urge his horse in at the door, dismounted, and followed me into the room, evidently enjoying the terror which his huge presence excited. Announcing himself as "Dr. Brown, the great Indian doctor," he drew himself up before the fire, stretched his arms, clinched his fists, struck his broad chest, and invited our attention to what he called his "mortal frame." He demanded in succession all kinds of intoxicating liquors, and, on being assured that we had none to give him, he grew angry, threatened to swallow my younger brother alive, and, seizing me by the hair of my head, as the angel did the prophet at Babylon, he led me about from room to room. After an ineffectual search, in the course of which he mistook a jug of oil for one of brandy, and, contrary to my explanation and remonstrances, insisted upon swallowing a portion of its

contents, he released me, fell to crying and sobbing, and confessed that he was so drunk already that his horse was ashamed of him. After bemoaning and pitying himself to his satisfaction, he wiped his eyes, sat down by the side of my grandmother, giving her to understand that he was very much pleased with her appearance, adding that, if agreeable to her, he should like the privilege of paying his addresses to her. While vainly endeavoring to make the excellent old lady comprehend his very flattering proposition, he was interrupted by the return of my father, who, at once understanding the matter, turned him out of doors without ceremony.

On one occasion, a few years ago, on my return from the field at evening, I was told that a foreigner had asked for lodging during the night, but that, influenced by his dark, repulsive appearance, my mother had very reluctantly refused his request. I found her by no means satisfied with her decision. "What if a son of mine was in a strange land?" she inquired, self-reproachfully. Greatly to her relief, I volunteered to go in pursuit of the wanderer, and, taking a cross-path over the fields, soon overtook him. He had just been rejected at the house of our nearest neighbor, and was standing in a state of dubious perplexity in the street. His looks quite justified my mother's suspicions. He was an olive-complexioned, black-bearded Italian, with an eye like a live coal,—such a face as perchance looks out on the traveller in the passes of the Abruzzo,—one of those bandit visages which Salvator has painted. With some difficulty I gave him to understand my errand, when he overwhelmed me with thanks and joyfully followed me back. He took his seat with us at the supper-table; and when we were all seated around the hearth that cold autumnal evening, he told us, partly by words and partly by gestures, the story of his life and misfor-

tunes, amused us with descriptions of the grape-gatherings and festivals of his sunny clime, edified my mother with a recipe for making bread of chestnuts, and in the morning, when, after breakfast, his dark, sullen face lighted up, and his fierce eye moistened with grateful emotion, as in his own silvery Tuscan accent he poured out his thanks, we marvelled at the fears which had so nearly closed our door against him; and, as he departed, we all felt that he had left with us the blessing of the poor.

It was not often that, as in the above instance, my mother's prudence got the better of her charity. The regular "old stragglers" regarded her as an unfailing friend; and the sight of her plain cap was to them an assurance of forthcoming creature comforts. There was indeed a tribe of lazy strollers, having their place of rendezvous in the town of Barrington, New Hampshire, whose low vices had placed them beyond even the pale of her benevolence. They were not unconscious of their evil reputation, and experience had taught them the necessity of concealing, under well-contrived disguises, their true character. They came to us in all shapes and with all appearances save the true one, with most miserable stories of mishap and sickness and all "the ills which flesh is heir to." It was particularly vexatious to discover, when too late, that our sympathies and charities had been expended upon such graceless vagabonds as the "Barrington beggars." An old withered hag, known by the appellation of "Hipping Pat,"—the wise woman of her tribe,—was in the habit of visiting us, with her hopeful grandson, who had "a gift for preaching," as well as for many other things not exactly compatible with holy orders. He sometimes brought with him a tame crow, a shrewd, knavish-looking bird, who, when in humor for it, could talk like Barnaby Rudge's raven. He used to say he could "do nothin' at extortin'

without a white handkercher on his neck and money in his pocket;" a fact going far to confirm the opinion of the Bishop of Exeter and the Puseyites generally, that there can be no priest without tithes and surplice.

These people have for several generations lived distinct from the great mass of the community, like the gypsies of Europe, whom in many respects they closely resemble. They have the same settled aversion to labor, and the same disposition to avail themselves of the fruits of the industry of others. They love a wild, out-of-door life, sing songs, tell fortunes, and have an instinctive hatred of "missionaries and cold water."

DOOR-STEP ACQUAINTANCE.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

[William Dean Howells, the leading American "realistic" novelist of the present day, was born at Martinsville, Ohio, in 1837. He is a printer by trade, was United States consul to Venice from 1861 to 1865, and was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* from 1866 to 1881. He is now editor of the book "study" in *Harper's Magazine*. In his numerous novels are many choice bits of ripe humor, but we select from his "Suburban Sketches" the following, as a good "after-piece" to Whittier's "Yankee Zincali."]

WE have been a good deal visited by one disbanded volunteer, not to the naked eye maimed, nor apparently suffering from any lingering illness, yet who bears, as he tells me, a secret disabling wound in his side, from a spent shell, and who is certainly a prey to the most acute form of shiftlessness. I do not recall with exactness the date of our acquaintance, but it was one of those pleasant

August afternoons when a dinner eaten in peace fills the digester with a millennial tenderness for the race too rarely felt in the nineteenth century. At such a moment it is a more natural action to loosen than to tighten the purse-strings, and when a very neatly dressed young man presented himself at the gate, and, in a note of indescribable plaintiveness, asked if I had any little job for him to do that he might pay for a night's lodging, I looked about the small domain with a vague longing to find some part of it in disrepair, and experienced a moment's absurd relief when he hinted that he would be willing to accept fifty cents in pledge of future service. Yet this was not the right principle: some work, real or apparent, must be done for the money, and the veteran was told that he might weed the strawberry-bed, though, as matters then stood, it was clean enough for a strawberry-bed that never bore anything. The veteran was neatly dressed, as I have said; his coat, which was good, was buttoned to the throat for reasons that shall be sacred against curiosity, and he had on a perfectly clean paper collar; he was a handsome young fellow, with regular features, and a solicitously-kept imperial and moustache; his hair, when he lifted his hat, appeared elegantly oiled and brushed. I did not hope from this figure that the work done would be worth the money paid, and, as nearly as I can compute, the weeds he took from that bed cost me a cent apiece, to say nothing of a cup of tea given him in grace at the end of his labors.

My acquaintance was, as the reader will be glad to learn, a native American, though it is to be regretted, for the sake of facts which his case went far to establish, that he was not a New-Englander by birth. The most that could be claimed was that he came to Boston from Delaware when very young, and that there, on that brine-washed granite, he had grown as perfect a flower of helplessness

and indolence, as fine a fruit of maturing civilization, as ever expanded or ripened in Latin lands. He lived, not only a protest in flesh and blood against the tendency of democracy to exclude mere beauty from our system, but a refutation of those Old-World observers who deny to our vulgar and bustling communities the refining and elevating grace of Repose. There was something very curious and original in his character, from which the sentiment of shame was absent, but which was not lacking in the fine instincts of personal cleanliness, of dress, of style. There was nothing of the rowdy in him; he was gentle as an Italian noble in his manners: what other traits they may have had in common I do not know,—perhaps an amiable habit of illusion. He was always going to bring me his discharge-papers, but he never did, though he came often and had many a pleasant night's sleep at my cost. If sometimes he did a little work, he spent a great part of the time contracted to me in the kitchen, where it was understood, quite upon his own agency, that his wages included board. At other times he called for money too late in the evening to work it out that day, and it has happened that a new second girl, deceived by his genteel appearance in the uncertain light, has shown him into the parlor, where I have found him, to his and my own great amusement, as the gentleman who wanted to see me. Nothing else seemed to raise his ordinarily dejected spirits so much. We all know how pleasant it is to laugh at people behind their backs; but this veteran afforded me at a very low rate the luxury of a fellow-being whom one might laugh at to his face as much as one liked.

Yet, with all his shamelessness, his pensiveness, his elegance, I felt that somehow our national triumph was not complete in him,—that there were yet more finished forms of self-abasement in the Old World,—till one day I looked

out of the window and saw at a little distance my veteran digging a cellar for an Irishman. I own that the spectacle gave me a shock of pleasure, and that I ran down to have a nearer view of what human eyes have seldom, if ever, beheld,—an American, pure blood, handling the pick, the shovel, and the wheelbarrow, while an Irishman directed his labors. Upon inspection, it appeared that none of the trees grew with their roots in the air, in recognition of this great reversal of the natural law; all the French-roof houses stood right-side up. The phenomenon may become more common in future, unless the American race accomplishes the destiny of dying out before the more populatory foreigner, but as yet it graced the veteran with an exquisite and signal distinction. He, however, seemed to feel unpleasantly the anomaly of his case, and opened the conversation by saying that he should not work at that job to-morrow, it hurt his side; and went on to complain of the inhumanity of Americans to Americans. "Why," said he, "they'd rather give out their jobs to a nigger than to one of their own kind. I was beatin' carpets for a gentleman on the Avenue, and the first thing I knew he give most of 'em to a nigger. I beat seven of 'em in one day, and got two dollars; and the nigger beat 'em by the piece, and he got a dollar and a half apiece. My luck!"

Here the Irishman glanced at his hireling, and the rueful veteran hastened to pile up another wheelbarrow with earth. If we ever come to reverse positions generally with our Irish brethren, there is no doubt but they will get more work out of us than we do from them at present.

It was shortly after this that the veteran offered to do second girl's work in my house if I would take him. The place was not vacant; and as the summer was now drawing to a close, and I feared to be left with him on my hands for the winter, it seemed well to speak with him

upon the subject of economy. The next time he called, I had not about me the exact sum for a night's lodging,—fifty cents, namely,—and asked him if he thought a dollar would do. He smiled sadly, as if he did not like jesting upon such a very serious subject, but said he allowed to work it out, and took it.

"Now, I hope you won't think I am interfering with your affairs," said his benefactor, "but I really think you are a very poor financier. According to your own account, you have been going on from year to year for a long time, trusting to luck for a night's lodging. Sometimes I suppose you have to sleep out of doors."

"No, never!" answered the veteran, with something like scorn. "I *never* sleep out-doors. I wouldn't do it."

"Well, at any rate, some one has to pay for your lodging. Don't you think you'd come cheaper to your friends if, instead of going to a hotel every night, you'd take a room somewhere for the night and pay for it by the month?"

"I've thought of that. If I could get a good bed, I'd try it awhile, anyhow. You see, the hotels have raised. I used to get a lodgin' and a nice breakfast for a half-dollar, but now it is as much as you can do to get a lodgin' for the money, and it's just as dear in the Port as it is in the city. I've tried hotels pretty much everywhere, and one's about as bad as another."

If he had been a travelled Englishman writing a book, he could not have spoken of hotels with greater disdain.

"You see, the trouble with me is, I ain't got any relations around here. Now," he added, with the life and eagerness of an inspiration, "if I had a mother and sister livin' down at the Port, say, I wouldn't go hunting about for these mean little jobs everywheres. I'd just lay around home and wait till something come up big. What I want is a home."

At the instigation of a malignant spirit I asked the homeless orphan, "Why don't you get married, then?"

He gave me another smile, sadder, fainter, sweeter than before, and said, "When would you like to see me again, so I could work out this dollar?"

A sudden and unreasonable disgust for the character which had given me so much entertainment succeeded to my past delight. I felt, moreover, that I had bought the right to use some frankness with the veteran, and I said to him, "Do you know, now, I shouldn't care if I *never* saw you again?"

I can only conjecture that he took the confidence in good part; for he did not appear again after that.

OVID BOLUS, ARTIST.

JOSEPH G. BALDWIN.

[For a delicately-drawn picture of lying reduced to a fine art we commend the following, only regretting that the original is somewhat too long to be transcribed in full. It is extracted from the "Flush Times in Alabama and Mississippi," by Joseph G. Baldwin, and is probably not an overdrawn description of some of the worthies of our early days of civilization. Lying was but one of Bolus's accomplishments; there were others in which he had attained some proficiency; but his reputation stood highest in the art of drawing the long bow, and to this his biographer restricts himself. Joseph G. Baldwin was born in Alabama in 1815, and migrated to California, where he became eventually chief justice of the Supreme Court. He died in 1864. He wrote other works of humor, in addition to that named.]

SOME men are liars from interest,—not because they have no regard for truth, but because they have less regard for it than for gain; some are liars from vanity, because they

would rather be well thought of by others than have reason for thinking well of themselves; some are liars from a sort of necessity, which overbears, by the weight of temptation, the sense of virtue; some are enticed away by the allurements of pleasure, or seduced by evil example and education. Bolus was none of these; he belonged to a higher department of the fine arts, and to a higher class of professors of this sort of belles-lettres. Bolus was a natural liar, just as some horses are natural pacers, and some dogs natural setters. What he did in that walk was from the irresistible promptings of instinct and a disinterested love of art. His genius and his performances were free from the vulgar alloy of interest or temptation. Accordingly, he did not labor a lie; he lied with a relish; he lied with a coming appetite, growing with what it fed on; he lied from the delight of invention and the charm of fictitious narrative. It is true he applied his art to the practical purposes of life, but in so far did he glory the more in it; just as an ingenious machinist rejoices that his invention, while it has honored science, has also supplied a common want.

Bolus's genius for lying was encyclopediacal; it was what German criticism calls many-sided. It embraced all subjects without distinction or partiality. It was equally good upon all, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Bolus's lying came from his greatness of soul and his comprehensiveness of mind. The truth was too small for him. Fact was too dry and commonplace for the fervor of his genius. Besides, great as was his memory,—for he even remembered the outlines of his chief lies,—his invention was still larger. He had a great contempt for history and historians. He thought them tame and timid cobblers, mere tinkers on other people's wares,—simple parrots and

magpies of other men's sayings or doings; borrowers of and acknowledged debtors for others' chattels, got without skill; they had no separate estate in their ideas; they were bailees of goods, which they did not pretend to hold by adverse title; buriers of talents in napkins, making no usury; barren and unprofitable non-producers in the intellectual vineyard,—*nati consumere fruges.*

He adopted a fact occasionally to start with, but, like a Sheffield razor and the crude ore, the workmanship, polish, and value were all his own; a Thibet shawl could as well be credited to the insensate goat that grew the wool, as the author of a fact Bolus honored with his artistical skill could claim to be the inventor of the story.

His experiments upon credulity, like charity, began at home. He had long torn down the partition-wall between his imagination and his memory. He had long ceased to distinguish between the impressions made upon his mind by what came *from* it and what came *to* it; all ideas were facts to him.

Bolus's life was not a common man's life. His world was not the hard, work-day world the groundlings live in; he moved in a sphere of poetry; he lived amidst the ideal and romantic. Not that he was not practical enough, when he chose to be; by no means. He bought goods and chattels, lands and tenements, like other men; but he got them under a state of poetic illusion and paid for them in an imaginary way. Even the titles he gave were not of the *earthy* sort: they were sometimes *clouded.* He gave notes, too,—how well I know it!—like other men; he paid them like himself. . . .

It is true that in these practical romances Bolus was charged with a defective taste in repeating himself. The justice of the charge must be at least partially acknowledged; this I know from a client to whom Ovid sold a

tract of land after having sold it twice before; I cannot say, though, that his forgetting to mention this circumstance made any difference, for Bolus originally had no title.

There was nothing narrow, sectarian, or sectional in Bolus's lying. It was, on the contrary, broad and catholic. It had no respect to times or places. It was as wide and illimitable as elastic, and variable as the air he spent in giving it expression. It was a generous, gentlemanly, whole-souled faculty. It was often employed on occasions of thrift, but no more, and no more zealously, on these than on others of no profit to himself. He was an egotist, but a magnificent one; he was not a liar because an egotist, but an egotist because a liar. He usually made himself the hero of the romantic exploits and adventures he narrated; but this was not so much to exalt himself as because it was more convenient to his art. He had nothing malignant or invidious in his nature. If he exalted himself, it was seldom or never to the disparagement of others, unless, indeed, those others were merely imaginary persons, or too far off to be hurt. He would as soon lie for you as for himself. It was all the same, so there was something doing in his line of business, except in those cases in which his necessities required to be fed at your expense.

He did not confine himself to mere lingual lying: one tongue was not enough for all the business he had on hand. He acted lies as well. Indeed, sometimes his very silence was a lie. He made non-entity fib for him, and performed wondrous feats by a "masterly inactivity." . . .

Ovid had early possessed the faculty of ubiquity. He had been born in more places than Homer. In an hour's discourse, *he* would, with more than the speed of Ariel, travel at every point of the compass, from Portland to San Antonio, some famous adventure always occurring

just as he "rounded to," or while stationary, though he did not remain longer than to see it. He was present at every important debate in the Senate at Washington, and had heard every popular speaker on the hustings, at the bar, and in the pulpit, in the United States. He had been concerned in many important causes with Grymes and against Mazereau in New Orleans, and had borne no small share in the fierce forensic battles which, with singular luck, *he* and Grymes always won in the courts of the Crescent City. And such frolics as they had when they laid aside their heavy armor after the heat and burden of the day! Such gambling! A negro *ante* and twenty on the call was moderate playing. What lots of "Ethiopian captives" and other plunder *he raked down* vexed arithmetic to count and credulity to believe; and, had it not been for Bolus's generosity in giving "the boys" a chance to win back *by doubling off on the high hand*, there is no knowing what changes of owners would not have occurred in the Rapides or on the German coast.

The Florida War and the Texas Revolution had each furnished a brilliant theatre for Ovid's chivalrous emprise. Jack Hays and he were great chums. Jack and he had many a hearty laugh over the odd trick of Ovid, in lassoing a Camanche chief while galloping a stolen horse bareback up the San Saba hills. But he had the rig on Jack again, when he made him charge on a brood of about twenty Camanches, who had got into a mote of timber in the prairies and were shooting their arrows from the covert, while Ovid, with a six-barrelled rifle, was taking them on the wing as Jack rode in and flushed them!

It was an affecting story, and feelingly told, that of his and Jim Bowie's rescuing an American girl from the Apaches and returning her to her parents in St. Louis; and it would have been still more tender had it not been

for the unfortunate necessity Bolus was under of shooting a brace of gay lieutenants on the border, one frosty morning before breakfast, back of the fort, for taking unbecoming liberties with the fair damosel, the spoil of his bow and spear. . . .

The genius of Bolus, strong in its unassisted strength, yet gleamed out more brilliantly under the genial influence of "the rosy." With boon companions and "reaming swats," it was worth while to hear him of a winter evening. He could "clothe the palpable and the familiar with golden exhalations of the dawn." The most commonplace objects became dignified. There was a history to the commonest articles about him: that book was given him by Mr. Van Buren; the walking-stick was a present from General Jackson; the thrice-watered Monongahela, just drawn from the grocery hard by, was the last of a distillation of 1825, smuggled in from Ireland and presented to him by a friend in New Orleans, on easy terms with the collector; the cigars, not too fragrant, were of a box sent him by a school-mate from Cuba, in 1834,—*before* he visited the island. And, talking of Cuba, he had met with an adventure there the impression of which never could be effaced from his mind. He had gone, at the instance of Don Carlos y Cubanos (an intimate classmate in a Kentucky Catholic college), whose life he had saved from a mob in Louisville, at the imminent risk of his own. The don had a sister of blooming sixteen, the least of whose charms was two or three coffee-plantations, some hundreds of slaves, and a suitable garnish of doubloons, accumulated during her minority in the hands of her uncle and guardian, the Captain-General. All went well with the young lovers, —for such, of course, they were,—until Bolus, with his usual frank indiscretion, in a conversation with the priest avowed himself a Protestant. Then came trouble. Every

effort was made to convert him; but Bolus's faith resisted the eloquent tongue of the priest and the more eloquent eyes of Donna Isabella. The brother pleaded the old friendship,—urged a seeming and formal conformity; the Captain-General argued the case like a politician, the señorita like a warm and devoted woman. All would not do. The Captain-General forbade his longer sojourn on the island. Bolus took leave of the fair señorita; the parting interview, held in the orange-bower, was affecting; Donna Isabella, with dishevelled hair, threw herself at his feet; the tears streamed from her eyes; in liquid tones, broken by grief, she implored him to relent, reminded him of her love, of her trust in him. "Gentlemen," Bolus continued, "I confess to the weakness,—I wavered, but then my eyes happened to fall on the breast-pin with a lock of my mother's hair: I recovered my courage; I shook her gently from me. I felt my last hold on earth was loosened, my last hope of peace destroyed. Since that hour my life has been a burden. Yes, gentlemen, you see before you a broken-hearted man,—a martyr to his religion. But away with these melancholy thoughts! boys, pass around the jorum." And, wiping his eyes, he drowned the wasting sorrow in a long draught of the poteen, and, being much refreshed, was able to carry the burden on a little further,—*videlicet*, to the next lie. . . .

Bolus's manner was, like every truly great man's, his own. It was excellent. He did not come blushing up to a lie, as some otherwise very passable liars do, as if he were making a mean compromise between his guilty passion or morbid vanity and a struggling conscience. Bolus had long since settled all disputes with *his* conscience. He and it were on very good terms; at least, if there was no affection between the couple, there was no fuss in the family; or, if there were any scenes or angry

passages, they were reserved for strict privacy and never got out. My own opinion is that he was as destitute of the article as an ostrich. Thus he came to his work bravely, cheerfully, and composedly. The delights of composition, invention, and narration did not fluster his style or agitate his delivery. He knew how, in the tumult of passion, to assume the "temperance to give it smoothness." A lie never ran away with him, as it is apt to do with young performers; he could always manage and guide it; and to have seen him fairly mounted would have given you some idea of the polished elegance of D'Orsay and the superb *manège* of Murat. There is a tone and manner of narration different from those used in delivering ideas just conceived, just as there is a difference between the sound of the voice in reading and in speaking. Bolus knew this, and practised on it. When he was narrating, he put the facts in order, and seemed to speak them out of his memory, but not formally, or as if by rote. He would stop himself to correct a date,—recollect he was wrong—he was *that* year at the White Sulphur or Saratoga, etc.; having got the date right, the names of persons present would be incorrect, etc.; and these he corrected in turn. A stranger, hearing him, would have feared the marring of a good story by too fastidious a conscientiousness in the narrator. . . .

Bolus did not overcrowd his canvas. His figures were never confused, and the subordinates and accessories did not withdraw attention from the main and substantive lie. He never squandered his lies profusely; thinking, with the poet, that "bounteous, not prodigal, is kind Nature's hand," he kept the golden mean between penuriousness and prodigality; never stingy of his lies, he was not wasteful of them, but was rather forehanded than pushed or embarrassed, having, usually, fictitious stock to be freshly put on 'Change

when he wished to "make a raise." In most of his fables he inculcated but a single leading idea, but contrived to make the several facts of the narrative fall in very gracefully with the principal scheme. . . .

Alas for the beautiful things of earth, its flowers, its sunsets, its lovely girls, its lies!—brief and fleeting is their date. Lying is a very delicate accomplishment. It must be tenderly cared for and jealously guarded. It must not be overworked. Bolus forgot this salutary caution. The people found out his art. However dull the commons are as to other matters, they get sharp enough after a while to whatever concerns their bread-and-butter. Bolus, not having confined his art to political matters, sounded at last the depths and explored the limits of popular credulity. The denizens of this degenerate age had not the disinterestedness of Prince Hal, who "cared not how many fed at his cost:" they got tired at last of promises to pay. The credit system, common before as pump-water, adhering like the elective franchise to every voter, began to take the worldly wisdom of Falstaff's mercer and ask security, and security liked something more substantial than plausible promises. In this forlorn condition of the country, returning to its savage state, and abandoning the refinements of a ripe Anglo-Saxon civilization for the sordid safety of Mexican or Chinese modes of traffic, deserting the sweet simplicity of its ancient trustingness and the poetic illusions of Augustus Tomlinson for the vulgar saws of Poor Richard, Bolus, with a sigh like that breathed out by his great prototype after his apostrophe to London, gathered up, one bright moonlight night, his articles of value, shook the dust from his feet, and departed from a land unworthy of his longer sojourn. With that delicate consideration for the feelings of his friends which, like the politeness of Charles II., never forsook him, he spared

them the pain of a parting interview. He left no greetings of kindness, no messages of love, nor did he ask assurances of their lively remembrance. It was quite unnecessary. In every house he had left an autograph, in every ledger a souvenir. They will never forget him. Their connection with him will be ever regarded as

> "the *greenest* spot
> In memory's waste." . . .

Far away towards the setting sun he hied him, until, at last, with a hermit's disgust at the degradation of the world, like Ignatius turned monk, he pitched his tabernacle amidst the smiling prairies that sleep in vernal beauty in the shadow of the San Saba mountains. There let his mighty genius rest. It has earned repose. We leave Themistocles to his voluntary exile.

POETICAL SATIRE.

VARIOUS.

[We give in the following selection a series of satirical poems, floating fragments of fun which fit well into our work, and are in themselves evidence that the humorous faculty is strongly developed in the American mind. The first is a versified rendition of a story that recently went the round of the press in prose, and is here neatly embalmed in poetry. We select it from "Songs and Satires," published by Ticknor & Co.]

THE V-A-S-E.

FROM the madding crowd they stand apart,
The maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none might tell from sight alone
In which had Culture ripest grown,—

The Gotham Million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo;

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

* * * * * * *

Long they worshipped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until upspoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who, blushing, said, "What a lovely vase!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries, "'Tis, indeed, a lovely vaze!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the house of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims, "It is quite a lovely vahs!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,
And gently murmurs, "Oh, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vaws!"

Dies erit prægelida
Sinistra quum Bostonia.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

[To preach, as all must admit, is one of the easiest of things; to practise, one of the hardest. This truism is exemplified in the following poem.]

THE TENDER HEART.

She gazed upon the burnished brace
Of plump ruffed-grouse he showed with pride;
Angelic grief was in her face:
"How *could* you do it, dear?" she sighed.
"The poor, pathetic, moveless wings!
The songs all hushed,—oh, cruel shame!"
Said he, "The partridge never sings."
Said she, "The sin is quite the same.

"You men are savage through and through.
A boy is always bringing in
Some string of birds' eggs, white or blue,
Or butterfly upon a pin.
The angle-worm in anguish dies,
Impaled, the pretty trout to tease——"
"My own, I fish for trout with flies——"
"Don't wander from the question, please!"

She quoted Burns's "Wounded Hare,"
And certain burning lines of Blake's,
And Ruskin on the fowls of air,
And Coleridge on the water-snakes.
At Emerson's "Forbearance" he
Began to feel his will benumbed;
At Browning's "Donald" utterly
His soul surrendered and succumbed.

"Oh, gentlest of all gentle girls,"
He thought, "beneath the blessed sun!"
He saw her lashes hung with pearls,
And swore to give away his gun.
She smiled to find her point was gained,
And went, with happy parting words
(He subsequently ascertained),
To trim her hat with humming-birds.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

THE INVENTOR'S WIFE.

[In the following we have a story, well known in its prose form, skilfully rendered into verse.]

It's easy to talk of the patience of Job. Humph! Job had
nothing to try him;
Ef he'd been married to 'Bijah Brown, folks wouldn't have
dared come nigh him.
Trials, indeed! Now, I'll tell you what,—ef you want to
be sick of your life,
Jest come and change places with me a spell, for I'm an
inventor's wife.
And such inventions! I'm never sure, when I take up my
coffee-pot,

That 'Bijah hain't been "improvin'" it, and it mayn't go
off like a shot.
Why, didn't he make me a cradle once that would keep
itself a-rockin',
And didn't it pitch the baby out, and wasn't his head
bruised shockin'?
And there was his "patent peeler," too, a wonderful thing,
I'll say,
But it had one fault,—it never stopped till the apple was
peeled away.
As for locks, and clocks, and mowin'-machines, and reapers,
and all such trash,
Why, 'Bijah's invented heaps of them, but they don't bring
in no cash!
Law! that don't worry him,—not at all; he's the aggra-
vatin'est man;
He'll set in his little workshop there, and whistle and
think and plan,
Inventin' a jews-harp to go by steam, or a new-fangled
powder-horn,
While the children's goin' barefoot to school, and the
weeds is chokin' our corn.
When 'Bijah and me kep' company, he wasn't like this, you
know;
Our folks all thought he was dreadful smart,—but that
was years ago.
He was handsome as any pictur' then, and he had such a
glib, bright way,
I never thought that a time would come when I'd rue my
weddin'-day.
But when I've been forced to chop the wood, and 'tend to
the farm beside,
An' look at 'Bijah a-settin' there, I've jest dropped down
and cried.

We lost the hull of our turnip-crop while he was inventin' a gun,
But I counted it one of my marcies when it bust before 'twas done.
So he turned it into a "burglar-alarm." It ought to give thieves a fright,—
'Twould scare an honest man out of his wits, ef he sot it off at night.
Sometimes I wonder ef 'Bijah's crazy, he does such curious things.
Have I told you about his bedstead yit? 'Twas full of wheels and springs;
It had a key to wind it up, and a clock-face at the head;
All you did was to turn them hands, and at any hour you said
That bed got up and shook itself, and bounced you on the floor,
And then shet up, jist like a box, so you couldn't sleep any more.
Wa'al, 'Bijah he fixed it all complete, and he sot it at half-past five,
But he hadn't more'n got into it, when—dear me! sakes alive!
Them wheels began to whiz and whirr! I heard a fearful snap,
And there was that bedstead with 'Bijah inside shet up jest like a trap!
I screamed, of course, but 'twa'nt no use. Then I worked that hull long night
A-tryin' to open the pesky thing. At last I got in a fright:
I couldn't hear his voice inside, and I thought he might be dyin',
So I took a crow-bar and smashed it in. There was 'Bijah peacefully lyin',

Inventin' a way to git out ag'in. That was all very well to say,
But I don't believe he'd have found it out if I'd left him in all day.
Now, since I've told you my story, do you wonder I'm tired of life,
Or think it strange I often wish I warn't an inventor's wife?

E. T. CORBETT.

[Perhaps the heroine of the poem next given might reverse the theme, could she give her experience of the hero, whose soul seems to have thirsted for small talk, and his brain been unable to bear the strain of sense and science.]

A MODERN MINERVA.

'Twas the height of the gay season, and I cannot tell the reason,
But at a dinner-party given by Mrs. Major Thwing
It became my pleasant duty to take out a famous beauty,—
The prettiest woman present. I was happy as a king.

Her dress beyond a question was an artist's best creation;
A miracle of loveliness was she from crown to toe.
Her smile was sweet as could be, her voice just as it should be,—
Not high and sharp and wiry, but musical and low.

Her hair was soft and flossy, golden, plentiful, and glossy;
Her eyes, so blue and sunny, shone with every inward grace;
I could see that every fellow in the room was really yellow
With jealousy, and wished himself that moment in my place.

As the turtle-soup we tasted, like a gallant man I hasted
To pay some pretty tribute to this muslin, silk, and gauze;
But she turned and softly asked me—and I own the question tasked me—
What were my fixed opinions on the present Suffrage laws.

I admired a lovely blossom resting on her gentle bosom;
The remark I thought a safe one,—I could hardly made a worse;
With a smile like any Venus, she gave me its name and genus,
And opened very calmly a botanical discourse.

But I speedily recovered. As her taper fingers hovered,
Like a tender benediction, in a little bit of fish,
Further to impair digestion she brought up the Eastern question.
By that time I fully echoed that other fellow's wish.

And, as sure as I'm a sinner, right on through that endless dinner
Did she talk of moral science, of politics and law,
Of natural selection, of Free Trade and Protection,
Till I came to look upon her with a sort of solemn awe.

Just to hear the lovely woman, looking more divine than human,
Talk with such discrimination of Ingersoll and Cook,
With such a childish, sweet smile, quoting Huxley, Mill, and Carlyle,—
It was quite a revelation,—it was better than a book.

Chemistry and mathematics, agriculture and chromatics,
Music, painting, sculpture,—she knew all the tricks of speech;
Bas-relief and chiaroscuro, and at last the Indian Bureau,—
She dismissed it quite serenely, as she trifled with a peach.

I have seen some dreadful creatures, with vinegary features,
With their fearful store of learning set me sadly in eclipse;
But I'm ready quite to swear if I have ever heard the Tariff
Or the Eastern question settled by such a pair of lips.

Never saw I dainty maiden so remarkably o'erladen
From lip to tip of finger with the lore of books and men;
Quite in confidence I say it, and I trust you'll not betray it,
But I pray to gracious heaven that I never may again.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

[From a poetess of an older generation we select a well-known example of poetical satire.]

THE SALE OF OLD BACHELORS.

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dreamed it, it came into numbers;
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre,
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter:
It seemed that a law had been recently made
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid;

And, in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.
The bachelors grumbled, and said 'twas no use,
'Twas horrid injustice and horrid abuse,
And declared that, to save their own hearts' blood from spilling,
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.
But the rulers determined them still to pursue,
So they set the old bachelors up at vendue:
A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell and a trumpet to blow,
And to call out to all he might meet in his way,
"Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to-day!"
And presently all the old maids in the town,
Each in her very best bonnet and gown,
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red, and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.
The auctioneer then in his labor began,
And called out aloud, as he held up a man,
"How much for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?"
In a twink every maiden responded, "I!—I!"
In short, at a highly extravagant price,
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice;
And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

LUCRETIA DAVIDSON.

A STORY OF SCIENCE.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT IT.

A philosopher sat in his easy-chair,
Looking as grave as Milton;
He wore a solemn and mystic air
As he Canada balsam spilt on

A strip of glass, a slide to prepare
For a mite taken out of his Stilton.

He took his microscope out of its case,
And settled the focus rightly:
The light thrown back from the mirror's face
Came glimmering upward brightly.
He put the slide with the mite in place,
And fixed on the cover tightly.

He turned the instrument up and down,
Till, getting a proper sight, he
Exclaimed, as he gazed with a puzzled frown,
"Good gracious!" and "Highty tighty!
The sight is enough to alarm the town:
A mite is a monster mighty!"

From t'other end of the tube, the mite
Regarded our scientific:
To its naked eye, as you'll guess, the sight
Of a man was most terrific,
But reversing the microscope made him quite
The opposite of magnific.

"One sees the truth through this tube so tall,"
Said the mite as it squinted through it:
"Man is not so wondrously big, after all,
If the mite-world only knew it."

MORAL.

Mem.—Whether a thing is large or small
Depends on the way you view it!

ANONYMOUS.

SAM SLICK'S SENTIMENTS.

THOMAS C. HALIBURTON.

[The author of the selection next given is usually classed among English writers, but, as he was born in Nova Scotia and laid the scene of his humorous personations on United States soil, we may fairly include him among American authors. He was born about 1796, and became famous by the publication, about 1837, of "The Clockmaker, or the Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick, of Slickville," a highly-amusing personation of Yankee character. Two other series of Sayings and Doings were afterwards published, and also "Sam Slick in England." Judge Haliburton died in 1865.]

THE ROAD TO A WOMAN'S HEART.

As we approached the inn at Amherst, the Clockmaker grew uneasy. "It's pretty well on in the evening, I guess," said he, "and Marm Pugwash is as onsartin in her temper as a mornin' in April; it's all sunshine or all clouds with her, and if she's in one of her tantrums she'll stretch out her neck and hiss like a goose with a flock of goslin's. I wonder what on airth Pugwash was a-thinkin' on when he signed articles of partnership with that are woman; she's not a bad-lookin' piece of furniture neither, and it's a proper pity sich a clever woman should carry sich a stiff upper lip. She reminds me of our old minister Joshua Hopewell's apple-trees.

"The old minister had an orchard of most particular good fruit, for he was a great hand at buddin', graftin', and what not, and the orchard (it was on the south side of the house) stretched right up to the road. Well, there were some trees hung over the fence, I never seed such bearers: the apples hung in ropes, for all the world like strings of onions, and the fruit was beautiful. Nobody touched the

minister's apples, and when other folks lost theirn from the boys, his'n always hung there like bait to a hook, but there never was so much as a nibble at 'em. So I said to him one day, 'Minister,' said I, 'how on airth do you manage to keep your fruit that's so exposed, when no one else can't do it nohow?' 'Why,' says he, 'they are dreadful pretty fruit, ain't they?' 'I guess,' said I, 'there ain't the like on 'em in all Connecticut.' 'Well,' says he, 'I'll tell you the secret, but you needn't let on to no one about it. That are row next the fence, I grafted it myself: I took great pains to get the right kind. I sent clean up to Roxberry and away down to Squawneck Creek.' I was afeard he was a-goin' to give me day and date for every graft, bein' a terrible long-winded man in his stories; so says I, 'I know that, minister, but how do you preserve them?' 'Why, I was a-goin' to tell you,' said he, 'when you stopped me. That are outward row I grafted myself with the choicest kind I could find, and I succeeded. They are beautiful, but so eternal sour, no human soul can eat them. Well, the boys think the old minister's graftin' has all succeeded about as well as that row, and they sarch no further. They snicker at my graftin' and I laugh in my sleeve, I guess, at their penetration.'

"Now, Marm Pugwash is like the minister's apples, very temptin' fruit to look at, but desperate sour. If Pugwash had a watery mouth when he married, I guess it's pretty puckery by this time. However, if she goes to act ugly, I'll give her a dose of 'soft sawder' that will take the frown out of her frontispiece and make her dial-plate as smooth as a lick of copal varnish. It's a pity she's such a kickin' devil, too, for she has good points,—good eye, good foot, neat pastern, fine chest, a clean set of limbs, and carries a good—— But here we are. Now you'll see what 'soft sawder' will do."

When we entered the house, the travellers' room was all in darkness, and on opening the opposite door into the sitting-room we found the female part of the family extinguishing the fire for the night. Mrs. Pugwash had a broom in her hand, and was in the act (the last act of female housewifery) of sweeping the hearth. The strong flickering light of the fire, as it fell upon her tall fine figure and beautiful face, revealed a creature worthy of the Clockmaker's comments.

"Good-evening, marm," said Mr. Slick. "How do you do? and how's Mr. Pugwash?" "He!" said she: "why, he's been abed this hour. You don't expect to disturb him this time of night, I hope?" "Oh, no," said Mr. Slick, "certainly not, and I am sorry to have disturbed you, but we got detained longer than we expected; I am sorry that——" "So am I," said she; "but if Mr. Pugwash will keep an inn when he has no occasion to, his family can't expect no rest."

Here the Clockmaker, seeing the storm gathering, stooped down suddenly, and, staring intently, held out his hand and exclaimed, "Well, if that ain't a beautiful child! Come here, my little man, and shake hands along with me. Well, I declare, if that are little feller ain't the finest child I ever seed. What, not abed yet? Ah, you rogue, where did you get them are pretty rosy cheeks? Stole them from mamma, eh? Well, I wish my old mother could see that child, it is such a treat. In our country," said he, turning to me, "the children are all as pale as chalk or as yaller as an orange. Lord! that are little feller would be a show in our country. Come to me, my man." Here the "soft sawder" began to operate. Mrs. Pugwash said, in a milder tone than we had yet heard, "Go, my dear, to the gentleman; go, dear." Mr. Slick kissed him, asked him if he would go to the States along with him, told him all the

little girls would fall in love with him, for they didn't see such a beautiful face once in a month of Sundays. "Black eyes,—let me see,—ah, mamma's eyes too, and black hair also; as I am alive, you are mamma's own boy, the very image of mamma." "Do be seated, gentlemen," said Mrs. Pugwash. "Sally, make a fire in the next room." "She ought to be proud of you," he continued. "Well, if I live to return here, I must paint your face, and have it put on my clocks, and our folks will buy the clocks for the sake of the face. Did you ever see," said he, again addressing me, "such a likeness between one human and another, as between this beautiful little boy and his mother?" "I am sure you have had no supper," said Mrs. Pugwash to me; "you must be hungry, and weary too. I will get you a cup of tea." "I am sorry to give you so much trouble," said I. "Not the least trouble in the world," she replied; "on the contrary, a pleasure."

We were then shown into the next room, where the fire was now blazing up, but Mr. Slick protested he could not proceed without the little boy, and lingered behind to ascertain his age, and concluded by asking the child if he had any aunts that looked like mamma.

As the door closed, Mr. Slick said, "It's a pity she don't go well in gear. The difficulty with those critters is to git them to start: arter that there is no trouble with them, if you don't check 'em too short. If you do they'll stop again, run back and kick like mad, and then Old Nick himself wouldn't start 'em. Pugwash, I guess, don't understand the natur' of the crittur; she'll never go kind in harness for him. *When I see a child,*" said the Clockmaker, "*I always feel safe with these women-folk; for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart lies through her child.*"

"You seem," said I, "to understand the female heart so

well, I make no doubt you are a general favorite among the fair sex." "Any man," he replied, "that understands horses has a pretty considerable fair knowledge of women, for they are jist alike in temper, and require the very identical same treatment. *Encourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious, but lather the sulky ones like blazes.*

"People talk an everlastin' sight of nonsense about wine, women, and horses. I've bought and sold 'em all, I've traded in all of them, and I tell you there ain't one in a thousand that knows a grain about either on 'em. You hear folks say, Oh, such a man is an ugly-grained critter, he'll break his wife's heart; jist as if a woman's heart was as brittle as a pipe-stalk. The female heart, as far as my experience goes, is jist like a new india-rubber shoe: you may pull and pull at it till it stretches out a yard long, and then let go and it will fly right back to its old shape. Their hearts are made of stout leather, I tell you; there's a plaguy sight of wear in 'em.

"I never knowed but one case of a broken heart, and that was in t'other sex, one Washington Banks. He was a sneezer. He was tall enough to spit down on the heads of your grenadiers, and near about high enough to wade across Charlestown River, and as strong as a tow-boat. I guess he was somewhat less than a foot longer than the moral law and catechism too. He was a perfect pictur' of a man; you couldn't fault him in no particular, he was so just a made critter; folks used to run to the winder when he passed, and say, 'There goes Washington Banks; beant he lovely!' I do believe there wasn't a gal in the Lowell factories that warn't in love with him. Sometimes, at intermission, on Sabbath-days, when they all came out together (an amazin' handsom' sight, too, near about a whole congregation of young gals), Banks used to say, 'I vow,

young ladies, I wish I had five hundred arms to reciprocate one with each of you; but I reckon I have a heart big enough for you all; it's a whapper, you may depend, and every mite and morsel of it at your service.' 'Well, how you do act, Mr. Banks!' half a thousand little clipper-clapper tongues would say, all at the same time, and their dear little eyes sparklin' like so many stars twinklin' of a frosty night.

"Well, when I last seed him, he was all skin and bone, like a horse turned out to die. He was teetotally defleshed, a mere walkin' skeleton. 'I am dreadful sorry,' says I, 'to see you, Banks, lookin' so peaked. Why, you look like a sick turkey-hen, all legs! What on airth ails you?' 'I'm dyin',' says he, '*of a broken heart.*' 'What!' says I, 'have the gals been jiltin' you?' 'No, no,' says he; 'I beant such a fool as that, neither.' 'Well,' says I, 'have you made a bad speculation?' 'No,' says he, shakin' his head, 'I hope I have too much clear grit in me to take on so bad for that.' 'What under the sun is it, then?' said I. 'Why,' says he, 'I made a bet the fore part of summer with Leftenant Oby Knowles that I could shoulder the best bower of the Constitution frigate. I won my bet, *but the anchor was so etarnal heavy that it broke my heart.*' Sure enough, he did die that very fall; and he was the only instance I ever heard tell of a *broken heart.*"

ITALIAN PAINTINGS.

"In the latter eend of the year twenty-eight, I think it was, if my memory sarves me, I was in my little back studio to Slickville, with coat off, apron on, and sleeves up, as busy as a bee, a-bronzin' and gildin' of a clock-case, when old Snow, the nigger help, popped in his head in a most terrible of a conflustrigation, and says he, 'Master,'

says he, 'if there ain't Massa Governor and the gineral at the door, as I'm alive! What on airth shall I say?' 'Well,' says I, 'they have caught me at a nonplush, that's sartain; but there's no help for it, as I see. Show 'em in.' 'Mornin',' says I, 'gentlemen. How do you do? I am sorry,' says I, 'I didn't know of this pleasure in time to have received you respectfully. You have taken me at a short, that's a fact; and the worst of it is, I can't shake hands along with you neither, for one hand, you see, is covered with ile, and t'other with copper bronze.' 'Don't mention it, Mr. Slick,' said his Excellency, 'I beg of you: the fine arts do sometimes require detergants, and there is no help for it. But that's a most a beautiful thing,' said he, 'you are a-doin' of; may I presume to catechise what it is?' 'Why,' said I, 'governor, that landscape on the right, with the great white two-story house in it, havin' a washin'-tub of applesarce on one side, and a cart chock full of punkin'-pies on t'other, with the gold letters A. P. over it, is intended to represent this land of promise, our great country, Amerika; and the gold letters A. P. initialize it Airthly Paradise.' 'Well,' says he, 'who is that *he* one on the left?' 'I didn't intend them letters H and E to indicate *he* at all,' said I, 'though I see now they do; I guess I must alter that. That tall graceful figure,' says I, 'with wings, carryin' a long bowie-knife in his right hand, and them small winged figures in the rear, with little rifles, are angels emigratin' from heaven to this country. H and E means heavenly emigrants. Its alle–*go*–ry.' 'And a beautiful alle–*go*–ry it is,' said he, 'and well calculated to give foreigners a correct notion of our young growin' and great republic. It is a fine conception, that. It is worthy of West. How true to life! how much it conveys! how many chords it strikes! It addresses the heart. It's splendid.'

"'Halloo!' says I to myself, 'what's all this?' It made

price they asked for them rusty old veterans. Our folks were well pleased with the shipment; and I ought to be, too, for I made a trifle in the discount of fifteen per cent. for comin' down handsome with the cash on the spot. Our Athenæum is worth seein', I tell you; you won't ditto it easy, I know; it's actilly a sight to behold."

REPLY TO M'CRARY.

THOMAS CORWIN.

[The halls of Congress have been the scene of many orations overflowing with humor, bubbling full, as we may say, with the American love of fun. One of the happiest efforts of this kind is the following, in which the inimitable Tom Corwin demolished McCrary, of Michigan, a pompous militia general who had ventured to assail General W. H. Harrison, then candidate for the Presidency, to which he was elected the year in which this speech was made. Corwin was born in Kentucky in 1794, and died in 1865. In his Congressional career he proved an eloquent orator, with masterly powers of analysis, but his reputation rested largely on his unusual ability in satire and the sallies of humor with which he often convulsed his audiences. It is to be presumed that McCrary had no further remarks to make on Harrison's military tactics after Corwin had concluded.]

IF the gentleman from South Carolina, and the gentleman from Maine, who consider the Cumberland road a work of mere sectional advantage to a very small portion of the people, have attended to the sage disquisitions of the gentleman from Michigan on the art of war, they must now either come to the conclusion that almost the whole of the gentleman's speech is what old-fashioned people would call a *non sequitur*, or else that this road connects itself with not merely the military defences of the Union,

but is interwoven most intimately with the progress of science, and especially that most difficult of all sciences, the proper application of strategy to the exigencies of barbarian warfare. It will be seen that the far-seeing sagacity and long-reaching understanding of the gentleman from Michigan has discovered that, before we can vote with a clear conscience on the instructions proposed, we must be well informed as to the number of Indians who fought at the battle of Tippecanoe in 1811; how these savages were painted, whether red, black, or blue, or whether all were blended in their barbarian faces. Further, according to his views of the subject, before we vote money to make a road we must know and approve of what General Harrison thought, said, and did at the battle of Tippecanoe.

Again, upon this process of reasoning, we must inquire where a general should be when a battle begins, especially in the night, and what his position during the fight, and where he should be when it is over; and particularly how a Kentuckian behaves himself when he hears an Indian war-whoop, by day or night. And, after settling all these puzzling questions, we must fully understand how and by whom the battle of the Thames was fought, and in what manner it then and there became our troops, regular and militia, to conduct themselves. Sir, it must be obvious that if these topics are germane to the subject, then does the Cumberland road encompass all the interests and all the subjects that touch the rights, duties, and destinies of the civilized world; and I hope we shall hear no more from Southern gentlemen of the narrow, sectional, or unconstitutional character of the proposed measure. That branch of the subject is, I hope, forever quieted, perhaps unintentionally, by the gentleman from Michigan. His military criticism, if it has not answered the purposes

intended, has at least, in this way, done some service to the Cumberland road. . . .

Foreigners have admired the ease with which we Yankees, as they call us, can turn our hands to any business or pursuit, public or private; and this has been brought forward by our own people as a proof that man, in this great and free republic, is a being very far superior to the same animal in other parts of the globe less favored than ours. A proof of the most convincing character of this truth, so flattering to our national pride, is exhibited before our eyes in the gentleman from Michigan delivering to the world a grave lecture on the campaigns of General Harrison, including a variety of very interesting military events in the years 1811, 1812, and 1813. In all other countries, and in all former times, a gentleman who would either speak or be listened to on the subject of war, involving subtle criticisms on strategy and careful reviews of marches, sieges, battles, regular or casual, and irregular onslaughts, would be required to show, first, that he had studied much, investigated fully, and digested well, the science and history of his subject. But here, sir, no such painful preparation is required: witness the gentleman from Michigan. He has announced to the House that he is a militia gentleman on the peace establishment. That he is a lawyer we know, tolerably well read in Tidd's Practice and Espinasse's Nisi Prius. These studies, so happily adapted to the subject of war, with an appointment in the militia in time of peace, furnish him at once with all the knowledge necessary to discourse to us, as from high authority, upon all the mysteries in the "trade of death."

Again, Mr. Speaker, it must occur to every one that we, to whom these questions are submitted and these criticisms are addressed, being all colonels at least, and most of us, like the gentleman himself, brigadiers, are, of all conceiva-

ble tribunals, best qualified to decide any nice point connected with military science. I hope the House will not be alarmed by an impression that I am about to discuss one or other of the military questions now before us at length, but I wish to submit a remark or two by way of preparing us for a proper appreciation of the merits of the discourse we have heard. I trust, as we are all brother officers, that the gentleman from Michigan and the two hundred and forty colonels or generals of this honorable House will receive what I have to say as coming from an old brother in arms and addressed to them in a spirit of candor,

> "Such as becomes comrades free
> Reposing after victory."

Sir, we all know the military studies of the gentleman from Michigan before he was promoted. I take it to be beyond a reasonable doubt that he has perused with great care the title-page of "Baron Steuben." Nay, I go further: as the gentleman has incidentally assured us he is prone to look into musty and neglected volumes, I venture to assert, without vouching the fact from personal knowledge, that he has prosecuted his researches so far as to be able to know that the rear rank stands right behind the front. This, I think, is fairly inferable from what I understand him to say of the two lines of encampment at Tippecanoe. Thus, we see, Mr. Speaker, that the gentleman from Michigan, so far as study can give us knowledge of a subject, comes before us with claims of great profundity. But this is a subject which, above all others, requires the aid of actual experience to make us wise. Now, the gentleman from Michigan, being a militia general, as he has told us, his brother officers, in a simple statement has revealed the glorious history of toils, privations, sacrifices,

and bloody scenes through which we know, from experience and observation, a militia-officer in time of peace is sure to pass. We all, in fancy, now see the gentleman from Michigan in that most dangerous and glorious event in the life of a militia general on the peace establishment, —a parade-day!—the day for which all the other days of his life seem to have been made. We can see the troops in motion, umbrellas, hoe- and axe-handles, and other like deadly implements of war overshadowing all the field, when, lo! the leader of the host approaches.

"Far off his coming shines;"

his plume, white, after the fashion of the great Bourbon, is of ample length, and reads its doleful history in the bereaved necks and bosoms of forty neighboring hen-roosts! Like the great Suwaroff, he seems somewhat careless in forms and points of dress: hence his epaulettes may be on his shoulders, back, or sides, but still gleaming, gloriously gleaming in the sun. Mounted he is, too, let it not be forgotten. Need I describe to the colonels and generals of this honorable House the steed which heroes bestride on such occasions! No, I see the memory of other days is with you. You see before you the gentleman from Michigan mounted on his crop-eared, bushy-tailed mare, the singular obliquity of whose hinder limbs is described in the most expressive phrase, "sickle-hams;" her height just fourteen hands, "all told;" yes, sir, there you see his "steed that laughs at the shaking of the spear;" that is his "war-horse whose neck is clothed with thunder." Mr. Speaker, we have glowing descriptions in history of Alexander the Great and his war-horse Bucephalus at the head of his invincible Macedonian phalanx, but, sir, such are the improvements of modern times that every one must

see that our militia general, with his crop-eared mare, with bushy tail and sickle-ham, would literally frighten off a battle-field a hundred Alexanders.

But, sir, to the parade-day. The general thus mounted and equipped is in the field, and ready for action. On the eve of some desperate enterprise, such as giving orders to shoulder arms, it may be there occurs a crisis, one of the accidents of war, which no sagacity could foresee or prevent. A cloud rises and passes over the sun! Here an occasion occurs for the display of that greatest of all traits in the character of a commander, that tact which enables him to seize upon and turn to good account events unlooked for as they arise. Now for the caution wherewith the Roman Fabius foiled the skill and courage of Hannibal. A retreat is ordered, and troops and general, in a twinkling, are found safely bivouacked in a neighboring grocery! But even here the general still has room for the exhibition of heroic deeds. Hot from the field, and chafed with the untoward events of the day, your general unsheathes his trenchant blade, eighteen inches in length, as you will remember, and with energy and remorseless fury he slices the watermelons that lie in heaps around him and shares them with his surviving friends. Other of the sinews of war are not wanting here. Whiskey, Mr. Speaker, that great leveller of modern times, is here also, and the shells of the watermelons are filled to the brim. Here again, Mr. Speaker, is shown how the extremes of barbarism and civilization meet. As the Scandinavian heroes of old, after the fatigues of war, drank wine from the skulls of their slaughtered enemies in Odin's halls, so now our militia general and his forces, from the skulls of melons thus vanquished, in copious draughts of whiskey, assuage the heroic fire of their souls after the bloody scenes of a parade-day. But, alas for this short-lived race of ours! all things will

have an end, and so even is it with the glorious achievements of our general. Time is on the wing, and will not stay his flight; the sun, as if frightened at the mighty events of the day, rides down the sky, and at the close of the day, when "the hamlet is still," the curtain of night drops upon the scene,

> "And glory, like the phœnix in its fires,
> Exhales its odors, blazes, and expires."

We now come to see something of the man, the general, whose military history our able and experienced general from Michigan has reviewed. We know that debates like this have sometimes been heard in the British Parliament. There, I believe, the discussion was usually conducted by those in the House who had seen, and not merely heard of, service. We all know that Colonel Napier has in his several volumes reviewed the campaigns of Wellington, and criticised the movements and merits of Beresford, and Soult, and Masséna, and many others, quite—yes, I say, *quite* as well known in military history as any of us, not even excepting our general from Michigan. We respect the opinions of Napier, because we know he not only *thought* of war, but that he *fought* too. We respect and admire that combination of military skill with profound statesmanlike views which we find in Cæsar's "Commentaries," because we know the "mighty Julius" was a soldier, trained in the field and inured to the accidents and dangers of war. But, sir, we generals of Congress require no such painful discipline to give value to our opinions. We men of the nineteenth century know all things instinctively. We understand perfectly the military art by nature. Yes, sir, the notions of the gentleman from Michigan agree exactly with a sage by the name of "Dogberry," who insisted "that reading and writing come by nature." Mr. Speaker,

we have heard and read enough of the "advance of knowledge, the improvement of the species, and the great march of mind," but never till now have we understood the extent of meaning in these pregnant phrases. For instance, the gentleman from Michigan asserts that General Harrison had none of the qualities of a general because at the battle of Tippecanoe he was found at one time at a distance from his tent, urging his men to battle. He exposed his person too much, it seems. He should have stayed at his tent and waited for the officers to come to him for orders. Well, sir, see now to what conclusion this leads us. Napoleon seized a standard at Lodi and rushed in front of his columns across a narrow bridge which was swept by a whole park of German artillery. Hence Napoleon was no officer: he did not know how to command an army. He, like Harrison, exposed his person too much. Oh, Mr. Speaker, what a pity for poor Napoleon that he had not studied Steuben, and slaughtered watermelons, with us natural-born generals of this great age of the world! Sir, it might have altered the map of Europe, nay, changed the destinies of the world!

Something was said by the gentleman from Michigan about the encampment at Tippecanoe. If I understood him rightly, he condemned it as injudicious because it had a river on one side and a morass on another. Now, Mr. Speaker, I shall give no opinion on the question thus stated; but it just now occurs to me that this very subject, which I think in the military vocabulary is called castrametation, admits of some serious inquiry bearing upon the criticism under consideration. In almost all scientific research we find that what is now reduced to system and arises to the dignity of science was at first the product of some casualty, which, falling under the notice of some reflecting mind, gave rise to surprising results. The acci-

dental falling of an apple developed the great law of gravitation. I am sure I have somewhere seen it stated that Pyrrhus, the celebrated King of Epirus, who is allowed by all authority to have been the first general of his time, first learned to fortify his camp by having a river in his rear and a morass on his flank; and this was first suggested to him by seeing a wild boar, when hunted to desperation, back himself against a tree or rock, that he might fight his pursuers without danger of his being assailed in the rear. Now, sir, if I comprehend the gentleman from Michigan, he has against him on his point not only the celebrated King of Epirus, but also the wild boar, who, it seems, was the tutor of Pyrrhus in the art of castrametation. Here, then, are two approved authorities, one of whom Nature taught the art of war, as she kindly did us colonels, and the other that renowned hero of Epirus who gave the Romans so much trouble in his time. These authorities are over two thousand years old, and, as far as I know, unquestioned till the gentleman from Michigan attacked them yesterday. Here, again, I ask, who shall decide? Pyrrhus and the boar on one side, and the gentleman from Michigan on the other. Sir, I decline jurisdiction on the question, and leave the two hundred and forty colonels of this House to settle the contest. "*Non nostrum tantas componere lites.*"

THE PUN-FIEND.

WILLIAM WIRT HOWE.

[The following selection is from "The Pasha Papers" of William Wirt Howe (born in 1833). The work named purports to consist of letters sent by Mohammed Pasha, rear-admiral of the Turkish navy,

from New York to a friend at home, giving his impressions of life and manners in the land of the Yankee. It contains also letters purporting to have been received from Americans, of which we give one written to the assumed translator of the work, by a suffering victim of a disease which afflicts many modern families, and is as difficult to cure as that equally pestilent evil, the practical joke. His despair must find an echo in many souls, who have, like him, been subjected to the slow agony of the reiterated pun.]

To the Chief Justice of Glenwood.

SUBLIME SIR,—

In some collection of Modern Poetry I remember to have met with these elegant lines:

"When punsters stoop to verbal folly,
And find at last it doesn't pay,
Their puns are not so very jolly,
And rather grim and grave than gay.

"What can the wretched beings do
In our esteem to set them high up,
But straight renounce their verbal lusts
And most considerately—dry up?"

I think that there is more truth in these stanzas than is to be found in every scrap of modern poetry.

What can be more destructive of the higher forms of conversation than a pun? What right has any one to explode a petard in the midst of sweet sociality and blow everything like sequence and sentiment sky-high? And therefore, since you, as translator of the Pasha's Letters, have taken pains to publish his observations on many social subjects, I think it eminently proper that you should ventilate the ideas of his friend Tompkins upon a not less important theme.

Happily, I have been saved the trouble of original com-

position by a discovery made by my landlady while I was boarding a year ago on St. John's Park. Mr. Green, our attic boarder, went off suddenly one day to see a friend in the country, as he said. Of course our landlady searched his room, with a view of reading his letters; and in a brown hair trunk, with a boot-jack, a razor-strop, a box of Seidlitz powders, and an odd volume of Young's "Night Thoughts," she found the following manuscript. The females of the house were satisfied with reading such letters as were left by Mr. Green in his apartment, and so this paper was handed over to me. I may say that it was marked with pencil, "Declined with Thanks."

"THE PUN-FIEND.

"BY C. GREEN.

"I used to be corpulent, rosy-cheeked, and cheerful. I am gaunt, pale, and morose now. I used to sleep sweetly; but now I toss about upon my bed, terrified by hideous visions, and feelings as of a clammy hand or wet cloth laid on my face. I was wont to walk about our streets after business hours, and on Sundays, with a genuine smile of enjoyment lighting up my face; but now I hurry along with my eyes cast down, and I seek by-ways and dark lanes for my rambles. My friends think I am in love; persons who know me but slightly suppose me a victim to remorse,—imagine that I wear a hair shirt and macerate my flesh. They are all wrong. An old bachelor like myself has long ago buried the light of love in a tomb and set a seal upon the great stone at the door; and as for remorse, I owe no tailor anything, and do not at present blame myself for any great fault, except having once subscribed for six months to the New York *Morning Cretan*. Nevertheless, my face grows haggard, my step weary, and

even our Thursday's beef *à la mode* fails to tempt my enfeebled appetite.

"I am haunted,—haunted by a foul fiend. He meets me at six P.M. in our festive dining-room, and the fork or spoon drops from my nerveless grasp. He follows me up to the parlor, where I sometimes talk of an evening to Miss Pipkin (Miss P. is our fourth story, front), and I become silent in his presence, and Pipkin votes me a bore. He sits by my side when I am playing at whist, and I trump my partner's trick, and the dear old game becomes disgusting. He even dared once to follow me into church, but I cried, 'Avaunt!' in a tone so peremptory that he fled for a moment. He joined me, however, as soon as service was over, and walked from Tenth Street to Madison Square with his grizzly arm thrust through mine and his diabolical jeers drumming on my tympani. In dreams he perches on my breast and clutches me by the throat.

"Like the arch-fiend, he assumes many shapes. He is now a tall man, and again a short man; sometimes young and audacious, sometimes old and leering. He only once took a feminine guise: that blessed form was irksome to him. He prefers the freedom of masculinity and ineffables. He was once a book-keeper like myself; then a young attorney; then a medical student; then a bald-headed old gentleman, who seemed to blow a flageolet for a living; and lately he has taken the shape of a well-to-do president of 'The Arkansas and Arizona Sky-Rocket Transporation Company;' but through all these shifting shapes I recognize him and shudder.

"He is known as the Funny Fellow.

"Very glorious are wit and humor. I have heard many eminent lecturers discourse on the distinctions, definitions, and value of these airy good gifts. I remember being

especially edified by the skill with which Spout, the eloquent, dissected the philosophy of mirth in the same style and with the same effect that the boy in the story dissected his grandmamma's bellows to see how the wind was raised. I agree with Spout that wit and humor are glorious; that satire, pricking the balloons of conceit, vainglory, and hypocrisy, is invaluable; that a good laugh can come only from a warm heart; that the man in motley is often wiser than the judge in ermine or the priest in lawn. These qualities are goodly in literature. We all love the kindly humorist, from Chaucer to Holmes, inclusive. How genial and gentle they are, as they sit with us around the fireside, chucking us under the chins and slyly poking us in the ribs, and in the field how nobly they have charged upon humbugs and shams! They have been true knights, chivalrous, kind-hearted, brave, religious; their spears are slender, perhaps, yet sharp and elastic as the blades of Toledo; and as they have galloped up and down in the lists, gayly caparisoned and cheery, it has done our hearts good to see how they have hurled into the dust the pompous, sleepy champions of error and hypocrisy.

"So, too, consider how pleasant a thing is mirth on the stage. Who does not thank William the Great for Falstaff, and Hackett for his personation of the fat knight? Who does not chuckle over the humors of Autolycus, rogue and peddler? Who has not felt his eye glisten, as his lips smiled, when Jesse Rural has spoken? and who will not say to Ollapod, 'Thank you, good sir, I owe you one'?

"Ah me! how I used to read those jolly unctuous authors when I was young, in the old 'sitting-room' at home! The great fireplace glows before me now; its light dances on the wall; my mother's hand is on my head; my sister's eyes are beaming on her lover over in the darker corner;

there is a murmur of pleasant voices; there are quiet mirth and deep joy. I lose myself in revery when I think of these pleasures, and almost forget the Funny Fellow.

"He is pestiferous. If I were in the habit of profanity, I would let loose upon him an octagonal oath. If I were a man of muscle, it would be pleasant to get his head in chancery and bruise it. It would be a relief to serve him with subpœnas or present him long bills and demand immediate payment. Was my name providentially ordered to be Green, that he might pass verbal contumely upon it? Does he suppose that a man can live thirty-five years in this state of probation without becoming slightly calloused to a pun on his own name? Yet he continues to pun on mine as if the process were highly amusing. Then again he interrupts any little attempts at pleasing conversation with his infernal absurdities. I was speaking one day at the dinner-table of a well-known orator who had been entertaining the town, and I flatter myself that my remarks were critically just as well as deeply interesting. The wretched being interposed,—

"'Mr. Green, when you say there was too much American Eagle in the speaker's discourse, do you mean that it was a talon-ted production, and to what claws of the speech do you especially refer?'

"Miss Pipkin, who had been deeply intent on my observations, commenced to titter: what could I do but hang my head and swallow the rest of the meal in silence? If I had been possessed of a quick tongue, I would have lashed him with sarcasms, and Pipkin would have rejoiced with me in his groans. But no, I am slow of speech; and so I was bound to submit. After that he was more tyrannical than ever. He would come stealthily into my room and garrote me in a conversational way. He would seem to take me by the throat, saying, 'Why don't you laugh?

why don't you burst with merriment?' and then I would force a dismal grin, just to get rid of him.

"I said to myself, 'I will leave this selfish Sahara called the city and county of New York. I will leave its dust, dirt, carts, confusion, bulls, bears, Peter Funks, Jeremy Diddlers, and, best of all, the Funny Fellow. I will take board in some rural as well as accessible place; the mosquitoes and ague of Flushing shall refresh my frame; the cottages of Astoria, with their pleasant view of the Penitentiary, shall revive my wounded spirit; I will exile myself from my native land to the shores of Jersey; I will sit beneath the shadow of the Quarantine on Staten Island. No, I won't: I will go to Yonkers,—Yonkers that looks as though it had been built on a gentle slope and then had suffered a violent attack of earthquake; daily boats shall convey me from my ledger to my bed and board at convenient hours, so that while I post books in New York by day I may revel in breezes, moonbeams, sweet milk, and gentle influences by night. There,' said I, in a burst of excusable enthusiasm, 'I will recline beneath wide-spreading beeches and pipe upon an oaten reed. There will I listen to the soft bleating of lambs and scent the fresh breath of cows; Nature shall touch and thrill me with her gentle hand; I will see the dear flowers turn their faces up to receive the kiss of the rising sun or the benediction of the summer shower. There, too, I will meet the members of the mystic P. B., so that I shall talk of books other than day-books and blotters: we will discourse reverently of authors and their creations. I will not meet the Funny Fellow, for such a wretch can be produced only in the corrupt social hot-bed of Gotham.'

"So to Yonkers I went. I chose a room looking out upon the Hudson and the noble Palisades. I took with me a flute, a copy of the Bucolics of Virgil, and numerous

linen garments. A great calm came over me. I was no longer haunted, goaded, oppressed. With peace nestling in my bosom, I went down to my first supper in the new boarding-house. A goodly meal smoked on the table, and the savor of baked shad, sweetest of smells, went up. While I sat choking myself with the bones of this delicious fish, I heard a voice on the opposite side of the table that sent the blood to my heart. If I had been feminine, there would have been a scene.

"He was there: his eyes gloated over the board, a malicious quirk sat astride his fat lips. The Funny Fellow spoke to Miss Grasscloth:

"'Why are the fishermen who catch these shad like wig-makers?'

"'I don't know.'

"'Because they make their living from bare poles.'

"I ate no more supper. A nausea supervened. I left the table, rushed into the cool evening air, and let the fresh breeze visit my faded cheek. I strolled up the main street of Yonkers, and as I crushed my toes against the stones which then adorned that highway I resolved to call on my sweet friend Julia ——. 'Her gentle smile,' said I, 'will console me. She is not a Funny Fellow. We will talk together calmly, earnestly, in the moonlight, close by the great river. I will sit as near to her as her fashionable garments will permit, and forget my foe.'

"We walked together,—Julia and I. We talked of things good and true. We spoke of the beauty of the nocturnal scene. Alas! a fearful, a demoniac change came over the girl's face. She said,—

"'Yes, my friend, we ought to enjoy this scene; for we are fine-night beings.'

"I bid a hasty farewell to the large eyes and gentle

smile. She was not much offended at my abrupt and angry departure, for my salary is small, my hair is turning gray, and I do not dance. But I was not entirely discouraged. I resolved to give Yonkers a fair trial, and a true verdict to render according to the evidence. So I frequented the tea-parties and sociables so common in that wretched town, and strove to shake off the melancholy that clung to me like the Old Man of the Sea. To my horror, the Funny Fellow became multiplied like the reflections in a shivered mirror. Men and women, and even young innocent children, became Funny, and danced about me in a horrible maze, and squeaked, and gibbered, and tossed their jokes in my face. In one week I made five mortal enemies by refusing to smile when their tormenting squibs were exploded in my eyes. I felt like a rustic pony who comes in his simple way into town on the Fourth of July and has Chinese crackers and fiery serpents cast under his heels. One evening, in particular, they asked me to play the game of Comparisons (a proverbially odious game, that could exist only in an effete and degenerate civilization), in which the entire company tried to see how Funny they could be; and, because I made stupid answers, I was laughed at by the young ladies.

"I became disgusted with Yonkers, and returned to my intramural boarding-house in St. John's Park. The sidewalk near the house was in a dilapidated state, through the carelessness of the contractor, who had stipulated to pave it properly, but had not paved it at all, except with good intentions. And therefore, as I came along, I first besmeared my boots with mud, then tripped my toes against a pile of bricks, and finally fell headlong into the gutter. As I rose up and denounced, in somewhat loud language, the idleness and inefficiency of the contractor who had the work in charge, the Funny Fellow stood be-

fore me, his eyes glaring with triumph. He spoke in reply to my denunciations:

"'My dear Green, do not call the contractor lazy and inefficient. I am sure that his is an energy that never FLAGS!'

"I rushed to the room where I am now seated. There is but one hope left me.

"In the Territory of Nebraska, far to the west thereof, lies a tract of land which the early French trappers, with shrewd fitness, called the 'Mauvaises Terres.' It is a region of rocks, petrifactions, and other pre-Adamite peculiarities. In a paper written by Dr. Leidy, of Philadelphia, and published by the Smithsonian Institute, we are assured that there once lived in these bad lands turtles six feet square, and alligators compared with which the present squatter sovereigns of the territory are lovely and refined. The fossil remains of these ancient inhabitants still encumber the earth of that region, and make it unpleasant to view with an agricultural eye; but here and there the general desolation is relieved by a fertile valley, with a running brook and green slopes. White men, whiskey, and Funny Fellows have not yet penetrated there. I will go to this sanctuary. A snug cabin will contain my necessary household,—to wit, twelve shirts and a Bible. I will plant my corn and tobacco and vines on the fertile slope that looks to the south; my cattle and sheep shall browse the rest of the valley, while a few agile goats shall stand in picturesque positions upon the rocky monsters described by Dr. Leidy. My guests shall be the brave and wise red men who never try to make bad jokes. I do not think they ever try to be Funny; but, to make assurance doubly sure, I shall not learn their language, so that any melancholy attempts they may possibly make will fall upon unappreciative ears. By day I will cultivate my

crops and tend my flocks and herds, and in the long evenings smoke the calumet with the worthy aborigines. If I should find there some dusky maiden, like Palmer's Indian girl, who has no idea of puns, polkas, crinoline, or eligible matches, I will woo her in savage hyperbole, and she shall light my pipe with her slender fingers, and beat for me the tom-tom when I am sad. I will live in a calm and conscientious way; the Funny Fellow shall become like the dim recollection of some horrible dream, and——"

Mr. Green seems not to have finished his interesting reflections, and I shall not attempt to complete them. As well might I try to finish the cathedral at Cologne. But I heartily sympathize with the feelings he has expressed, and trust that his new home in the West will never be invaded by conversational garroters.

Sincerely your friend,

TOMPKINS.

THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN'S WATER-LOTS.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

[George P. Morris, born at Philadelphia in 1802, was in his day noted as a song-writer; and some of his songs, particularly "Woodman, Spare that Tree," are still full of vitality. In conjunction with Willis, he edited "The Prose and Poetry of Europe and America," and joined with him in founding the *Home Journal*. From his prose sketches we select the following, which recalls Dickens's description of a more western "Eden."]

How much real comfort every one might enjoy if he would be contented with the lot in which heaven has cast him, and how much trouble would be avoided if people

would only "let well alone"! A moderate independence, quietly and honestly procured, is certainly everyway preferable even to immense possessions achieved by the wear and tear of mind and body so necessary to procure them. Yet there are very few individuals, let them be doing ever so well in the world, who are not always straining every nerve to do better; and this is one of the many causes why failures in business so frequently occur among us. The present generation seem unwilling to "realize" by slow and sure degrees, but choose rather to set their whole hopes upon a single cast, which either makes or mars them forever.

Gentle reader, do you remember Monsieur Poopoo? He used to keep a small toy-store in Chatham near the corner of Pearl Street. You *must* recollect him, of course. He lived there for many years, and was one of the most polite and accommodating of shopkeepers. When a juvenile, you have bought tops and marbles of him a thousand times,—to be sure you have,—and seen his vinegar visage lighted up with a smile as you flung him the coppers; and you have laughed at his little straight queue and his dimity breeches, and all the other oddities that made up the every-day apparel of my little Frenchman. Ah, I perceive you recollect him now.

Well, then, there lived Monsieur Poopoo ever since he came from "dear, delightful Paris," as he was wont to call the city of his nativity; there he took in the pennies for his kickshaws; there he laid aside five thousand dollars against a rainy day; there he was as happy as a lark; and there, in all human probability, he would have been to this very day, a respected and substantial citizen, had he been willing to "let well alone." But Monsieur Poopoo had heard strange stories about the prodigious rise in real estate; and, having understood that most of his neighbors had become suddenly rich by speculating in lots, he in-

stantly grew dissatisfied with his own lot, forthwith determined to shut up shop, turn everything into cash, and set about making money in right down earnest. No sooner said than done; and our quondam storekeeper a few days afterwards attended an extensive sale of real estate at the Merchants' Exchange.

There was the auctioneer, with his beautiful and inviting lithographic maps, all the lots as smooth and square and enticingly laid out as possible, and there were the speculators, and there, in the midst of them, stood Monsieur Poopoo.

"Here they are, gentlemen," said he of the hammer, "the most valuable lots ever offered for sale. Give me a bid for them."

"One hundred each," said a by-stander.

"One hundred!" said the auctioneer; "scarcely enough to pay for the maps. One hundred—going—and fifty—gone! Mr. H., they are yours. A noble purchase. You'll sell those same lots in less than a fortnight for fifty thousand dollars profit!"

Monsieur Poopoo pricked up his ears at this, and was lost in astonishment. This was a much easier way, certainly, of accumulating riches than selling toys in Chatham Street, and he determined to buy and mend his fortune without delay.

The auctioneer proceeded in his sale. Other parcels were offered and disposed of, and all the purchasers were promised immense advantages for their enterprise. At last came a more valuable parcel than all the rest. The company pressed around the stand, and Monsieur Poopoo did the same.

"I now offer you, gentlemen, these magnificent lots, delightfully situated on Long Island, with valuable water-privileges. Property in fee, title indisputable; terms of

sale, cash; deeds ready for delivery immediately after the sale. How much for them? Give them a start at something. How much?" The auctioneer looked around; there were no bidders. At last he caught the eye of Monsieur Poopoo. "Did you say one hundred, sir? Beautiful lots,—valuable water-privileges: shall I say one hundred for you?"

"*Oui, monsieur;* I will give you one hundred dollars apiece for de lot vid de valuarble vatare-privalege; *c'est ça.*"

"Only one hundred apiece for these sixty valuable lots,—only one hundred: going,—going,—going,—gone!"

Monsieur Poopoo was the fortunate possessor. The auctioneer congratulated him, the sale closed, and the company dispersed.

"*Pardonnez-moi, monsieur,*" said Poopoo, as the auctioneer descended from his pedestal, "you shall *excusez moi* if I shall go to *votre bureau*, your counting-house, ver quick to make everyting sure vid respec to de lot vid de valuarble vatare-privalege. Von leetle bird in de hand he vorth two in de tree, *c'est vrai*—eh?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Veli, den, *allons.*"

And the gentlemen repaired to the counting-house, where the six thousand dollars were paid, and the deeds of the property delivered. Monsieur Poopoo put these carefully in his pocket, and, as he was about taking his leave, the auctioneer made him a present of the lithographic outline of the lots,—which was a very liberal thing on his part, considering the map was a beautiful specimen of that glorious art. Poopoo could not admire it sufficiently. There were his sixty lots as uniform as possible, and his little gray eyes sparkled like diamonds as they wandered from one end of the spacious sheet to the other.

Poopoo's heart was as light as a feather, and he snapped

his fingers in the very wantonness of joy as he repaired to Delmonico's and ordered the first good French dinner that had gladdened his palate since his arrival in America.

After having discussed his repast, and washed it down with a bottle of choice old claret, he resolved upon a visit to Long Island to view his purchase. He consequently immediately hired a horse and gig, crossed the Brooklyn ferry, and drove along the margin of the river to the Wallabout, the location in question.

Our friend, however, was not a little perplexed to find his property. Everything on the map was as fair and even as possible, while all the grounds about him were as undulated as they could well be imagined, and there was an elbow of the East River thrusting itself quite into the ribs of the land, which seemed to have no business there. This puzzled the Frenchman exceedingly; and, being a stranger in those parts, he called to a farmer in an adjacent field.

"*Mon ami*, are you acquaint vid dis part of de country —eh?"

"Yes; I was born here, and know every inch of it."

"Ah, *c'est bien*, dat vill do." And the Frenchman got out of the gig, tied the horse, and produced his lithographic map.

"Den maybe you vill have de kindness to show me de sixty lot vich I have bought, vid de valuarble vatare-privalege?"

The farmer glanced his eye over the paper:

"Yes, sir, with pleasure; if you will be good enough to *get into my boat I will row you out to them.*"

"Vat dat you say, sare?"

"My friend," said the farmer, "this section of Long Island has recently been bought up by the speculators of

New York and laid out for a great city; but the principal street is only visible *at low tide.* When this part of the East River is filled up, it will be just there. Your lots, as you will perceive, are beyond it, *and are now all under water.*"

At first the Frenchman was incredulous. He could not believe his senses. As the facts, however, gradually broke upon him, he shut one eye, squinted obliquely at the heavens, the river, the farmer, and then he turned away and squinted at them all over again! There was his purchase, sure enough; but then it could not be perceived, for there was a river flowing over it! He drew a box from his waistcoat-pocket, opened it, with an emphatic knock upon the lid, took a pinch of snuff, and restored it to his waistcoat-pocket as before. Poopoo was evidently in trouble, having "thoughts which often lie too deep for tears;" and, as his grief was also too big for words, he untied his horse, jumped into his gig, and returned to the auctioneer in hot haste.

It was near night when he arrived at the auction-room, his horse in a foam and himself in a fury. The auctioneer was leaning back in his chair, with his legs stuck out of a low window, quietly smoking his cigar after the labors of the day, and humming the music from the last new opera.

"Monsieur, I have much plaisir to fin' you *chez vouz*, at home."

"Ah, Poopoo! glad to see you. Take a seat, old boy."

"But I shall not take de seat, sare."

"No? Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, *beaucoup* de matter. I have been to see de grau' lot vot you sell me to-day."

"Well, sir, I hope you like your purchase?"

"No, monsieur, I no like him."

"I'm sorry for it; but there is no ground for your complaint."

"No, sare; dare is no *ground* at all: de ground is all vatare!"

"You joke."

"I no joke. I nevare joke; *je n'entends pas la raillerie.* Sare, *voulez-vous* have de kindness to give me back de money vot I pay?"

"Certainly not."

"Den will you be so good as to take de East River off de top of my lot?"

"That's your business, sir, not mine."

"Den, I make von *mauvaise affaire,*—von gran' mistake!"

"I hope not. I don't think you have thrown your money away in the *land.*"

"No, sare; but I tro it away in de *vatare!*"

"That's not my fault."

"Yes, sare, but it is your fault. You're von ver' gran' rascal to swindle me out of *de l'argent.*"

"Halloo, old Poopoo, you grow personal; and if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, you must go out of my counting-room."

"Vare shall I go to, eh?"

"To the devil, for aught I care, you foolish old Frenchman!" said the auctioneer, waxing warm.

"But, sare, I vill not go to de devil to oblige you!" replied the Frenchman, waxing warmer. "You sheat me out of all de dollar vot I make in Shathame Street; but I vill not go to de devil for all dat. I vish you may go to de devil yourself, you dem Yankee-doo-dell, and I vill go and drown myself, *toute de suite,* right avay."

"You couldn't make a better use of your water-privileges, old boy!"

"Ah, *misericorde!* Ah, *mon Dieu, je suis abîmé.* I am

ruin! I am done up! I am break all into ten sousan' leetle pieces! I am von lame duck, and I shall vaddle across de gran' ocean for Paris, vish is de only valuarble vatare-privilege dat is left me *à present!*"

Poor Poopoo was as good as his word. He sailed in the next packet, and arrived in Paris almost as penniless as the day he left it.

Should any one feel disposed to doubt the veritable circumstances here recorded, let him cross the East River to the Wallabout, and farmer J—— will *row him out* to the very place where the poor Frenchman's lots still remain *under water.*

A MONODY.

MADE ON THE LATE MR. SAMUEL PATCH, BY AN ADMIRER OF THE BATHOS.

ROBERT C. SANDS.

[The author of the following poem was a distinguished journalist and *littérateur* of New York, born at Flatbush, Long Island, in 1799. He was associated with the poet Bryant and G. C. Verplanck in the publication of "The Talisman," a literary annual of high character. He was editor of the *Atlantic Magazine*, wrote several biographical works, and died in 1832. Sam Patch, the hero of the poem, had made himself famous by his daring leaps, one of them being into the Niagara. His last and fatal leap was at Genesee Falls, where too much whiskey in advance had unfitted him for the perilous venture.]

"By water he shall die, and take his end."—SHAKESPEARE.

TOLL for Sam Patch!—Sam Patch, who jumps no more,
This or the world to come. Sam Patch is dead!
The vulgar pathway to the unknown shore
Of dark futurity he would not tread.

No friends stood sorrowing round his dying bed,
Nor, with decorous woe, sedately stepped
Behind his corpse and tears by retail shed:
The mighty river, as it onward swept,
In one great wholesale sob his body drowned and kept.

Toll for Sam Patch! he scorned the common way
That leads to fame, up heights of rough ascent,
And, having heard Pope and Longinus say
That some great men had risen by falls, he went
And jumped, where wild Passaic's waves had rent
The antique rocks: the air free passage gave,
And graciously the liquid element
Upbore him, like some sea-god on its wave;
And all the people said that Sam was very brave.

Fame, the clear spirit that doth to heaven upraise,
Led Sam to dive into what Byron calls
The hell of waters. For the sake of praise,
He wooed the bathos down great water-falls;
The dizzy precipice, which the eye appalls
Of travellers for pleasure, Samuel found
Pleasant, as are to women lighted halls
Crammed full of fools and fiddles; to the sound
Of the eternal roar he timed his desperate bound.

Sam was a fool. But the large world of such
Has thousands, better taught, alike absurd,
And less sublime. Of fame he soon got much.
Where distant cataracts spout, of him men heard.
Alas for Sam! Had he aright preferred
The kindly element to which he gave
Himself so fearlessly, we had not heard

That it was now his winding-sheet and grave,
Nor sung, 'twixt tears and smiles, our requiem for the brave.

He soon got drunk, with rum and with renown,
As many others in high places do,—
Whose fall is like Sam's last, for, down and down
By one mad impulse driven, they flounder through
The gulf that keeps the future from our view,
And then are found not. May they rest in peace!
We heave the sigh to human frailty due.
And shall not Sam have his? The muse shall cease
To keep the heroic roll, which she began in Greece,

With demi-gods, who went to the Black Sea
For wool (and, if the best accounts be straight,
Came back, in negro phraseology,
With the same wool each had upon his pate),
In which she chronicled the deathless fate
Of him who jumped into the perilous ditch
Left by Rome's street commissioners in a state
Which made it dangerous, and by jumping which
He made himself renowned, and the contractors rich,—

I say, the muse shall quite forget to sound
The chord whose music is undying, if
She do not strike it when Sam Patch is drowned.
Leander died for love; Leucadia's cliff
The Lesbian Sappho leapt from in a miff,
To punish Phaon; Icarus went dead
Because the wax did not continue stiff;
And, had he minded what his father said,
He had not given a name unto his watery bed.

And Helle's case was all an accident,
As everybody knows. Why sing of these?
Nor would I rank with Sam that man who went
Down into Ætna's womb,—Empedocles
I think he called himself. Themselves to please,
Or else unwillingly, they made their springs;
For glory in the abstract Sam made his,
To prove to all men, commons, lords, and kings,
That "some things may be done, as well as other things."

I will not be fatigued, by citing more
Who jumped of old, by hazard or design,
Nor plague the weary ghosts of boyish lore,
Vulcan, Apollo, Phaeton,—in fine,
All Tooke's Pantheon. Yet they grew divine
By their long tumbles; and if we can match
Their hierarchy, shall we not entwine
One wreath? Who ever came "up to the scratch,"
And, for so little, jumped so bravely as Sam Patch?

To long conclusions many men have jumped
In logic, and the safer course they took;
By any other, they would have been stumped,
Unable to argue, or to quote a book,
And quite dumfounded, which they cannot brook;
They break no bones, and suffer no contusion,
Hiding their woful fall, by hook and crook,
In slang and gibberish, sputtering and confusion;
But that was not the way Sam came to *his* conclusion.

He jumped in person. Death or Victory
Was his device, "and there was no mistake,"

Except his last; and then he did but die,—
A blunder which the wisest men will make.
Aloft, where mighty floods the mountains break,
To stand, the target of ten thousand eyes,
And down into the coil and water-quake
To leap, like Maia's offspring, from the skies,—
For this all vulgar flights he ventured to despise.

And while Niagara prolongs its thunder—
Though still the rock primeval disappears,
And nations change their bounds—the theme of wonder
Shall Sam go down the cataract of long years;
And, if there be sublimity in tears,
Those shall be precious which the adventurer shed
When his frail star gave way, and waked his fears
Lest by the ungenerous crowd it might be said
That he was all a hoax, or that his pluck had fled.

Who would compare the maudlin Alexander,
Blubbering because he had no job in hand,
Acting the hypocrite, or else the gander,
With Sam, whose grief we all can understand?
His crying was not womanish, nor planned
For exhibition, but his heart o'erswelled
With its own agony, when he the grand
Natural arrangements for a jump beheld,
And, measuring the cascade, found not his courage quelled.

His last great failure set the final seal
Unto the record Time shall never tear
While bravery has its honor,—while men feel
The holy natural sympathies which are
First, last, and mightiest in the bosom. Where

The tortured tides of Genesee descend,
He came,—his only intimate a bear
(We know not that he had another friend),—
The martyr of renown, his wayward course to end.

The fiend that from the infernal rivers stole
Hell-draughts for man, too much tormented him,
With nerves unstrung, but steadfast in his soul,
He stood upon the salient current's brim;
His head was giddy, and his sight was dim;
And then he knew this leap would be his last,—
Saw air, and earth, and water, wildly swim,
With eyes of many multitudes, dense and vast,
That stared in mockery; none a look of kindness cast.

Beat down, in the huge amphitheatre,
"I see before me the gladiator lie,"
And, tier on tier, the myriads waiting there
The bow of grace, without one pitying eye.
He was a slave,—a captive hired to die;
Sam was born free as Cæsar; and he might
The hopeless issue have refused to try:
No! with true leap, but soon with faltering flight,
"Deep in the roaring gulf he plunged to endless night."

But, ere he leaped, he begged of those who made
Money by his dread venture, that, if he
Should perish, such collection should be paid
As might be picked up from the "company"
To his mother. This, his last request, shall be—
Though she who bore him ne'er his fate should know—
An iris, glittering o'er his memory,
When all the streams have worn their barriers low,
And, by the sea drunk up, forever cease to flow.

On him who chooses to jump down cataracts,
Why should the sternest moralist be severe?
Judge not the dead by prejudice, but facts,
Such as in strictest evidence appear.
Else were the laurels of all ages sere.
Give to the brave, who have passed the final goal,—
The gates that ope not back,—the generous tear;
And let the muse's clerk upon her scroll
In coarse but honest verse make up the judgment-roll.

Therefore it is considered that Sam Patch
Shall never be forgot in prose or rhyme;
His name shall be a portion in the batch
Of the heroic dough which baking Time
Kneads for consuming ages; and the chime
Of Fame's old bells, long as they truly ring,
Shall tell of him: he dived for the sublime,
And found it. Thou who with the eagle's wing,
Being a goose, wouldst fly, dream not of such a thing!

JONES'S FIGHT.

A STORY OF KENTUCKY.

HAMILTON C. JONES.

[Hamilton C. Jones, a favorite photographer of the ways of the West of a half-century ago, is responsible for the following productions.]

COLONEL DICK JONES was decidedly the great man of the village of Summerville. He was colonel of the regiment; he had represented his district in Congress; he

had been spoken of as candidate for governor; he was at the head of the bar in Hawkins County, Kentucky, and figured otherwise largely in public life. His legal opinion and advice were highly valued by the senior part of the population; his dress and taste were law to the juniors; his easy, affable, and attentive manner charmed all the matrons; his dignified politeness captivated the young ladies, and his suavity and condescension delighted the little boarding-school misses. He possessed a universal smattering of information; his manners were the most popular,—extremely friendly and obliging, lively and witty; and, in short, he was a very agreeable companion.

Yet truth requires it to be admitted that Colonel Dick Jones was professionally more specious than deep, and that his political advancement was owing to personal partiality more than superior merit; that his taste and dress were of questionable propriety: for instance, he occasionally wore a hunting-shirt white-fringed, or a red waistcoat, or a fawn-skin one, or a calico morning-gown of a small yellow pattern, and he indulged in other similar vagaries in clothing. And in manners and deportment there was an air of harmless (true Virginian breed and Kentucky raised) self-conceit and swagger, which, though not to be admired, yet gave piquancy and individuality to his character.

If further particulars are required, I can only state that the colonel boarded at the Eagle Hotel; his office, in the square, fronted the court-house; he was a manager of all the balls; he was vice-president of the Summerville Jockey Club; he was trustee of the Female Academy; he gallanted the old ladies to church, holding his umbrella over them in the sun, and escorted the young ladies at night to the dances or parties, always bringing out the smallest ones. He rode a high-headed, proud-looking sorrel horse, with a streak

down his face; and he was a general referee and umpire, whether it was a horse-swap, a race, a rifle-match, or a cock-fight.

It so chanced, on a time, though Colonel Jones was one of the best-natured of men, that he took umbrage at some report circulated about him in an adjoining county and one of his districts, to the effect that he had been a Federalist during the last war; and, instead of relying on the fact of his being a school-boy on Mill Creek at that time, he proclaimed, at the tavern table, that the next time he went over the mountain to court, Bill Patterson, the reputed author of the slander, should either sign a *liebill*, fight, or run.

This became narrated through the town. The case and argument of the difference was discussed among the patriarchs of the place, who generally came to the conclusion that the colonel had good cause of quarrel, as more had been said of him than an honorable man could stand. The young store-boys of the village became greatly interested, conjectured how the fight would go, and gave their opinions what they would do under similar circumstances. The young lawyers and young M.D.'s, as often as they were in the colonel's company, introduced the subject of the expected fight. On such occasions the colonel spoke carelessly and banteringly. Some good old lady spoke deprecatingly, in the general and in the particular, that so good and clever a young man as Colonel Dick should set so bad an example; and the young ladies and little misses, bless their dear little innocent souls, they only consulted their own kind hearts, and were satisfied that he must be a wicked and bad man that Colonel Jones would fight.

Spring term of the courts came on, and the lawyers all started on their circuit, and with them Colonel Jones went over the mountain. The whole town was alive to the con-

sequences of this trip, and, without much communion or understanding on the subject, most of the population either gathered at the tavern at his departure or noticed it from a distance, and he rode off, gayly saluting his acquaintances, and raising his hat to the ladies, on both sides of the street as he passed out of town.

From that time, only one subject engaged the thoughts of the good people of Summerville; and on the third day the common salutation was, "Any news from over the mountain?" "Has any one come down the road?" The fourth, fifth, and sixth came, and still the public anxiety was unappeased; it had, with the delay, become insufferable, quite agonizing; business and occupation were at a stand-still; a doctor or a constable would not ride to the country, lest news of the fight should arrive in his absence. People in crossing the square, or entering or coming out of their houses, all had their heads turned up that road. And many, though ashamed to confess it, sat up an hour or two past their usual bedtime, hoping some one would return from court. Still all was doubt and uncertainty. There is an unaccountable perversity in these things that bothers conjecture. I watched the road from Louisville two days to hear of Grey Eagle beating Wagner, on which I had one hundred dollars staked of borrowed money, and no one came; though, before that, some person passed every hour.

On the seventh morning the uneasy public were consoled by the certainty that the lawyers must be home that day, as court seldom held a week, and the universal resolve seemed to be that nothing was to be attended to until they were satisfied about the fight. Storekeepers and their clerks, saddlers, hatters, cabinet-makers, and their apprentices, all stood out at the doors. The hammer ceased to ring on the anvil, and the bar-keeper would

scarcely walk in to put away the stranger's saddle-bags, who had called for breakfast,—when suddenly a young man, that had been walking from one side of the street to the other, in a state of feverish anxiety, thought he saw dust away up the road, and stopped. I have been told a man won a wager in Philadelphia on his collecting a crowd by staring, without speaking, at an opposite chimney. So no sooner was this young man's *point* noticed, than there was a general reconnoissance of the road made, and before long doubt became certainty, when one of the company declared he knew the colonel's old sorrel riding-horse, "General Jackson," by the blaze on his face.

In the excited state of the public mind it required no ringing of the court-house bell to convene the people; those down street walked up, and those across the square came over, and all gathered gradually at the Eagle Hotel, and nearly all were present by the time Colonel Jones alighted. He had a pair of dark-green specks on, his right hand in a sling, with brown paper bound round his wrist; his left hand held the bridle, and the forefinger of it was wrapped with a linen rag "with care." One of his ears was covered with a muslin scrap that looked much like the countrywomen's plan of covering their butter when coming to market; his face was clawed all over, as if he had had it raked by a cat held fast by the tail; his head was unshorn, it being "too delicate an affair," as —— said about his wife's character. His complexion suggested an idea to a philosophical young man present, on which he wrote a treatise, dedicated to Arthur Tappan, proving that a negro was only a white well pummelled; and his general swelled appearance would induce a belief he had led the forlorn hope in the storming of a bee-hive.

The colonel's manner did not exactly proclaim "the conquering hero," but his affability was undiminished,

and he addressed them with, "Happy to see you, gents: how are you all?" and then attempted to enter the tavern; but Buck Daly arrested him with, "Why, colonel, I see you have had a skrimmage. How did you make it? You didn't come out at the little *eend* of the horn, did you?" "No, not exactly. I had a tight fit of it, though. You know Bill Patterson; he weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds, has not an ounce of superfluous flesh, is as straight as an Indian, and as active as a wild-cat, and as quick as powder, and very much of a man, I assure you. Well, my word was out to lick him: so I hardly put up my horse before I found him at the court-house door, and, to give him a white man's chance, I proposed alternatives to him. He said his daddy, long ago, told him never to give a *liebill*, and he was not good at running, so he thought he had best fight. By the time the word was fairly out, I hauled off and took him in the burr of the ear that raised a singing in his head that made him think he was in Mosquito town. At it we went, like killing snakes, so good a man, so good a boy; we had it round and round, and about and about, as dead a yoke as ever pulled at a log-chain. Judge Mitchell was on the bench, and as soon as the cry of 'fight' was raised, the bar and jury ran off and left him. He shouted, 'I command the peace,' within the court-house, and then ran out to see the fight, and cried out, 'I can't prevent you! Fair fight! Stand back!' and he caught Parson Benefield by the collar of the coat, who he thought was about to interfere, and slung him on his back at least fifteen feet.

"It was the evenest and longest fight ever fought; everybody was tired of it, and I must admit, in truth, that I was——" Here he made an effort to enter the tavern. But several voices called out, "Which whipped? How did you come out?" "Why, much as I tell you; we

had it round and round, about and about, over and under. I could throw him at wrastle, but he would manage someway to turn me. Old Sparrowhawk was there, who had seen all the best fighting at Natchez-under-the-Hill, in the days of Dad Girty and Jim Snodgrass, and he says my gouging was beautiful: one of Bill's eyes is like the mouth of an old ink-bottle, only, as the fellow said, describing the jackass by the mule, it is more so. But in fact there was no great choice between us, as you see. I look like having run into a brush fence of a dark night. So we made it round and round, and about and about." Here again he attempted a retreat into the tavern. But many voices demanded, "Who hollered?" "Which gave up?" "How did you hurt your hand?" "Oh! I forgot to tell you, that as I aimed a sockdollager at him, he ducked his head,—and he can dodge like a diedapper,—and, hitting him awkwardly, I sprained my wrist: so, being like the fellow who, when it rained mush, had no spoon, I changed the suit and made a trump, and went in for eating. In the scuffle we fell, cross and pile, and while he was chawing my finger my head was between his legs; his woollen jean britches did not taste well, but I found a bare place, where the seat had worn out, and meat in abundance; so I laid hold of a good mouthful; but the bit came out, and, finding his appetite still good for my finger, I adopted Doctor Bones the toolsmith's patent method of removing teeth without the aid of instruments, and I extracted two of his incisors, and then I could put my finger in or out at pleasure. However, I shall for one time have an excuse for wearing gloves without being thought proud." He now tried to escape under cover of a laugh. But vox populi again. "So you tanned him, did you?" "How did the fight finish?" "You were not parted?" "You fought it out, did you?" The colonel resumed: "Why

there is no telling how the fight might have gone; an old Virginian, who had seen Francesco, and Otey, and Lewis, and Blevins, and all the best men of the day, said he had never seen any one stand up to their fodder better than we did. We had fought round and round, and about and about, all over the court-yard, and at last, just to end the fight,—everybody was getting tired of it,—so, at l—a—a—st, I hollered." (*Exit Colonel.*)

COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD.

HAMILTON C. JONES.

Scene, a court of justice in North Carolina.

A beardless disciple of Themis rises, and thus addresses the court: "May it please your worships, and you, gentlemen of the jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad, I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, marked, and malicious an assault; a more wilful, violent, dangerous battery, and, finally, a more diabolical breach of the peace, has seldom happened in a civilized country; and I dare say it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Captain Rice's in this county. But you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed. One said that he heard the noise, and did not see the fight; another, that he seen the row, but didn't know who struck first; and a third, that he was very drunk, and couldn't say much about the scrimmage.

Lawyer Chops. I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occu-

pied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed upon your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, snuffy old man, a "leetle" corned, and took his oath with an air.

CHOPS. Harris, we wish you to tell about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's; and, as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious and at the same time as explicit as possibly.

HARRIS. Adzactly (*giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat*). Captain Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told Cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately; but, howsomever, as it was she, Cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mout go. Well, Cousin Sally Dilliard then axed me if Mose he moutn't go. I told Cousin Sally Dilliard that he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but, howsomever, as it was she, Cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go——

CHOPS. In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole?

WITNESS. Captain Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told Cousin Sally Dilliard——

CHOPS. Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear anything about your cousin Sally Dilliard and your wife. Tell us about the fight at Rice's.

WITNESS. Well, I will, sir, if you will let me.

CHOPS. Well, sir, go on.

WITNESS. Well, sir, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go——

CHOPS. There it is again. Witness, please to stop.

WITNESS. Well, sir, what do you want?

CHOPS. We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the court?

WITNESS. To be sure I do.

CHOPS. Well, go on and tell it, and nothing else.

WITNESS. Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat——

CHOPS. This is intolerable. May it please the court, I move that this witness be committed for a contempt: he seems to be trifling with this court.

COURT. Witness, you are now before a court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner you will be sent to jail: so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

WITNESS. [*Alarmed.*] Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dilliard——

CHOPS. I hope the witness may be ordered into custody.

COURT. [*After deliberating.*] Mr. Attorney, the court is of the opinion that we may save time by telling witness to go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

WITNESS. Yes, gentlemen. Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house, and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told Cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife she was poorly, being

as how she had the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up; but, howsomever, as it was she, Cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mout go. Well, Cousin Sally Dilliard then asked me if Mose he moutn't go. I told Cousin Sally Dilliard as how Mose he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but, howsomever, as it was she, Cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife, and Cousin Sally Dilliard, and they come to the big swamp, and it was up, as I was telling you; but, being as how there was a log across the big swamp, Cousin Sally Dilliard and Mose, like genteel folks, they walked the log; but my wife, like a darned fool, hoisted her coats and waded through. *And that's all I know about the fight.*

BRINGING UP CHILDREN.

CHARLES B. LEWIS (M. QUAD).

[We owe to the humorist of the *Detroit Free Press* the following interesting evidence of the rapid progress of education in the South. A vigorous desire for knowledge seems to have penetrated to the homes and hearth-stones of the bone and sinew of that region of our country, if we may accept as trustworthy the following description of the Nisbit educational system.]

ONE day I halted at the cabin of a North Carolinian named Nisbit, and I saw so many children around that I asked him if he was keeping school or running an orphan-asylum.

"Why, yer's only half of 'em!" he replied, in considerable surprise, and, going to the door, he uttered a long-drawn "whoopee." In three or four minutes children

began to break out of the woods and thickets and weeds and brier-patches, and when they had gathered around the door and been added to those inside I counted seventeen,—not a one less,—and the oldest was not twenty years old.

"You seem to be fond of children," I observed to the father and mother, as they stood beaming down on their progeny.

"I dote on 'em," replied the mother.

"I like 'em, and I'm kinder carryin' out an idea of my own," added the father. "Fur three ginerashuns our family has been sloppy."

"What's that?"

"A-goin' to the dogs; nothin' solid about 'em; turnin' away from eddecashun an' driftin' into whiskey and idleness. 'Deed, sah, but it hain't so very fur back that some of the Nisbits were hung by the neck for murder. Fur three ginerashuns back we haven't produced a Nisbit fitten to dodge a skunk. I'm speakin' about my pertickler line o' Nisbits. Thar may be other Nisbits who had money and brains."

"Yes, a mighty bad lot!" sighed the wife, as she held up her hands.

"Thar was my grandpap," continued the pioneer, as he accepted a plug of tobacco I advanced on the seven points of sympathy,—"thar was my grandpap. He'un might hev bin President of these Yunited Staits jist as well as not, but he was too durned lazy to vote for hisself. He was so mighty onery that dogs and cats wouldn't stay with him, an' so opposed to work that if he fell into a swamp he'd stay right thar ontil sumbody cum around to pull him out. They wanted him to be guv'ner, and sheriff, and lots of other things, but, dog-gone his picter to Davy! he jist wanted to sot and sot, and chaw and chaw, and guzzle and

guzzle, and he was too onery to die, till he was risin' to ninety."

"Yes, the pore critter!" sighed Mrs. Nisbit.

"And thar was my pap," continued the pioneer, as he lifted up one leg and got both hands over the knee,—"thar was my pap, who might hev bin the biggest lawyer or preacher in these Yunited Staits if he hadn't bin so slashin' shuckless. All he wanted to do was to sot and sot and sot, and drat his buttons if he wouldn't wait fur sumbody to pull him in out of a rain-storm! Durn him, he knowed 'nuff, but he hadn't no hustle to him."

"The pore, onery soul!" sighed Mrs. Nisbit.

"And thar's me," continued the man, as he changed knees and spit into the wood-box. "Yes, thar's me. I'm onery. I'm lazy. I'm on the squat. I'm so dog-gone shuckless and mean that b'ars won't eat me. I hain't got the ambishun to swap mewls or make moonshine whiskey. The only good thing about me is the feelin' that the name of Nisbit has been rolled in the mud and drawed through the muck till I've got ashamed of it. Yes, sah, stranger, when you stopped at the doah and axed if my name was Nisbit I war ashamed to own it."

"Yes, he'un feels that way, dog-gone him!" said the wife.

"And so you've got a scheme?" I queried.

"I hev. The name Nisbit has got to be silver-plated ag'in and perch aloft on the banner of—of—wall, she's got to roost near the top of the tree. The day has got to cum when the Nisbits kin w'ar broadcloth and plug hats, and when niggers will bow down before 'em to the dust of the airth."

"What is the scheme, if I may ask?"

"It's bringin' up them children to know suthin.' Yere, Absolam, cum yere."

Absolam was a boy of fifteen, and he toed the mark without any hesitation.

"Absolam, who was the first man?"

"Adam."

"Whar did he'un hang out?"

"Garden of Eden."

"Who killed his brother?"

"Cain."

"Who slew Goliah?"

"David."

"That'll do. Go back to that 'tater-patch an' work till I call ye. Ye see, stranger, Absolam is to be a preacher. I'm bendin' he'un's mind for it, and givin' him the ground-work. Jefferson, cum forth."

Jeff was a year younger. He came to the scratch, and was asked,—

"Who's the highest man in the Yunited Staits?"

"The President."

"How ar' Congriss composed?"

"Of Senate and House."

"Who's the highest man in No'th Carolina?"

"The Guv'ner."

"That'll do. Go an' dig roots till cribbins-time. He'un is to be a statesman, stranger, an' he's gittin' it down purty fine. Cum yere, Thomas."

Thomas was about thirteen, and had been roosting on the wood-box.

"Thomas, how many parties ar' they?"

"Two,—Democrat and Republican."

"Which ar' the hevtiest?"

"The Democrats."

"How often kin a feller vote?"

"Only once."

"What's a candidate?"

"Feller who runs for office."

"That'll do, an' you kin go to the 'tater-patch an' hoe two rows. I'm gwine to make he'un a leadin' politishun, stranger. He's climbin' like a young ba'r with a dog under the tree, an' the day is cumin' when he will make old No'th Carolina thrill. Cum yere, Peter."

Peter was of uncertain age, with rags enough for four boys of his size. He was in the wood-box, but he came out at the call, evidently anxious to show off.

"Peter, what's good fur worms?" asked the father.

"Jim-weed and 'lasses."

"What takes bile off the stomach?"

"Wild-onion tea."

"What cures fits."

"Rubbin' with hot water."

"What cures cramps?"

"Whiskey."

"And dog-gone me if I've got a drop in the house! That'll do, Peter; you go 'n' find that mewl and bring him home. I'm gwine to make a doctor of he'un, stranger. Washington, over thar, is gwine to be a lawyer. Perry will be a merchant; and so it goes on through down to that dratted towhead a-drinkin' out of the wash-dish, who has got to be a steamboat-capting, or I'll hang his hide on the fence. What d'ye think of the scheme?"

"It's good. But you have some girls here?"

"So I hev, but they've got to work in. Arthusa, thar, she's gwine to paint picters. She'un don't want to, but, drat her long feet, she's got to. Jessamine, over thar, she's gwine to write poetry. It cums nateral to her. Emily, the next, is gwine to be a school-teacher. Thar hain't one of the litter but what's got suthin' figgered out for him or her, and it's the straight line of bringin' the name of Nisbit to the front. I may not live to see the records stored

up in the escutcheons and the archives hung upon the banners of victory, but you will. It's a-brēedin'. It's a-bornin'. She's got to resurrect. Sit down to cribbin', stranger. It's only pone and bacon and barley-coffee, but she's bound to cum. Twenty years hence these yere children will welcome ye with the stuffedest turkey that rich folks kin sling on a table."

And Mrs. Nisbit asked a brief blessing, and then turned to me and said,—

"Pore critter! Hain't you got no prospects nor nuthin' ahead of ye to make ye feel happy?"

AN UNNECESSARY INVENTION.

WILLIAM L. ALDEN.

[The author of the following freakish bit of fun, William Livingston Alden (born in 1837), is well known as the founder of the "New York Canoe Club" and the introducer of "canoeing," in the modern sense, into the United States. His principal works are for the young, among them "Shooting Stars," "The Moral Pirates," "The Cruise of the Canoe Club," etc. The selection here given is from the "Comic Liar."]

FEW people have any accurate idea of the immense number of ingenious inventions that are annually patented at Washington. It is creditable to the inventors that for the most part these inventions are intended to serve some really useful end and to meet some obvious want. Nevertheless, there are inventors who appear to have more desire to display their ingenuity than to accomplish any public benefit. Such inventors are akin in spirit to those captious persons who decline to rent a room or an office unless it possesses facilities for swinging a cat, although they

have not the remotest intention of ever performing that exciting but frivolous experiment. The Patent Office contains numerous models of machines framed with the utmost skill, but intended for purposes for which no man will ever desire to employ them, or which are hostile to the best interests of the community. We may admire the ingenuity of these machines, but at the same time we must regret that the inventors have wasted or perverted their abilities.

It is to this latter class of inventions that the recently-patented "Smith Rolling and Crushing Machine" undoubtedly belongs,—unless, indeed, the nature and object of the invention have been grossly misrepresented. As its name implies, it is obviously intended for diminishing the number of Smiths. It is understood that it consists of a series of heavy rollers resembling those by which iron plates are rolled, and also of a pair of gigantic grindstones of novel pattern and enormous power, the whole being set in motion by a twelve-horse-power engine. Its method of operation is at once simple and effective. The operator takes a Smith of any size, and, adjusting the gearing of the rollers to the exact width to which it is desired to roll the Smith, gently inserts his head between the rollers. The machine is then set in motion, and in the brief space of fifty-eight seconds the Smith is rolled to any desirable degree of thinness. If a Smith is to be crushed, he is placed in a hopper communicating with the grindstones, and after a rapid trituration, varying from two minutes to five minutes, according to the size and toughness of the Smith, he is reduced to a fine and evenly-ground powder, in which such foreign substances as buttons or shirt-studs can be detected only by the most delicate chemical tests. The inventor, so it is said, claims that by a very simple mechanical attachment the machine can be made

to roll or crush Smythes and Schmidts with equal efficiency, and he is confident that the general principle underlying his invention can he applied to Brown-crushing or Robinson-rolling machines.

Now, we may fully appreciate the ingenuity displayed in the conception of the Smith roller and crusher, and the skill with which that conception has been embodied in iron and grindstones. A grave objection, however, can be urged against the invention, and that is that there is no evidence of any existing demand for such a machine. That there is a large quantity of Smiths, not to speak of Smythes and Schmidts, in this country is undeniable. There is, however, no proof that the volume of Smiths is more than commensurate with the necessities of business. It may be conceded that at certain times and in certain limited localities there is an excess of Smiths. A plethora of Smiths in one place, however, implies a corresponding paucity of Smiths in another, and the difficulty soon regulates itself. It may be confidently asserted that the great law of supply and demand can be trusted to preserve the balance of Smiths from any serious disturbance. Hence it is sufficiently plain that there is no need of a sudden contraction of the volume of Smiths, and that the Smith roller and crusher is wholly superfluous.

There is still another objection to the machine, which is at least as serious as that already suggested. No one will deny that were it desired to contract the volume of Smiths by a certain definite number, every week or month, the Smith roller and crusher would accomplish that end with thoroughness and success. A Smith when once rolled to the uniform thinness of a quarter of an inch, or crushed to the fineness of ground coffee, would be of no further use as a Smith. But why employ costly machinery to roll and crush Smiths, when they could be retired with

equal efficiency in a dozen different and less expensive ways? The inventor has as yet made no suggestion as to the possible uses to which a rolled Smith might be put; neither has he proposed any plan for the utilization of crushed Smiths. On the other hand, it is perfectly evident that one result of his process would be the financial ruin of the coffin-makers, who, as is well known, regard the Smiths as their most valuable clients. The more closely the invention is studied, the more plainly is it seen that it meets no real want, and that it proposes to do, in an elaborate and costly way, what might be done more simply and cheaply. It is an unpleasant task to say to an ingenious inventor, "You have wasted your labor and have produced what is, at best, only a curious scientific toy." This, however, must be the universal verdict upon the Smith roller and crusher. The rich and idle amateur of science may occasionally amuse himself by rolling or crushing Smiths in his private laboratory or workshop, but it is folly to suppose that the machine will ever come into general use, or that the inventor or the public will ever reap any decided benefit from it.

A PIECE OF RED CALICO.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

[Francis Richard Stockton was born at Philadelphia in 1834. He began life as an engraver, but soon became known as a humorous writer, and has for many years devoted himself entirely to literature, in which he has displayed a remarkable ability in devising odd situations and drawing amusing characters. He is perhaps best known by his "Rudder Grange" and "The Lady, or the Tiger?" but has issued

numerous other works, among which not the least entertaining are his oddly-conceived fairy-stories. We give a selection in which many a lady shopper will find her experience repeated.]

MR. EDITOR,—If the following true experience shall prove of any advantage to any of your readers, I shall be glad.

I was going into town the other morning, when my wife handed me a little piece of red calico, and asked me if I would have time during the day to buy her two yards and a half of calico like that. I assured her that it would be no trouble at all; and, putting the piece of calico in my pocket, I took the train for the city.

At lunch-time I stopped in at a large dry-goods store to attend to my wife's commission. I saw a well-dressed man walking the floor between the counters, where long lines of girls were waiting on much longer lines of customers, and asked him where I could see some red calico.

"This way, sir." And he led me up the store. "Miss Stone," said he to a young lady, "show this gentleman some red calico."

"What shade do you want?" asked Miss Stone.

I showed her the little piece of calico that my wife had given me. She looked at it and handed it back to me. Then she took down a great roll of red calico and spread it out on the counter.

"Why, that isn't the shade!" said I.

"No, not exactly," said she; "but it is prettier than your sample."

"That may be," said I; "but, you see, I want to match this piece. There is something already made of this kind of calico, which needs to be made larger, or mended, or something. I want some calico of the same shade."

The girl made no answer, but took down another roll.

"That's the shade," said she.

"Yes," I replied, "but it's striped."

"Stripes are more worn than anything else in calicoes," said she.

"Yes; but this isn't to be worn. It's for furniture, I think. At any rate, I want perfectly plain stuff, to match something already in use."

"Well, I don't think you can find it perfectly plain, unless you get Turkey-red."

"What is Turkey-red?" I asked.

"Turkey-red is perfectly plain in calicoes," she answered.

"Well, let me see some."

"We haven't any Turkey-red calico left," she said, "but we have some very nice plain calicoes in other colors."

"I don't want any other color. I want stuff to match this."

"It's hard to match cheap calico like that," she said, and so I left her.

I next went into a store a few doors farther up Broadway. When I entered I approached the "floor-walker," and, handing him my sample, said,—

"Have you any calico like this?"

"Yes, sir," said he. "Third counter to the right."

I went to the third counter to the right, and showed my sample to the salesman in attendance there. He looked at it on both sides. Then he said,—

"We haven't any of this."

"That gentleman said you had," said I.

"We had it, but we're out of it now. You'll get that goods at an upholsterer's."

I went across the street to an upholsterer's.

"Have you any stuff like this?" I asked.

"No," said the salesman, "we haven't. Is it for furniture?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then Turkey-red is what you want."

"Is Turkey-red just like this?" I asked.

"No," said he; "but it's much better."

"That makes no difference to me," I replied. "I want something just like this."

"But they don't use that for furniture," he said.

"I should think people could use anything they wanted for furniture," I remarked, somewhat sharply.

"They can, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like that. They use Turkey-red."

I said no more, but left. The next place I visited was a very large dry-goods store. Of the first salesman I saw I inquired if they kept red calico like my sample.

"You'll find that on the second story," said he.

I went up-stairs. There I asked a man,—

"Where will I find red calico?"

"In the far room to the left. Right over there." And he pointed to a distant corner.

I walked through the crowds of purchasers and salespeople, and around the counters and tables filled with goods, to the far room to the left. When I got there I asked for red calico.

"The second counter down this side," said the man.

I went there and produced my sample. "Calicoes down-stairs," said the man.

"They told me they were up here," I said.

"Not these plain goods. You'll find 'em down-stairs at the back of the store, over on that side."

I went down-stairs to the back of the store.

"Where will I find red calico like this?" I asked.

"Next counter but one," said the man addressed, walking with me in the direction pointed out.

"Dunn, show red calicoes."

Mr. Dunn took my sample and looked at it.

"We haven't this shade in that quality of goods," he said.

"Well, have you it in any quality of goods?" I asked.

"Yes; we've got it finer." And he took down a piece of calico and unrolled a yard or two of it on the counter.

"That's not this shade," I said.

"No," said he. "The goods is finer and the color's better."

"I want it to match this," I said.

"I thought you weren't particular about the match," said the salesman. "You said you didn't care for the quality of the goods; and you know you can't match goods without you take into consideration quality and color both. If you want that quality of goods in red, you ought to get Turkey-red."

I did not think it necessary to answer this remark, but said,—

"Then you've got nothing to match this?"

"No, sir. But perhaps they may have it in the upholstery department, in the sixth story."

So I got in the elevator and went up to the top of the house.

"Have you any red stuff like this?" I said to a young man.

"Red stuff? Upholstery department,—other end of this floor."

I went to the other end of the floor.

"I want some red calico," I said to a man.

"Furniture goods?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"Fourth counter to the left."

I went to the fourth counter to the left, and showed my sample to a salesman. He looked at it, and said,—

"You'll get this down on the first floor,—calico department."

I turned on my heel, descended in the elevator, and went out on Broadway. I was thoroughly sick of red calico. But I determined to make one more trial. My wife had bought her red calico not long before, and there must be some to be had somewhere. I ought to have asked her where she bought it, but I thought a simple little thing like that could be bought anywhere.

I went into another large dry-goods store. As I entered the door a sudden tremor seized me. I could not bear to take out that piece of red calico. If I had had any other kind of a rag about me,—a pen-wiper, or anything of the sort,—I think I would have asked them if they could match that.

But I stepped up to a young woman and presented my sample, with the usual question.

"Back room, counter on the left," she said.

I went there.

"Have you any red calico like this?" I asked of the lady behind the counter.

"No, sir," she said, "but we have it in Turkey-red."

Turkey-red again! I surrendered.

"All right," I said; "give me Turkey-red."

"How much, sir?" she asked.

"I don't know; say five yards."

The lady looked at me rather strangely, but measured off five yards of Turkey-red calico. Then she rapped on the counter and called out "Cash!" A little girl, with yellow hair in two long plaits, came slowly up. The lady wrote the number of yards, the name of the goods, her own number, the price, the amount of the bank-note I handed her, and some other matters,—probably the color of my eyes, and the direction and velocity of the wind,—on a slip of paper. She then copied all this in a little book which she kept by her. Then she handed the slip of paper,

the money, and the Turkey-red to the yellow-haired girl. This young girl copied the slip in a little book she carried, and then she went away with the calico, the paper slip, and the money.

After a very long time,—during which the little girl probably took the goods, the money, and the slip to some central desk, where the note was received, its amount and number entered in a book, change given to the girl, a copy of the slip made and entered, girl's entry examined and approved, goods wrapped up, girl registered, plaits counted and entered on a slip of paper and copied by the girl in her book, girl taken to a hydrant and washed, number of towel entered on a paper slip and copied by the girl in her book, value of my note and amount of change branded somewhere on the child, and said process noted on a slip of paper and copied in her book,—the girl came to me, bringing my change and the package of Turkey-red calico.

I had time for but very little work at the office that afternoon, and when I reached home I handed the package of calico to my wife. She unrolled it, and exclaimed,—

"Why, this don't match the piece I gave you!"

"Match it!" I cried. "Oh, no! it don't match it. You didn't want that matched. You were mistaken. What you wanted was Turkey-red,—third counter to the left. I mean, Turkey-red is what they use."

My wife looked at me in amazement, and then I detailed to her my troubles.

"Well," said she, "this Turkey-red is a great deal prettier than what I had, and you've got so much of it that I needn't use the other at all. I wish I had thought of Turkey-red before!"

"I wish from my heart you had!" said I.

ANDREW SCOGGIN.

THE MOSQUITO.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

[Bryant is not a poet from whom we should expect humorous productions. He is earnest by nature, though essentially cheerful, and it is seldom that a laughing note intrudes itself into his song. In the following effusion, however, he has descended into the circle of humorists, and sings the deeds of our small yet great phlebotomist with a delicate appreciation of all the possibilities of the theme. It is scarcely necessary to add that Bryant was a native of Massachusetts, born in 1794, and died in 1878. As a descriptive poet he has not had his superior, if indeed he has had his equal, on American soil.]

Fair insect! that, with thread-like legs spread out,
And blood-extracting bill, and filmy wing,
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about,
In pitiless ears, fall many a plaintive thing,
And tell how little our large veins should bleed
Would we but yield them to thy bitter need.

Unwillingly, I own, and, what is worse,
Full angrily, men listen to thy plaint;
Thou gettest many a brush and many a curse,
For saying thou art gaunt, and starved, and faint.
Even the old beggar, while he asks for food,
Would kill thee, hapless stranger, if he could.

I call thee stranger, for the town, I ween,
Has not the honor of so proud a birth:
Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, fresh and green,
The offspring of the gods, though born on earth;
For Titan was thy sire, and fair was she,
The ocean-nymph that nursed thy infancy.

Beneath the rushes was thy cradle swung,
And when at length thy gauzy wings grew strong,
Abroad to gentle airs their folds were flung,
Rose in the sky and bore thee soft along;
The south wind breathed to waft thee on thy way,
And danced and shone beneath the billowy bay.

Calm rose afar the city spires, and thence
Came the deep murmur of its throng of men,
And as its grateful odors met thy sense,
They seemed the perfumes of thy native fen.
Fair lay its crowded streets, and at the sight
Thy tiny song grew shriller with delight.

At length thy pinion fluttered in Broadway,—
Ah, there were fairy steps, and white necks kissed
By wanton airs, and eyes whose killing ray
Shone through the snowy veils like stars through mist;
And fresh as morn, on many a cheek and chin,
Bloomed the bright blood through the transparent skin.

Sure these were sights to tempt an anchorite!
What! do I hear thy slender voice complain?
Thou wailest when I talk of beauty's light,
As if it brought the memory of pain.
Thou art a wayward being—well, come near,
And pour thy tale of sorrow in mine ear.

What say'st thou, slanderer! rouge makes thee sick?
And China Bloom at best is sorry food?
And Rowland's Kalydor, if laid on thick,
Poisons the thirsty wretch that bores for blood?
Go! 'twas a just reward that met thy crime;
But shun the sacrilege another time.

That bloom was made to look at,—not to touch;
To worship, not approach, that radiant white;
And well might sudden vengeance light on such
As dared, like thee, most impiously to bite.
Thou shouldst have gazed at distance, and admired,—
Murmured thy admiration and retired.

Thou'rt welcome to the town; but why come here
To bleed a brother poet, gaunt like thee?
Alas! the little blood I have is dear,
And thin will be the banquet drawn from me.
Look round: the pale-eyed sisters in my cell,
Thy old acquaintance, Song and Famine, dwell.

Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood
Enriched by generous wine and costly meat;
On well-filled skins, sleek as thy native mud,
Fix thy light pump, and press thy freckled feet.
Go to the men for whom, in ocean's halls,
The oyster breeds and the green turtle sprawls.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows,
To fill the swelling veins for thee, and now
The ruddy cheek and now the ruddier nose
Shall tempt thee, as thou flittest round the brow;
And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,
No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.

AUNT DINAH'S KITCHEN.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

[Mrs. Stowe, had she not chosen to devote herself to serious fiction, might have shone as one of the first humorists of the age. Some of her novels are brimful of humor of a high grade, as, for instance, "Oldtown Folks," whose "Sam Lawson" is an inimitable creation. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," serious as is its purpose, is lighted up with several very amusing situations, among which are Miss Ophelia's conferences with Topsy, and her interview with Aunt Dinah, the latter of which we give. The authoress, born in 1812, is a sister of Henry Ward Beecher and a daughter of the celebrated Lyman Beecher, the whole family being remarkable for intellectual ability.]

LIKE a certain class of modern philosophers, Dinah perfectly scorned logic and reason in every shape, and always took refuge in intuitive certainty; and here she was perfectly impregnable. No possible amount of talent, or authority, or explanation could ever make her believe that any other way was better than her own, or that the course she had pursued in the smallest matter could be in the least modified. This had been a conceded point with her old mistress, Marie's mother; and "Miss Marie," as Dinah always called her young mistress even after her marriage, found it easier to submit than contend; and so Dinah had ruled supreme. This was the easier, in that she was perfect mistress of that diplomatic art which unites the utmost subservience of manner with the utmost inflexibility as to measure.

Dinah was mistress of the whole art and mystery of excuse-making, in all its branches. Indeed, it was an axiom with her that the cook can do no wrong, and a cook in a Southern kitchen finds abundance of heads and shoulders on which to lay off every sin and frailty, so as

to maintain her own immaculateness entire. If any part of the dinner was a failure, there were fifty indisputably good reasons for it, and it was the fault, undeniably, of fifty other people, whom Dinah berated with unsparing zeal.

But it was very seldom that there was any failure in Dinah's last results. Though her mode of doing everything was peculiarly meandering and circuitous, and without any sort of calculation as to time and place,—though her kitchen generally looked as if it had been arranged by a hurricane blowing through it, and she had about as many places for each cooking utensil as there were days in the year,—yet, if one could have patience to wait her own good time, up would come her dinner in perfect order, and in a style of preparation with which an epicure could find no fault.

It was now the season of incipient preparation for dinner. Dinah, who required large intervals of reflection and repose, and was studious of ease in all her arrangements, was seated on the kitchen floor, smoking a short, stumpy pipe, to which she was much addicted, and which she always kindled up, as a sort of censer, whenever she felt the need of an inspiration in her arrangements. It was Dinah's mode of invoking the domestic Muses.

Seated around her were various members of that rising race with which a Southern household abounds, engaged in shelling peas, peeling potatoes, picking pin-feathers out of fowls, and other preparatory arrangements, Dinah every once in a while interrupting her meditations to give a poke, or a rap on the head, to some of the young operators, with the pudding-stick that lay by her side. In fact, Dinah ruled over the woolly heads of the younger members with a rod of iron, and seemed to consider them born for no earthly purpose but to "save her steps," as she phrased it.

It was the spirit of the system under which she had grown up, and she carried it out to its full extent.

Miss Ophelia, after passing on her reformatory tour through all the other parts of the establishment, now entered the kitchen. Dinah had heard, from various sources, what was going on, and resolved to stand on defensive and conservative ground,—mentally determined to oppose and ignore every new measure, without any actual and observable contest.

The kitchen was a large, brick-floored apartment, with a great old-fashioned fireplace stretching along one side of it,—an arrangement which St. Clair had vainly tried to persuade Dinah to exchange for the convenience of a modern cook-stove. Not she. No Puseyite, or conservative of any school, was ever more inflexibly attached to time-honored inconveniences than Dinah.

When St. Clair had first returned from the North, impressed with the system and order of his uncle's kitchen arrangements, he had largely provided his own with an array of cupboards, drawers, and various apparatus, to induce systematic regulation, under the sanguine illusion that it would be of any possible assistance to Dinah in her arrangements. He might as well have provided them for a squirrel or a magpie. The more drawers and closets there were, the more hiding-holes could Dinah make for the accommodation of old rags, hair-combs, old shoes, ribbons, cast-off artificial flowers, and other articles of *vertu*, wherein her soul delighted.

When Miss Ophelia entered the kitchen, Dinah did not rise, but smoked on in sublime tranquillity, regarding her movements obliquely out of the corner of her eye, but apparently intent only on the operations around her.

Miss Ophelia commenced opening a set of drawers.

"What is this drawer for, Dinah?" she said.

"It's handy for 'most anything, missis," said Dinah. So it appeared to be. From the variety it contained Miss Ophelia pulled out first a fine damask table-cloth stained with blood, having evidently been used to envelop some raw meat.

"What's this, Dinah? You don't wrap up meat in your mistress's best table-cloths?"

"Oh, Lor', missis, no; the towels was all a-missin', so I just did it. I laid it out to wash that ar: that's why I put it thar."

"Shif'less!" said Miss Ophelia to herself, proceeding to tumble over the drawer, where she found a nutmeg-grater and two or three nutmegs, a Methodist hymn-book, a couple of soiled Madras handkerchiefs, some yarn and knitting-work, a paper of tobacco and a pipe, a few crackers, one or two gilded china saucers with some pomade in them, one or two thin old shoes, a piece of flannel carefully pinned up enclosing some small white onions, several damask table-napkins, some coarse crash towels, some twine and darning-needles, and several broken papers, from which sundry sweet herbs were sifting into the drawer.

"Where do you keep your nutmegs, Dinah?" said Miss Ophelia, with the air of one who "prayed for patience."

"Most anywhar, missis; there's some in that cracked tea-cup up there, and there's some over in that ar cupboard."

"Here are some in the grater," said Miss Ophelia, holding them up.

"Laws, yes; I put 'em there this morning: I likes to keep my things handy," said Dinah. "You Jake! what are you stopping for? You'll cotch it! Be still, thar!" she added, with a dive of her stick at the criminal.

"What's this?" said Miss Ophelia, holding up the saucer of pomade.

"Laws, it's my har-*grease:* I put it thar to have it handy."

"Do you use your mistress's best saucers for that?"

"Law! it was 'cause I was driv' and in sich a hurry. I was gwine to change it this very day."

"Here are two damask table-napkins."

"Them table-napkins I put thar to get 'em washed out some day."

"Don't you have some place here on purpose for things to be washed?"

"Well, Mas'r St. Clair got dat ar chest, he said, for dat; but I likes to mix up biscuit and hev my things on it some days, and then it ain't handy a-liftin' up the lid."

"Why don't you mix your biscuits on the pastry-table, there?"

"Law, missis, it gets sot so full of dishes, and one thing and another, der ain't no room, noways."

"But you should *wash* your dishes, and clear them away."

"Wash my dishes!" said Dinah, in a high key, as her wrath began to rise over her habitual respect of manner. "What does ladies know 'bout work, I want to know? When'd mas'r ever get his dinner, if I was to spend all my time a-washin' and a-puttin' up dishes? Miss Marie never telled me so, nohow."

"Well, here are these onions."

"Laws, yes!" said Dinah; "that *is* whar I put 'em, now. I couldn't 'member. Them's particular onions I was a-savin' for dis yer very stew. I'd forgot they was in dat ar old flannel."

Miss Ophelia lifted out the sifting papers of sweet herbs.

"I wish missis wouldn't touch dem ar. I likes to keep my things where I knows whar to go to 'em," said Dinah, rather decidedly.

"But you don't want these holes in the papers."

"Them's handy for siftin' on't out," said Dinah.

"But you see it spills all over the drawer."

"Laws, yes! if missis will go a-tumblin' things all up so, it will. Missis has spilt lots dat ar way," said Dinah, coming uneasily to the drawers. "If missis only will go up-sta'rs till my clarin'-up time comes, I'll have everything right; but I can't do nothin' when ladies is 'round a-henderin'. You Sam, don't you gib de baby dat ar sugar-bowl! I'll crack ye over, if ye don't mind!"

"I'm going through the kitchen, and going to put everything in order, *once*, Dinah; and then I'll expect you to *keep* it so."

"Lor', now, Miss 'Phelia, dat ar ain't no way for ladies to do. I never did see ladies doin' no sich; my old missis nor Miss Marie never did, and I don't see no kinder need on't." And Dinah stalked indignantly about, while Miss Ophelia piled and sorted dishes, emptied dozens of scattering bowls of sugar into one receptacle, sorted napkins, table-cloths, and towels, for washing; washing, wiping, and arranging with her own hands, and with a speed and alacrity which perfectly amazed Dinah.

"Lor', now! if dat ar de way dem Northern ladies do, dey ain't ladies nohow," she said to some of her satellites, when at a safe hearing-distance. "I has things as straight as anybody, when my clarin'-up time comes; but I don't want ladies 'round a-henderin' and gettin' my things all where I can't find 'em."

To do Dinah justice, she had, at irregular periods, paroxysms of reformation and arrangement, which she called "clarin'-up times," when she would begin with great zeal and turn every drawer and closet wrong side outward on to the floor or tables, and make the ordinary confusion sevenfold more confounded. Then she would light her pipe and leisurely go over her arrangements, looking things over and discoursing upon them; making all the young fry

scour most vigorously on the tin things, and keeping up for several hours a most energetic state of confusion, which she would explain to the satisfaction of all inquirers by the remark that she was a "clarin'-up." "She couldn't hev things a-gwine on so as they had been, and she was gwine to make these yer young ones keep better order;" for Dinah herself, somehow, indulged the illusion that she herself was the soul of order, and it was only the *young uns*, and the everybody else in the house, that were the cause of anything that fell short of perfection in this respect. When all the tins were scoured, and the tables scrubbed snowy white, and everything that could offend tucked out of sight in holes and corners, Dinah would dress herself up in a smart dress, clean apron, and high, brilliant Madras turban, and tell all marauding "young uns" to keep out of the kitchen, for she was gwine to have things kept nice. Indeed, these periodic seasons were often an inconvenience to the whole household, for Dinah would contract such an immoderate attachment to her scoured tin as to insist upon it that it shouldn't be used again for any possible purpose,—at least till the ardor of the "clarin'-up" period abated.

SHAKING HANDS.

EDWARD EVERETT.

[The following is an excellent instance of the humor into which Everett occasionally descended from the gravity of his ordinary writings.]

MR. EDITOR,—There are few things of more common occurrence than shaking hands; and yet I do not recollect that much has been speculated upon the subject. I con-

fess, when I consider to what unimportant and futile matters the attention of writers and readers has often been directed, I am surprised that no one has been found to *handle* so important a subject as this, and attempt to give the public a rational view of the doctrine and discipline of shaking hands. It is a subject on which I have myself reflected a good deal, and I beg leave to offer you a few remarks on the origin of the practice, and the various forms in which it is exercised.

I have been unable to find among the ancients any distinct mention of *shaking hands.* They followed the heartier practice of hugging or embracing, which has not wholly disappeared among grown persons in Europe and children in our own country, and has unquestionably the advantage on the score of cordiality. When the ancients confined the business of salutation to the hands alone, they *joined* but did not *shake* them. Although I find frequently such phrases as *jungere dextras hospitio*, I do not recollect to have met with that of *agitare dextras.* I am inclined to think that the practice grew up in the ages of chivalry, when the cumbrous iron mail in which the knights were cased prevented their embracing, and when, with fingers clothed in steel, the simple touch or joining of the hands would have been but cold welcome: so that a prolonged junction was a natural resort, to express cordiality; and, as it would have been awkward to keep the hands unemployed in this position, a gentle agitation or shaking might have been naturally introduced. How long the practice may have remained in this rudimental stage it is impossible, in the silence of history, to say; nor is there anything in the English chroniclers, in Philip de Comines, or the Byzantine historians, which enables us to trace the progress of the art into the forms in which it now exists among us.

Without, therefore, availing myself of the privilege of theorists to supply by conjecture the want of history or tradition, I shall pass immediately to the enumeration of these forms:

1. The *pump-handle* shake is the first which deserves notice. It is executed by taking your friend's hand and working it up and down through an arc of fifty degrees for about a minute and a half. To have its true nature, force, and distinctive character, this shake should be performed with a fair, steady motion. No attempt should be made to give it grace, and still less vivacity, as the few instances in which the latter has been tried have universally resulted in dislocating the shoulder of the person on whom it has been attempted. On the contrary, persons who are partial to the *pump-handle* shake should be at some pains to give an equable, tranquil movement to the operation, which should on no account be continued after perspiration on the part of your friend has commenced.

2. The *pendulum* shake may be mentioned next, as being somewhat similar in character, but moving, as the name indicates, in a horizontal instead of a perpendicular direction. It is executed by sweeping your hand horizontally toward your friend's, and, after the junction is effected, rowing with it from one side to the other, according to the pleasure of the parties. The only caution in its use which needs particularly to be given is not to insist on performing it in a plane strictly parallel to the horizon, when you meet with a person who has been educated to the *pump-handle* shake. It is well known that people cling to the forms in which they have been educated, even when the substance is sacrificed in adhering to them. I had two uncles, both estimable men, one of whom had been brought up in the *pump-handle* shake and the other had brought home the *pendulum* from a foreign voyage. They met, joined

hands, and attempted to put them in motion. They were neither of them feeble men. One endeavored to pump, and the other to paddle; their faces reddened, the drops stood on their foreheads; and it was at last a pleasing illustration of the doctrine of the composition of forces, to see their hands slanting into an exact diagonal, in which line they ever afterwards shook; but it was plain to see there was no cordiality in it, and, as is usually the case with compromises, both parties were discontented.

3. The *tourniquet shake* is the next in importance. It derives its name from the instruments made use of by surgeons to stop the circulation of the blood in a limb about to be amputated. It is performed by clasping the hand of your friend, as far as you can, in your own, and then contracting the muscles of your thumb, fingers, and palm till you have induced any degree of compression you may propose. Particular care ought to be taken, if your own hand is as hard and as big as a frying-pan and that of your friend as small and soft as a young maiden's, not to make use of the tourniquet shake to the degree that will force the small bones of the wrist out of place. A hearty young friend of mine, who had pursued the study of geology, and acquired an unusual hardness and strength of hand and wrist by the use of the hammer, on returning from a scientific excursion gave his gouty uncle the tourniquet shake with such severity as reduced the old gentleman's fingers to powder, for which my friend had the satisfaction of being disinherited as soon as his uncle got well enough to hold a pen.

4. The *cordial grapple* is a shake of some interest. It is a hearty, boisterous agitation of your friend's hand, accompanied with moderate pressure and loud, cheerful exclamations of welcome. It is an excellent travelling shake, and well adapted to make friends. It is indiscriminately performed.

5. The *Peter Grievous touch* is opposed to the *cordial grapple*. It is a pensive, tranquil junction, followed by a mild, subsultory motion, a cast-down look, and an inarticulate inquiry after your friend's health.

6. The *prude major* and *prude minor* are nearly monopolized by ladies. They cannot be accurately described, but are constantly noticed in practice. They never extend beyond the fingers; and the prude major allows you to touch even them only down to the second joint. The prude minor gives you the whole of the forefinger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing these with nice variations, such as extending the left hand instead of the right, or having a new glossy kid glove over the finger you extend.

I might go through a long list, sir, of the *gripe royal*, the *saw-mill* shake, and the shake *with malice prepense;* but these are only factitious combinations of the three fundamental forms already described as the *pump-handle*, the *pendulum*, and the *tourniquet*. In like manner, the *loving pat*, the *reach romantic*, and the *sentimental clasp* may be reduced in their main movements to various combinations and modifications of the cordial grapple, Peter Grievous touch, and the prude major and minor. I should trouble you with a few remarks, in conclusion, on the mode of shaking hands, as an indication of characters, but I see a friend coming up the avenue who is addicted to the *pump-handle*. I dare not tire my wrist by further writing.

[To the above we add a selection in which some of the oddities of Western character are cleverly delineated.]

A "HUNG" JURY.

J. M. FIELD.

AMONG the dispensers of justice in a certain central ward of old St. Louis, during its unpretending, "even-handed"

days, was Squire W——. His astute comprehension of, and rigid adherence to, legal proprieties are yet recollected. A case was submitted to him "once on a time," but, his decision not satisfying *one* of the parties (very likely to occur, by the bye, even in primitive ages), the case was "continued;" which further step, according to the rule in justices' courts, now, as then, involves the ceremony and expense of a jury.

The second trial came on, unfortunately, upon a morning which, for some good cause or other, the whole town had devoted to jubilee and rejoicing: whether it was that a great man was to be "received," or another great man dismissed, is immaterial; suffice it that guns and drums equally did their duty in calling the citizens away from theirs.

Plaintiff and defendant were punctual in their attendance before the justice, anxious to settle their difference, just as anxious to have their share of the show, and the officer was despatched to collect a jury; but, after no less anxious search, he was obliged to return without a man, his summons going for nothing in the general excitement.

Impatient at the delay, the parties litigant agreed to waive the matter of a jury altogether,—to just re-argue the matter and abide by "his Honor's" decision. But his Honor had his own more reverend parade of the law to enjoy, and therefore, with a chief-justice air, he declared that, inasmuch as the case had been continued, and as the purpose of said continuance was entirely to obtain the sense of a *jury*, it would be all nonsense to proceed in any less regular way. "Therefore, Mr. Constable," continued the squire, "you will, by virtue of your authority, summon and compel the presence of a jury forthwith."

The constable again set forth, the "bench" relapsed into abstruse cogitation, and the plaintiff and defendant were

fain to content themselves with the hope of getting clear "after a while."

Wearily went the moments; but at length the indefatigable officer, bathed in perspiration, returned, having secured one well-known, easy-going citizen, remarkable as being the largest, lovingest, and laziest man about town.

"Squire," said the panting official, "I've gotten Bob, 'cause he says it don't make much difference to him; but there isn't nary nother as don't say they'll see me d——d first, and so the thing's out, as far as my footin' on it goes, I reckon!" The constable wiped his brow with determination, the justice began to foresee a dilemma, and nothing but the "costs" prevented "the parties," in spite of their attorneys, from flipping up "head or tail" for an issue.

At length the constable made a suggestion, which, the parties eagerly consenting to, the squire finally sanctioned. This was that Bob, the lazy gentleman just mentioned, should serve as jury all alone by himself!

All was settled at once; the lazy gentleman declared that it "made no difference," and, getting a "chew" from the constable, down he sat. The pleadings were despatched; the jury was charged; the approaching procession was heard in the distance, and all parties were only waiting to hear the verdict, when the jury, after one or two indolent hitches in his chair and a leisurely discharge of tobacco-juice from between his teeth, turned to the court, and said,—

"Well, I reckon, squire, the jury'll have to retire."

This was unexpected, and had not been altogether the mode, either, in Justice W——'s court, inasmuch as there was no place for the jury to retire to except within themselves; but the present body was unanimously of opinion that he ought to have a fair shake at the merits of the

case, and so the court adjourned to the side-walk, leaving the jury all to himself, with his heels on the table.

Moment after moment passed away; the litigants every now and then cast a glance in at the conscientious umpire; the procession was evidently approaching along the next street, and suddenly the "opposite counsel," excusing themselves, walked off towards the corner. Drums, hurrahs, etc., now began to swell upon the air, and plaintiff and defendant, after sundry inquiries as to the chances, even marched off also, leaving the squire and constable to receive the verdict. The constable next became impatient, and finally the squire himself got the fidgets; each moment seemed an age, until the dubious twelfth was just asked if he was "going to take the whole day or not?"

"Well, the fact is, squire, the jury can't agree, nohow. We're just hung, and no mistake; and, if you can't let us stay out, why, you'd better discharge us, by thunder!"

The jury was discharged.

HIERONYMUS POP AND THE BABY.

KATHERINE S. McDOWELL.

[Mrs. McDowell, the author of the succeeding half-hour reading, was born in Mississippi in 1853, removed to Boston and entered upon a literary life in 1871, and died at Holly Springs, Mississippi, in 1883. Her "Dialect Tales," published under the *nom-de-guerre* of Sherwood Bonner, from which our selection is taken, attained great success, as did "Like unto Like." Another work, "Suwanee River Tales," was published in 1884, after her death.]

"Now, 'Onymus Pop," said the mother of that gentle boy, "you jist take care of dis chile while I'm gone to de

hangin'. An' don't you leave dis house on no account, not if de skies fall an' de earth opens to swaller yer."

Hieronymus grunted gloomily. He thought it a burning shame that he should not go to the hanging; but never had his mother been willing that he should have the least pleasure in life. It was either to tend the baby, or mix the cow's food, or to card wool, or cut wood, or to pick a chicken, or wash up the floor, or to draw water, or to sprinkle down the clothes,—always something. When everything else failed, she had a way that seemed to her son simply demoniac, of setting him at the alphabet. To be sure, she did not know the letters herself, but her teaching was none the less vigorous.

"What's dat, 'Onymus?" she would say, pointing at random with her snuff-brush to a letter.

"Q,"—with a sniff.

Woe be unto young Pop if he faltered and said it *might* be a Z! Mother Pop kept a rod ready, and used it as if she was born for nothing else. Naturally, he soon learned to stick brazenly to his first guess. But, unfortunately, he could not remember from one day to another what he had said; and his mother learned, after a time, to distinguish the forms of the letters, and to know that a curly letter called S on Tuesday could not possibly be a square-shaped E on Thursday. Her faith once shattered, 'Onymus had to suffer in the usual way.

The lad had been taught at spasmodic intervals by his sister Savannah,—commonly called Sissy,—who went to school, put on airs, and was always clean. Therefore Hieronymus hated her. Mother Pop herself was a little in awe of her accomplished daughter, and would ask her no questions, even when most in doubt as to which was which of the letters G and C.

"A pretty thing," she would mutter to herself, "if I

must be a-learnin' things from my own chile, dat wuz de mos' colicky baby I ever had, an' cos' me unheerd-of miseries in de time of her teethin'."

It seemed to Hieronymus that the climax of his impositions had come, when he was forced to stay at home and mind the baby, while his mother and the rest of them trotted off, gay as larks, to see a man hanged.

It was a hot afternoon, and the unwilling nurse suffered. The baby wouldn't go to sleep. He put it on the bed,—a feather-bed,—and why it didn't drop off to sleep, as a proper baby should, was more than the tired soul of Hieronymus could tell. He did everything to soothe Tiddlekins. (The infant had not been named as yet, and by way of affection they addressed it as Tiddlekins.) He even went so far as to wave the flies away from it with a mulberry branch for the space of five or ten minutes. But, as it still fretted and tossed, he let it severely alone, and the flies settled on the little black thing as if it had been a liquorice-stick.

After a while Tiddlekins grew aggressive, and began to yell. Hieronymus, who had almost found consolation in the contemplation of a bloody picture pasted on the wall, cut from the weekly paper of a wicked city, was deprived even of this solace. He picked up "de miserbul little screech-owl," as he called it in his wrath. He trotted it. He sang to it the soothing ditty of

> " 'Tain't never gwine to rain no mo';
> Sun shines down on rich and po'."

But all was vain. Finally, in despair, he undressed Tiddlekins. He had heard his mother say, " Of'en and of'en when a chile is a-screamin' its breff away, 'tain't nothin' ails it 'cep'n' *pins*."

But there were no pins. Plenty of strings and hard knots; but not a pin to account for the antics of the unhappy Tiddlekins.

How it *did* scream! It lay on the stiffly-braced knees of Hieronymus, and puckered up its face so tightly that it looked as if it had come fresh from a wrinkle-mould. There were no tears, but sharp regular yells, and rollings of its head, and a distracting monotony in its performances.

"Dis here chile looks 's if it's got de measles," muttered Hi, gazing on the squirming atom with calm eyes of despair. Then, running his fingers over the neck and breast of the small Tiddlekins, he cried, with the air of one who makes a discovery, "It's got de heat! *Dat's* what ails Tiddlekins!"

There was really a little breaking out on the child's body that might account for his restlessness and squalls. And it was *such* a hot day! Perspiration streamed down Hi's back, while his head was dry. There was not a quiver in the tree-leaves, and the silver-poplars showed only their leaden side. The sunflowers were dropping their big heads; the flies seemed to stick to the window-panes, and were too languid to crawl.

Hieronymus had in him the materials of which philosophers are made. He said to himself, "'Tain't nothin' but heat dat's de matter wid dis baby; so uf *co'se* he ought ter be cooled off."

But how to cool him off: that was the great question. Hi knitted his dark brows and thought intently.

It happened that the chiefest treasure of the Pop estate was a deep old well that in the hottest days yielded water as refreshing as iced champagne. The neighbors all made a convenience of the Pop well. And half-way down its long cool hollow hung, pretty much all of the time, milk-

cans, butter-pats, fresh meats,—all things that needed to be kept cool in summer days.

He looked at the hot, squirming, wretched black baby on his lap; then he looked at the well; and, simple, straightforward lad that he was, he put this and that together.

"If I was ter hang Tiddlekins down de well," he reflected, "'twouldn't be mo' dan three jumps of a flea befo' he's as cool as Christmas."

With this quick-witted youth to think was to act. Before many minutes he had stuffed poor little Tiddlekins into the well-bucket, though it must be mentioned, to his credit, that he tied the baby securely in with his own suspenders.

Warmed up with his exertions, content in this good riddance of such bad rubbish as Tiddlekins, Hieronymus reposed himself on the feather-bed and dropped off into a sweet slumber. From this he was aroused by the voice of a small boy:

"Hello, Hi! I say, Hi Pop! whar is yer?"

"Here I is!" cried Hi, starting up. "What you want?"

Little Jim Rogers stood in the door-way.

"Towzer's dog," he said, in great excitement, "and daddy's bull-pup is gwine ter have a fight dis evenin'. Come on quick, if yer wants ter see de fun."

Up jumped Hi, and the two boys were off like a flash. *Not one thought to Tiddlekins in the well-bucket.*

In due time the Pop family got home, and Mother Pop, fanning herself, was indulging in the moral reflections suitable to the occasion, when she checked herself suddenly, exclaiming, "But, land o' Jerusalem! whar's 'Onymus an' de baby?"

"I witnessed Hieronymus," said the elegant Savannah, "as I wandered from school. He was with a multitude of boys, who cheered, without a sign of disap*per*ation, two canine beasts that tore each other in deadly feud."

"Yer don't mean ter say, Sissy, dat 'Onymus Pop is gone ter a dog-fight?"

"Such are my meaning," said Sissy, with dignity.

"Den *whar's* de baby?"

For answer, a long low wail smote upon their ears, as Savannah would have said.

"Fan me!" cried Mother Pop. "Dat's Tiddlekins's voice."

"Never min' about fannin' mammy," cried Weekly, Savannah's twin, a youth of fifteen, who could read, and was much addicted to gory tales of thunder and blood; "let's fin' de baby. P'r'aps he's been murdered by dat ruffian Hi, an' dat's his *ghos'* dat we hears a-callin'."

A search was instituted,—under the bed, in the bed, in the wash-tub and the soup-kettle, behind the wood-pile and in the pea-vines, up the chimney and in the ash-hopper,—but all in vain. No Tiddlekins appeared, though still they heard him cry.

"Shade of Ole Hickory!" cried the father Pop, "whar, whar is dat chile?" Then, with a sudden lighting of the eye, "Unchain de dog," said he: "he'll smell him out."

There was a superannuated bloodhound pertaining to the Pop *ménage* that they kept tied up all day under a delusion that he was fierce. They unchained this wild animal, and with many kicks endeavored to goad his nostrils to their duty.

It happened that a piece of fresh pork hung in the well, and Lord Percy—so was the dog called—was hungry. So he hurried with vivacity toward the fresh pork.

"De well!" shrieked Mother Pop, tumbling down all in a heap, and looking somehow like Turner's "Slave-Ship," as one stumpy leg protruded from the wreck of red flannel and ruffled petticoats.

"What shall we do?" said Sissy, with a helpless squeak.

"Why, git him out," said Mr. Pop, who was the practical one of the family.

He began to draw up the well-bucket, aided by Weekly, who whispered, darkly, "Dar'll be anudder hangin' in town befo' long, *and Hi won't miss dat hangin'*."

Soon appeared a little woolly head, then half a black body, the rest of him being securely wedged in the well-bucket. He looked like a jack-in-the-box. But he was cool, Tiddlekins was,—no doubt of that.

Mother Pop revived at sight of her offspring, still living, and feebly sucking his thumb.

"Ef we had a whiskey-bath ter put him in!" she cried.

Into the house flew Father Pop, seized the quart cup, and was over to the white house on the hill in the wink of a cat's eye.

"He stammered forth his piteous tale," said Savannah, telling the story the next day to her school-mates, "and Judge Chambers himself filled his cup with the best of Bourbon, and Miss Clara came over to see us resusirate the infant."

Mother Pop had Tiddlekins wrapped in hot flannel when he got back; and with a never-to-be-sufficiently-admired economy Mr. Pop moistened a rag with "the best of Bourbon," and said to his wife, "Jes rub him awhile, Cynthy, an' see if dat won't bring him roun'."

As she rubbed, he absent-mindedly raised the quart cup to his lips, and with three deep and grateful gulps the whiskey-bath went to refresh the inner man of Tiddlekins's papa.

Then who so valorous and so affectionate as he? Dire were his threats against Hieronymus, deep his lamentations over his child.

"My po' little lammie!" he sobbed. "Work away, Cynthy. Dat chile mus' be saved, even if I should have

ter go over ter de judge's for anudder quart o' whiskey. Nuthin' shall be spared to save that preciousest kid o' my ole age."

Miss Clara did not encourage his self-sacrificing proposal; but, for all that, it was not long before Tiddlekins grew warm and lively, and winked at his father—so that good old man declared—as he lay on his back, placidly sucking a pig's tail. Savannah had roasted it in the ashes, and it had been cut from the piece of pork that had shared the well with Tiddlekins. The pork belonged to a neighbor, by the way; but at such a time the Pop family felt that they might dispense with the vain and useless ceremony of asking for it.

The excitement was over, the baby asleep, Miss Clara gone, and the sun well on its way to China, when a small figure was seen hovering about the gate. It had a limp air of dejection, and seemed to feel some delicacy about coming farther.

"The miscreant is got back," remarked Savannah.

"Hieronymus," calls Mrs. Pop, "you may thank yo' heavenly stars dat you ain't a murderer dis summer day——"

"A-waitin' ter be hung nex' wild-grape-time," finished Weekly, pleasantly.

Mr. Pop said nothing. But he reached down from the mantel-shelf a long thin something, shaped liked a snake, and quivered it in the air.

Then he walked out to Hi, and, taking him by the left ear, led him to the wood-pile.

And here—— But I draw a veil.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[Lowell, among his many humorous productions, has written nothing fuller of the genuine essence of fun than the following, which has been laughed over by a generation of readers, and is far from being laughed out. It has in it the stuff to shake the sides of a second generation. We have here the whole story of political leadership boiled down and bottled,—a volume in a poem.]

GUVENER B. is a sensible man;
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

My! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du?
We can't never choose him, o' course,—thet's flat;
Guess we shall hev to come round (don't you?)
An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man:
He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf;
But consistency still was a part of his plan,—
He's ben true to *one* party,—an' thet is himself;—
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

Gineral C. he goes in fer the war;
He don't vally principle more'n an old cud;
Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

We were gettin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut ain't,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin' war an' pillage,
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is our country,
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book
Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry;*
An' John P.
Robinson he
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies;
Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum:*
An' thet all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ign'ance, an' t'other half rum;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez it ain't no sech thing; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,

An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wall, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow,—
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
To start the world's team wen it gits in a slough;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee!

ANECDOTES OF EMINENT AMERICANS.

[Under this heading a series of anecdotes of prominent individuals of this country will not be amiss, as an important element of American wit and humor. There is an abundance of such material, but we have space for only a few selected examples. The dry humor of our great philosopher of the last century, Benjamin Franklin, might be illustrated at length, but one or two brief anecdotes must suffice.]

ONCE, on entering a public-house during a journey, our half-frozen philosopher found the fireplace so closely packed with loungers that it was impossible to get within thawing-distance of the flames. As there was no evidence of any intention to make room, Franklin turned to the hostler and called out, "Hostler, have you any oysters?"—"Yes, sir," was the reply.—"Well, then, give my horse a peck."—"What! give your horse oysters?"—"Yes, give

him a peck." Decidedly astonished at this odd order, the hostler prepared to obey, and was followed on his way to the stable by many of the loungers, curious to see the surprising feat of a horse eating oysters. Franklin helped himself to a choice seat by the fire, and awaited developments. Presently the men returned, with a show of disappointment, the hostler exclaiming, "I gave him the oysters, sir, but he would not eat them."—"Oh, well, then, I suppose I shall have to eat them myself; and you can try him with a peck of oats."

On another occasion a gouty alderman came to the witty philosopher, asking him what he should do for his complaint. "Take a bucket of water and a cord of wood three times a week," answered Franklin. "Why, how?" cried the astonished alderman. "Drink a cup of the former three times a day, and carry the latter up three flights of stairs."

[John Randolph, while making many others the victims of his ill-natured sarcasm, occasionally found himself the sufferer, as in the following instance.]

Randolph once, travelling through a part of Virginia strange to him, stopped for the night at an inn near the forks of the road. The innkeeper was a gentleman by birth, and, learning who his distinguished guest was, sought to draw him into conversation during the evening, but failed in every effort. In the morning Mr. Randolph called for and paid his bill. The landlord, still anxious for some conversation, said, "Which way are you travelling, Mr. Randolph?"—"Sir?" rejoined Randolph, surlily.—"I asked, which way are you travelling?"—"Have I paid you my bill?"—"Yes."—"Do I owe you anything more?"—"No."—"Well, I am going just where I please; do you understand?"—"Yes, I understand." Randolph drove off,

leaving the landlord somewhat flurried by his ill temper, but in a few moments one of the servants came back to inquire which one of the forks of the road the traveller should take. Randolph was yet within hearing-distance, and the landlord shouted to him at the top of his voice, "Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me one cent: just take which road you please."

When Nicholas Biddle, familiarly known as Nick Biddle, was at the head of the United States Bank, there was an old negro engaged around the premises with whom the president one day engaged in the following colloquy.

"Well, what is your name, my friend?"

"Harry, sir,—ole Harry," answered the darky, touching his hat.

"Old Harry!" said Biddle. "Why, that is the name they give to the devil, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," replied the colored individual, "sometimes ole Harry, and sometimes ole Nick."

[The Diary of John Adams is the source of the example of ante-revolutionary humor here given.]

Nov. 10, 1772,—Sunday. Heard Mr. Cutler, of Ipswich Hamlet; dined at Dr. Putnam's with Colonel Putnam and lady, and two young gentlemen, nephews of the doctor and Colonel ——, and a Mrs. Scollay.

Colonel Putnam told a story of an Indian upon Connecticut River who called at a tavern, in the fall of the year, for a dram. The landlord asked him two coppers for it. The next spring, happening at the same house, he called for another, and had three coppers to pay for it. "How is this, landlord?" says he: "last fall you asked

but two coppers for a glass of rum, now you ask three." "Oh," says the landlord, "it costs me a good deal to keep rum over winter. It is as expensive to keep a hogshead of rum over winter as a horse." "Ah," says the Indian, "I can't see through that: he won't eat so much hay: *maybe he drink as much water.*" This was *sheer wit, pure satire,* and *true humor,*—humor, wit, and satire, in one very short repartee.

[The following anecdote of Mr. Webster is told by a correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald*, as an illustration of the uncertainty of worldly fame and the folly of making it the controlling object of life.]

A few years since, but before the great Northern Railroad passed through his farm, he (Webster) was on his way to the old homestead. He took the stage at Concord, New Hampshire, and had for a companion a very old man. After some conversation, he ascertained that the old man was from the neighboring town of Salisbury, and asked him if he ever knew Captain Webster. "Surely I did," said the old man; "and the captain was a brave and good man, sir; and nobly did he fight for us, with General Stark, at Bennington." "Did he leave any children?" said Mr. Webster. "Oh, yes; there was Ezekiel, and, I think, Daniel." "And what has become of them?" asked Mr. Webster. "Why, Ezekiel,—and he was a powerful man, sir,—I have heard him *plead* in court often; yes, sir, he was a powerful man, and fell dead while pleading at Concord." "Well," said Mr. Webster, "and what became of Daniel?" "Daniel, Daniel," repeated the old man, thoughtfully: "why, Daniel, I *believe*, is a lawyer about Boston somewhere."

[Rufus Choate, the great Boston lawyer, for once met his match in a witness, in the following instance. His witness, mate of a ship, had

been badgered until his temper got the better of him, and he began to answer in accordance with his ruffled feelings.]

"How do you know there was a moon?" asked Choate, the witness having said there was, while at the same time declaring that it was "dark as pitch, and raining like seven bells."

"The nautical almanac said so; and I'll believe that sooner than any lawyer in the world."

"What was the principal luminary that night, sir?"

"Binnacle-lamp aboard the ship."

"Ah, you are growing sharp, Mr. Barton."

"What have you been grinding me this hour for?—to make me dull?"

"Be civil, sir. And now tell me in what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator."

"Oh, you're joking."

"No, sir. I am in earnest, and I desire an answer."

"Which is more than I can give."

"Indeed! You are first mate of a clipper-ship, and unable to answer so simple a question?"

"Yes; it's the simplest question I ever had asked me. Why, I thought every fool of a lawyer knew that there ain't no latitude at the equator!"

That shot floored Rufus.

Thaddeus Stevens once lost a case in a country court through a stupid ruling of the judge, and left the court, expressing his opinion in muttered imprecations. The judge straightened himself up to the full height of offended majesty, and asked Stevens if he meant to "express his contempt for this court." The lawyer turned with an air of great deference and feigned amazement.

"Express my contempt for this court!" he exclaimed. "No, sir; I am doing my best to conceal it."

When James T. Brady, the celebrated lawyer of New York, began business, it was in a basement room that had been previously occupied by a cobbler. His callers were more the cobbler's customers than his own, and the lawyer was somewhat irritated thereby. One day an Irishman came in.

"The cobbler's gone, I see."

"I should think he had," replied Brady, tartly.

"And what do you sell?" looking at the table with its slim show of law-books.

"Blockheads."

"Begorra," retorted the Irishman, "you must be doin' a mighty fine business: you've only got one left."

[General Sherman tells the following good story of himself, *à propos* of his lack of neatness in dress.]

"When I was second lieutenant, I was ordered one day to Washington City, and went in all the glory of a brand-new uniform. I was standing in front of the hotel, sunning myself, when I became aware that I had attracted the attention of a number of small boys, who gazed at me with such admiring countenances that I could not but notice them. As I did so, one of the boldest of them stepped forward and asked me,—

"'Say, mister, when is your engine goin' to squirt?'"

The general has never been guilty of a showy uniform since.

Andrew Jackson was once making a stump-speech out West, in a small village, but did not succeed in rousing

much enthusiasm in his audience. As he was about concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered,—

"Tip 'em a little Latin, general: they won't be satisfied without it."

Jackson hastily mustered in his mind the few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder wound up his speech by exclaiming,—

"*E pluribus unum! sine qua non! ne plus ultra! multum in parvo!*"

The effect was tremendous, and the Hoosiers' shouts could be heard for a mile.

[The following is one of the numerous stories of Lincoln's witticisms. Unfortunately for the Lincoln anecdotes, most of them were manufactured for him without his knowledge and consent; but this is probably genuine.]

A Board-of-Trade committee had called on him, and during the conversation his freedom of manner encouraged one of the delegates to ask him,—

"Mr. Lincoln, I wish you would tell me where the Burnside expedition has gone."

"Why, don't you know where they have gone? I thought everybody knew that."

"I confess that I don't know, and would like to know exceedingly."

"Why, the papers have been talking about it all over the country. However, I will tell you, if you promise not to give your authority."

The gentleman solemnly promised, and Lincoln drew his chair close up, and whispered in his ear, with a show of mysterious secrecy,—

"The Burnside expedition, sir, has gone to sea."

The Rev. Dr. Channing had a brother, a physician, on whom one day a stranger called in mistake for the divine. "Does Dr. Channing live here?" he asked.—"Yes, sir."—"Can I see him?"—"I am he."—"You?"—"Yes, sir."—"Then you must have changed considerably since I heard you preach."—"Heard me preach?"—"Certainly. You are the Dr. Channing that preaches, ain't you?"—"Oh, I see. No, my brother is the doctor that preaches. I am the doctor that practises."

Professor Adams, of Amherst College, a distinguished entomologist, was once approached by some waggish students with a nondescript insect which they had industriously made up out of parts of a beetle, grasshopper, butterfly, etc. They requested the professor to tell them what it was. He put on his spectacles, examined the specimen closely for a minute, and said,—

"Well, young gentlemen, this is certainly a curious bug. If I may venture an opinion, I am inclined to think it is what naturalists call a hum-bug."

[We conclude with the following brief examples of the wit of our eminent predecessors.]

Upon the removal of Judge Tilghman from his house in Chestnut Street, the building was immediately torn down, preparatory to the erection of the Arcade. While the mechanics were engaged in taking out the windows, a gentleman said to Judge Hopkinson, who was passing at the time, "Why, they are actually gutting the building." "Yes," said the judge, "you may well say *gutting*, for the *liver* went out yesterday, and they are taking out the *lights* to-day."

A Virginia lawyer once objected to an expression of the Act of Assembly of Pennsylvania, that the State-House yard should be "surrounded by a brick wall, and remain an open enclosure forever." "But," said Judge Breckenridge, who was present, "I put him down by that Act of the Legislature of Virginia which is entitled, 'A supplement to an Act to amend an Act making it penal to *alter* the *mark* of an *unmarked* hog.'"

When a gentleman congratulated Judge Peters upon Congress having passed an act to increase the salaries of the District Judges of the United States, "I don't know," said the judge, "that it will be of any advantage to me. Don't you perceive that the act provides for the increase of the salaries of *certain* District Judges? whereas it is known that I am a very *uncertain* District Judge."

A TRAVELLER'S ADVENTURES.

JOHN ROSS BROWNE.

[From Browne's highly-humorous "Yusef, or the Journey of a Frangi," we select a few illustrative specimens. There is no work of travel in the language that sparkles more with the spirit of fun. Another work of this author is "Etchings of a Whaling Cruise." Browne was appointed minister to China in 1868, and died in 1875.]

RAPID TRAVEL.

OUR descent to San Nicolosi was of course a good deal easier and rather more pleasant than the night's journey up. With the mules, it occupied very nearly the same

time; but I had become quite convinced that there was a prejudice against me on the part of the whole mule species; I had turned involuntary summersaults from divers mules; I had been bitten at and kicked at by mules; I had endeavored to befriend mules by leading them up steep hills instead of riding them, and they were always sure to pull back and try to go down; I had attempted to lead them down-hill, and they invariably insisted upon going up; I had bought mules at three hundred dollars, that looked well on the morning of the purchase, but found they could not go by night, in consequence of being foundered: in sober truth, my talent did not lie in the navigation or management of mules; so I walked. A walk down Mount Etna includes a slide of about a mile from the edge of the crater, which I must tell you about.

Commencing near the crater is a steep bank of ashes and cinders, extending nearly to the Casa Inglesa, by which the trip is made with a locomotive speed quite delightful. Peeping over the brink of the precipice, you enter into a calculation as to the probability of having your limbs dislocated in case you should strike some unseen rock; and about the time you become satisfied that a leg or an arm must be sacrificed, there arises a dust some hundred yards below, and you see a large dark body bouncing down like a man of india-rubber, scattering cinders and ashes before it, and yelling like a demon. Away it goes, rising and jumping and tossing, till it looks like a great black bird hopping down into the gulf of lava below, dwindling as it goes till you see nothing but a dark speck. Then down dashes another and another, and you see that it must be old Pedro leading the way, and the stragglers following. Committing yourself to Providence, you draw a long breath and jump over too; and then, *per Bacco*, how you go; up to your ankles in cinders, ten feet

every jump! The wind whistles through your hair; you half shut your eyes to keep out the dust that has been raised by the guides; you shout like a drunken man, without knowing why, Hurrah! glorious! splendid travelling this! hold me, somebody! stop me, Pedro! by Jupiter, there goes my hat! I knew it couldn't stay on! for heaven's sake, belay me! It is no use: nobody will belay you! There you go, faster and faster at every jump, till you don't know which end will come out first. Now you bet ten to one that your feet will win the race; now a hidden mass of lava brings them up with a sudden jerk, and you'd lay heavy odds on the end of your nose,—yes, the nose must win; you feel the premonitory jar as it nears the end of the track; terror seizes your soul; you jump desperately ten, twenty, thirty feet at every bound, twisting yourself back in the air like a cat; you vow in your agony of mind that you will never drop poor puss over the banisters again in order to see her land on her feet; another leap, another twist, does it; your feet are in the air, and you go sailing down gallantly on the seat of your breeches. Hurrah! clear the track there! don't stop me! glorious! splendid! Here we are, Pedro, all right; keep a lookout for my hat, it'll be down here presently! Bless my soul, what a slide that was!

VICTIMIZED TRAVELLERS.

Eighteen miles in the bracing morning air had given us a ravenous appetite. The Hôtel de Parigi was recommended by our driver as the best in the place, and, although it bore very little resemblance to anything we had ever seen in Paris, being about as black and dirty a looking *locanda* as could well be found in Sicily, we ascended through the hostlery to a large bare room with a table in

the middle and half a dozen wooden chairs ranged round the walls, and called for *qualche cosa mangiare*,—in plain English, something to eat. The padrona, a sour-looking woman, eyed us with a speculative glance, having reference to the size of our purses, and said, "We have nothing but eggs and bread, signores; the meat has been devoured by a party that have just gone ahead." "Very well, then," said we; "let us have the eggs and bread as soon as possible." In about half an hour we had a scanty *collazione* of fried eggs, to which we did as much justice as the subject permitted. "Now, padrona, what is to pay?" "What you wish, signores." "No, no: you must fix your own price." "Then, as you have had nothing but eggs and bread, we will only charge you two dollars." "Two dollars! why, that is impossible! We have only had a dozen eggs and a little bread!" "Well, then, say a dollar and a half: that is very little for four persons, signores." We paid the dollar and a half, and considered ourselves very cleverly done. As we were about to leave, our hostess reminded us of another small charge,—three carlins for the room. "What!" said we, in an honest fit of indignation, "do you mean to say we are to pay for the privilege of eating your miserable *collazione* in this barn of a place?" "Of course, signores; you have had the use of the room." "Very true; but did you think we were going to eat out of doors?" "By no means; and that is the reason why I charge you for the accommodation of the room." It was no use to argue against a system of reasoning so cogent as this; the postilion was calling to us to come on: so we paid the three carlins for the use of the room. Passing out, we were attacked by a dirty *cuisinière*, who demanded a trifling remuneration for her services. "Please your excellencies, I cooked breakfast for you!" "The deuce you did! how do you suppose we could eat it unless it was

cooked? Are people in the habit of eating breakfast raw at the Hôtel de Parigi?" "No, signores; I cook it for them, and they always give me something for my trouble." It was no use to rebel; the cook hung to us like a leech, and it was only by paying her three carlins that we could extricate ourselves from her clutches. "Thank heaven, we are done now!" was our involuntary exclamation, as we made our exit: "*Aspetta*, signores," said a voice behind; "you have forgotten the *facchino*." "The what?" "The porter, gentlemen." "And pray what have you done for us?" "I attend to the baggage, signores." "But we have no baggage here: it is all in the diligence." "Ah, that makes no difference; I could have carried it for you: I must live, you know, and this is all the pay I get to support a large family." The claim was irresistible; we rebelled at first, but it was no use: the *facchino* followed us till we had to give him a few baiocci to get rid of him. "Well, this beats Italy all hollow," was our unanimous conclusion, as we took our respective seats in the diligence, and began to enjoy the luxuries of sunshine and cigars, after the storm through which we had passed. "*Buona mano*," said our small postilion. "For what, you rascal?" "For driving you." "But you did not drive us: you were asleep all the time; we won't pay you!" However, we did pay him, after a great deal of talking. "Drive on now," shouted the Englishman. "*Andate!*" roared the Portuguese. "Go ahead," said I. "*Aspetta*, signores," cried the hostler; "*buona mano* for the hostler." We threw the hostler a few carlins, and shouted, "Drive on! *andate!* go ahead!" again. "*Aspetta!*" cried the hostler, "this is an extra diligence; extra diligences are always double price. Besides, it is two posts from Catania, and you have only paid for one change of horses." "*Diabolo!*" roared the Portuguese, "we have only had one change, and

that has just been put in now." "Stunning business, this," said the Englishman. "Done brown!" said I. "True, signores; but you must pay for the half-way post." "There is no post there, you scoundrel,—no horses,—nothing at all!" "*Da vero*, signores, but these horses have done double duty; so they must be paid for, or they can't go on!" This was too bad. "*Cospetto!*" shrieked the Portuguese. "Excessively annoying!" said the Englishman. "Great country!" said I,—"great country, gentlemen!" We unanimously determined that we would not pay for changing horses, when no such change was made. "Go to the devil with your horses, then; we won't pay a cent more." "*Va bene*, signores!" replied the hostler, very coolly unhitching the horses and leading them off to the stable. "I'll go to the devil to oblige you, signores; but I can't go to Syracuse till the half-way post is paid for. You will have to go on without horses, that's all."

Here was a predicament! The inhabitants of the classical city of Lentini were pouring down from all the neighboring streets to see the diligence that was bound to Syracuse without horses. Matrons with children in their arms held up their precious babes to see the sight; piratical-looking fellows gathered around and examined us with a deliberate and speculative stare; the little boys shouted merrily, and called the attention of all straggling acquaintances to the pole of the diligence that pointed toward Syracuse, but wouldn't pull for want of horses! What was to be done? Go to the mayor? Perhaps there was none; and, if there was, who knew the way? "Signores," said the hostler, in a soothing tone, perceiving our distress of mind, "you'd better pay me, and allow me the pleasure of putting the horses in." We considered the advice, and took it. It was rather humiliating to our feelings; but we were hemmed in with difficulties on all sides; in vain we

looked round upon the crowd; not a sympathizing face was there; not a soul to pity us in our misfortunes. The pervading sentiment seemed to be, "Hit 'em again! they've got no friends!" There was one universal shout of laughter as the postilion cracked his whip and drove us rattling out of Lentini. I turned to look back as we ascended the hill, and caught a glimpse of the hostler, who was still bowing to us with the utmost gravity and politeness. If ever I meet that man on Pennsylvania Avenue, it is my settled intention to do him personal violence.

* * * * * * * *

When the diligence stopped at one of the outer gates, we were carefully inspected by a couple of officers in flashy uniforms and feathers, who politely requested us to allow them the pleasure of looking at our passports. One stood a little in the background, with pens, ink, and paper in his hand: he was evidently a subordinate character, notwithstanding the brilliancy of his plumage, which, from a hasty estimate, I calculated to consist of the tails of three gamecocks. The other was a portly man, of grave and dignified demeanor, rich in tin buttons and red cloth epaulets, and with a moustache that would have done credit to the governor himself; in fact, I thought at first that he was the governor, so imposing was his personal appearance. The passports he opened slowly and cautiously, either from habitual contempt of the value of time, or a latent suspicion that they contained squibs of gunpowder; and at last, when he had fairly spread them out, with the signatures inverted, he carefully scanned the contents for five minutes, and then calmly addressed us in bad Italian: "Your names, signores, if you please." Our friend the Portuguese, being the oldest, was accorded the privilege of speaking first. "My name, signor, is Mendoza, and this lady is my wife." "Grazia, signor." Then, turning to the subordinate, "Put

that down, Men-z-z-a. *Va bene.*" After some other questions as to profession, place of nativity, etc., he turned to the Englishman: "Your name, signor?" "Mine? My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills my father feeds his flocks, a frugal swain——" "Excuse, signor, what did you say?" "Smith, John Smith, if you like it better!" "*Va bene*, signor; put that down: Giovanni Smiz,—no, Semmit, —Giovanni Semmit." The man with the tails of the game-cocks in his hat put it down. "And your name, signor," turning to your humble servant. "Sir," said I, with a dash of honest pride in the thought that I was giving a name known in the remotest corners of the globe, "my name is Brown,—John Brown,—Americano, general in the bobtail militia." "Grazia, signor," said the officer, bowing, as I flattered myself, even more profoundly than he had bowed to my friend John Smith. "Put that down: Giovanni Brovvenni." "BROWN!" said I; for I had no idea of having an honest name so barbarously Italianized. "Si, signor,—*Bruvven.*" "No," said I, sternly, "not Bruvven: BROWN, sir." "Si, signor,—BRUIN." "No, sir," said I, indignantly. "Do you take me for a bear, sir? My name's BROWN, sir?" "Certo, signore,—BRUIN!" And Bruin was written down by the feathered man; and so stands my name to this day in the official archives of Syracuse,—GIOVANNI BRUIN, or JOHN BEAR.

A GREEK DRAGOMAN.

Not far beyond the old convent, we came to a pass, with a rugged bluff on the right, upon which were some ancient inscriptions. Our dragoman stopped the carriage, and in a very imposing manner called our attention to the fact that we were now at a most interesting point in our journey. Dr. Mendoza never suffered anything mentioned in

the guide-book to escape his attention; but unfortunately he had forgotten his book in Athens, and was reduced to the necessity of depending solely upon the classical attainments of our dragoman.

"Wat you call dis place?" said he, for the dragoman spoke nothing but English, in addition to his native language, and Dr. Mendoza was not very proficient in either tongue. "Wat hiss de name of dis place?"

"Um call um er-r-a—e-r-r-a—what you say, sare?"

"What hiss de name?"

"Oh, de name; me know de name; me tell you by'm by. Dis great place, shentlemans; much great ting happen here in ancient time; grand ting happen here. Dey stop here; much grand feast; plenty people; oh, great ting happen here."

"But what *hiss* it? Wat gran ting?—wat gran feast you call her?"

"She call 'um feast, wat de plenty people have wen dey come dis way,—oh, much fine time! Dere's de mark, shentlemans; on de rock dere you see de mark."

Dr. Mendoza looked at the rock, but could make nothing of the mark. Evidently it was all Greek to him, for it perplexed and irritated him exceedingly.

"By dam! you no conosce nienta! Maladetta! wat you call herself? heh? you call herself dragoman? One multo buono dragoman she be! Sacr-r-r-r diabolo!"

"Yes, shentlemans: me dragoman; me plenty recommendation; me know more all dragomans in Atens! All American shentlemans say me good dragoman; all English shentlemans says me good dragoman; everybody say me good dragoman."

"Den wat for you no conosce de name of dis place?"

"De name? Oh, de name, sare? yes, sare: me know de name well as anybody. De name's er-r-ra—er-r-ra; you

know, dis de place, shentlemans, were de plenty peoples come for de grand ting; much grand feast. Dat's de name; same name wat you find in de book; yes, sare. Me best dragoman in Atens; all de shentlemans say me de best. Me know de name all de place."

"Andate!" roared the Portuguese, turning furiously to the driver; "'tis imposs to understan dat. She no speak Inglees!" And away we rolled over the road, as fast as two skeletons of horses could drag us. Presently the carriage stopped again, and the dragoman informed us that we had arrived at another important point.

"Dere, shentlemans, you see de water; much sheep come dere in old time,—two tousan sheep!"

"Wat!" cried the Portuguese, "dat de bay of Salamis? Dat de place where Xerxes come wid two million sheep?"

"Yes, sare; dat de same place, sare; de sheep all fight de Greek mans dere; de Greek mans kill all de sheep and sink 'em in de water. Greek very brave mans; kill two hundred sheep dere. Yes, sare."

"Wat dey do wid all de dead mans?"

"Oh, dey bury all de dead mans down dere were you see de tombs. Yes, sare. De Greek mans dere, and de oder mans wat come in de sheep be dere in dat oder place wat you see. Yes, sare. Oh, me know all de ting—me no tell lie; me good dragoman."

"Poh! 'Tis imposs to comprehen. 'Twill be necess to have de book," said the doctor, in great disgust. "De sheep be buried in de tombs, and de Greek mans be buried in de sheep!—imposs! imposs! Andate! diabolo!"

VAGRANT SKETCHES.

ANONYMOUS.

[From the "tramps" of humorous literature, the nameless wanderers which it is everybody's privilege to give a temporary abiding-place, we select a few—"awful examples," shall we call them?—amusing examples, at least, over which the editor has enjoyed his private laugh, and now wishes to have his readers keep him company. They are instinct with the true American idea of humor,—exaggeration of a situation not necessarily amusing in itself, but made so by extravagance of delineation.]

OUR VISITOR, AND HIS ERRAND.

HE came in with an interrogation-point in one eye and a stick in one hand. One eye was covered with a handkerchief, and one arm in a sling. His bearing was that of a man with a settled purpose in view.

"I want to see," said he, "the man that puts things into this paper."

We intimated that several of us earned a frugal livelihood in that way.

"Well, I want to see the man which cribs things out of the other papers. The fellow who writes mostly with shears, you understand."

We explained to him that there were seasons when the most gifted among us, driven to frenzy by the scarcity of ideas and events and by the clamorous demands of an insatiable public, in moments of emotional insanity plunged the glittering shears into our exchanges. He went on calmly, but in a voice tremulous with suppressed feeling, and indistinct through the recent loss of half a dozen or so of his front teeth,—

"Just so. I presume so. I don't know much about this

business; but I want to see a man,—the man that printed that little piece about pouring cold water down a drunken man's spine of his back and making him instantly sober. If you please, I want to see that man. I would like to talk with him."

Then he leaned his stick against our desk and spit on his serviceable hand, and resumed his hold on the stick as though he were weighing it. After studying the stick a minute, he added, in a somewhat louder tone,—

"Mister, I came here to see that 'ere man. I want to see him bad."

We told him that particular man was not in.

"Just so. I presume so. They told me before I come that the man I wanted to see wouldn't be anywhere. I'll wait for him. I live up north, and I walked seven miles to converse with that man. I guess I'll sit down and wait."

He sat down by the door, and reflectively pounded the floor with his stick, but his feelings would not allow him to keep still.

"I suppose none of you didn't ever pour much cold water down any drunken man's back to make him instantly sober, perhaps?"

None of us in the office had ever tried the experiment.

"Just so. I thought just as like as not you had not. Well, mister, I have. I tried it yesterday, and I have come seven miles on foot to see the man that printed that piece. It wasn't much of a piece, I don't think; but I want to see the man that printed it, just for a few minutes. You see, John Smith he lives next door to my house, when I'm to home, and he gets how-come-you-so every little period. Now, when he's sober, he's all right, if you keep out of his way; but when he's drunk, he goes home and breaks dishes, and tips over the stove, and throws the hardware around,

and makes it inconvenient for his wife; and sometimes he gets his gun and goes out calling on his neighbors, and it ain't pleasant.

"Not that I want to say anything about Smith; but me and my wife don't think he ought to do so. He came home drunk yesterday, and broke all the kitchen windows out of his house, and followed his wife around with the carving-knife, talking about her liver, and after a while he lay down by my fence and went to sleep. I had been reading that little piece: it wasn't much of a piece; and I thought if I could pour some water down his spine, on his back, and make him sober, it would be more comfortable for his wife and a square thing to do all around. So I poured a bucket of spring-water down John Smith's spine of his back."

"Well," said we, as our visitor paused, "did it make him sober?"

Our visitor took a firmer hold of his stick, and replied, with increased emotion,—

"Just so. I suppose it did make him as sober as a judge in less time than you could say Jack Robinson; but, mister, it made him mad. It made him the maddest man I ever see; and, mister, John Smith is a bigger man than me and stouter. Bla—bless him, I never knew he was half so stout till yesterday; and he's handy with his fists, too. I should suppose he's the handiest man with his fists I ever saw."

"Then he went for you, did he?" we asked, innocently.

"Just so. Exactly. I suppose he went for me about the best he knew; but I don't hold no grudge against John Smith! I suppose he ain't a good man to hold a grudge against. Only I want to see the man that printed that piece. I want to see him bad. I feel as though it would soothe me to see that man. I want to show him

how a drunken man acts when you pour cold water down the spine of his back. That's what I come for."

Our visitor, who had poured water down the spine of a drunken man's back, remained until about six o'clock in the evening, and then went up-street to find the man that printed that little piece. The man he is looking for started for Alaska last evening for a summer vacation, and will not be back before September of next year.

THE SCHOOL-BOY'S APPLES.

A country school-marm, the other day, while working an example on the board, detected an urchin directly behind her in the unlawful act of devouring an apple.

She said to him, "Tim, what are you doing?"

"No'hin'," said Tim, with his mouth so full that his cheeks stuck out on either side of his head.

"Yes, you are," paradoxically insisted the teacher. "What have you in your hand?"

"'Napple," said Tim, with some surprise, as he looked at the fragment of the apple in his hand and wondered who had bit it while he was studying.

"What has become of the rest of it?"

"Dunno," said Tim, looking around in an amazed effort to discover who had the rest of it. "Somebody's been eatin' it."

"Have you any more?" demanded the teacher.

"Yes'm," said Tim, dolefully: "got 'nother."

"Where is it?" relentlessly pursued the teacher.

"'N my desk," sighed Tim, as he began to suspect that the teacher was going to demand it of him.

"Well, take it out and go on the platform and eat it."

"Eat 'em both?" queried Tim.

"Yes, eat them both."

"Eat all I got?" demanded Tim, in a subdued tone of voice.

"Yes, eat all you have," impatiently responded the teacher, and, turning to the board, continued, "and don't you leave that platform while you have an apple left uneaten."

Silence reigned in the school-room. The paper pellet pursued its tranquil transit unobserved. The busy hum of the studious made more noise than the cautious smile of the indolent. Tim stood at his post. Munch, munch, munch. The fragment in his hand soon disappeared, and he fell upon the other apple silently but determinedly. Quickly it followed the first. Then he put his right hand into his pantaloons-pocket and took out an apple, and, after a cautious reconnoitre, during which he wiped it on his trousers, he began the attack. He carried the fort. Down went that hand again, and another apple was brought to light. It was quickly despatched. A third followed. Then he changed his position, and, resting the weight of his body on his left leg, sighed as he drew from his left pocket another apple. When it was gone he drew on the commissary for another, and by the time he produced the eighth apple he was silently being observed by two-thirds of the boys in the room. The teacher turned and saw the boy still standing in the attitude of one who was reaching for something in his pocket.

"Aren't you through yet?" she queried, in some astonishment.

"Got 'nother," stoically responded Tim, producing it and falling to work on it.

In surprise the teacher saw him reach for still another, and, when that was gone, surprise grew to amazement as his unwavering hand again sought the gaping mouth of that pocket. As the boy ate he grew in dimensions, and

the teacher became alarmed. There seemed to be no end to the apples that he had in his clothes.

"Tim, for mercy's sake, have you any more apples?"

"Got 'nother," said Tim, indifferently.

"How many more apples have you?"

"Dunno," said Tim: "guess got two or three more."

The teacher did not dare to let him proceed, and appointed herself an investigating committee to look after the back counties.

The boy never changed a muscle of his countenance nor moved an inch while the teacher pulled apple after apple from his coat and stacked them up on the desk, until there was something less than a peck piled up, with a county or two to hear from. The school-room was a scene of hilarity which wasn't so much subdued as it had been. Tim had laid in apples for the winter, and, the pockets of his coat having no bottom, the coat was thus made an immense bag, which held as many apples as he could carry. The matter hasn't been laid before the school board yet, but the exhausted school-ma'am declares that the next time she will learn how much of a crop of apples a boy has about him before she issues any more orders.

THE BEWITCHED CLOCK.

About half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night a human leg, enveloped in blue broadcloth, might have been seen entering Cephas Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was followed finally by the entire person of a lively Yankee, attired in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed, who thus burglariously, in the dead of the night, won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again?" soliloquized the young man.

"Promised him I wouldn't, but didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders is just as good as doors, if there ain't no nails to tear your trousers onto. Wonder if Sal'll come down? The critter promised me. I'm afraid to move here, 'cause I might break my shins over somethin' or 'nother and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a polar bear here. Oh, here comes Sally."

The beautiful maiden descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a box of matches.

After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made up a roaring fire in the cooking-stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of views and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it did elsewhere, and Joe, who was making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from her chamber door,—

"Sally, what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him it's 'most morning," whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally.

"I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe, and, running to the huge old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five.

"Look at the clock and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman up-stairs.

"It's five by the clock," answered Sally, and, corroborating the words, the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again, and resumed the conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak.

"Good gracious! it's father."

"The deacon, by jingo!" cried Joe. "Hide me, Sal!"

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

"Oh, I know," said he: "I'll squeeze into the clock-case."

And without another word he concealed himself in the case, and drew to the door behind him.

The deacon was dressed, and, sitting himself down by the cooking-stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking very deliberately and calmly.

"Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes; then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Hadn't you better go and feed the critters first, sir, and smoke afterward?" suggested the dutiful Sally.

"No; smokin' clears my head and wakes me up," answered the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

Bur-r-r-r—whiz—z—ding—ding! went the clock.

"Tormented lightning!" cried the deacon, starting up, and dropping his pipe on the stove. "What in creation is that?"

Whiz! ding! ding! ding! went the old clock, furiously.

"It's only the clock striking five," said Sally, tremulously.

"Powers of mercy!" cried the deacon, "striking five! It's struck a hundred already."

"Deacon Barberry!" cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm, "what is the matter of the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man.

"It's been in the family these hundred years, and never did I know it to carry on so before."

Whiz! bang! bang! bang! went the clock.

"It'll burst itself!" cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothing left of it."

"It's bewitched," said the deacon, who retained a leaven of New England superstition in his nature. "Anyhow,"

he said, after a pause, advancing resolutely toward the clock, "I'll see what's got into it."

"Oh, don't!" cried the daughter, affectionately seizing one of his coat-tails, while his faithful wife hung to the other.

"Don't!" chorussed both the women together.

"Let go my raiment!" shouted the deacon: "I ain't afraid of the powers of darkness."

But the women would not let go: so the deacon slipped off his coat, and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily on the floor, he darted forward and laid his hand on the door of the clock-case. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside with a death-grasp. The deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell, as of a fiend in distress, came from the inside, and then the clock-case pitched headforemost on the floor, smashed its face, and wrecked its proportions.

The current of air extinguished the light; the deacon, the old lady, and Sally fled up-stairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating himself from the clock, effected his retreat in the same way that he had entered. The next day all Appleton was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched; and, though many believed this version, some, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock-case existed only in a distempered imagination.

S'POSIN'.

A man hobbled into the colonel's office upon crutches. Proceeding to a chair and making a cushion of some news-

papers, he sat down very gingerly, placed a bandaged leg upon another chair, and said,—

"Colonel Coffin, my name is Briggs. I want to get your opinion about a little point of law. Now, colonel, s'posin' you lived up the pike here a half a mile, next door to a man named Johnson. And s'posin' you and Johnson was to get into an argument about the human intellect, and you was to say to Johnson that a splendid illustration of the superiority of the human intellect was to be found in the power of the human eye to restrain the ferocity of a wild animal. And s'posin' Johnson was to remark that that was all bosh, because nobody *could* hold a wild animal with the human eye, and you should declare that you could hold the savagest beast that was ever born if you could once fix your gaze on him.

"Well, then, s'posin' Johnson was to say he'd bet a hundred dollars he could bring a tame animal that you couldn't hold with your eye, and you was to take him up on it, and Johnson was to ask you to come down to his place to settle the bet. You'd go, we'll say, and Johnson'd wander round to the back of the house and pretty soon come front again with a dog bigger'n any four decent dogs ought to be. And then s'posin' Johnson'd let go of that dog and set him on you, and he'd come at you like a sixteen-inch shell out of a howitzer, and you'd get scary about it and try to hold the dog with your eye, and couldn't. And s'posin' you'd suddenly conclude that maybe your kind of an eye wasn't calculated to hold that kind of a dog, and you'd conclude to run for a plum-tree in order to have a chance to collect your thoughts and to try to reflect what sort of an eye would be best calculated to mollify that sort of a dog. You ketch my idea, of course?

"Very well, then: s'posin' you'd take your eye off of that dog,—Johnson, mind you, all the time hissing him on

and laughing,—and you'd turn and rush for the tree, and begin to swarm up as fast as you could. Well, sir, s'posin' just as you got three feet from the ground Johnson's dog would grab you by the leg and hold on like a vice, shaking you until you nearly lost your hold. And s'posin' Johnson was to stand there and halloo, 'Fix your eye on him, Briggs! Why don't you manifest the power of the human intellect?' and so on, howling out ironical remarks like those; and s'posin' he kept that dog on that leg until he made you swear to pay the bet, and then at last had to pry the dog off with a hot poker, bringing away at the same time some of your flesh in the dog's mouth, so that you had to be carried home on a stretcher, and to hire several doctors to keep you from dying with lockjaw.

"S'posin' this: what I want to know is, couldn't you sue Johnson for damages and make him pay heavily for what that dog did? That's what I want to get at."

The colonel thought for a minute, and then said,—

"Well, Mr. Briggs, I don't think I could. If I agreed to let Johnson set the dog at me, I should be a party to the transaction, and I could not recover."

"Do you mean to say that the law won't make that infernal scoundrel Johnson suffer for letting his dog eat me up?"

"I think not, if you state the case properly."

"It won't, hey?" exclaimed Mr. Briggs, hysterically. "Oh, very well, very well! I s'pose if that dog had chewed me all up it'd 've been all the same to this constitutional republic. But hang me if I don't have satisfaction. I'll kill Johnson, poison his dog, and emigrate to some country where the rights of citizens are protected!"

Then Mr. Briggs got on his crutches and hobbled out. He is still a citizen, and will vote at the next election.

A WESTERN ARTIST'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

"Do you—ahem!—do you ever print any art items in your paper?" asked a rather seedy-looking man with long hair, a slouch hat, and paint on his fingers, softly edging into the inner sanctum the other day.

The managing editor glanced savagely up from his noonday sandwich, and, after evidently repressing the desire to add the long-haired party to his viands, replied in the affirmative.

"Because," continued the young man, scowling critically at a cheap chromo on the wall,—"because I thought if you cared to record the progress of real æsthetic art culture on this coast, you might send your art critic around to my studio to take some notes."

"Might, eh?" said the editor, between chews.

"Yes, sir. For instance, there's a mammoth winter storm landscape I've just finished for Mr. Mudd, the bonanza king. It's called 'A Hail-Storm in the Adirondacks,' and a visitor who sat down near it the other day caught a sore throat in less than fifteen minutes. The illusion is so perfect, you understand. Why, I had to put in the finishing-touch with my ulster and Arctic overshoes on!"

"Don't say?"

"Fact, sir. And then there's a little animal gem I did for Governor Clerkings the other day,—a portrait of his Scotch terrier Snap. The morning it was done a cat got in the studio, and the minute it saw that picture it went through the window-sash like a ten-inch shell."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes; and the oddest thing about it was that when I next looked at the canvas the dog's hair was standing up

all along his back like a porcupine. Now, how do you account for that?"

"Dunno."

"It just beats me. When the governor examined the work he insisted on my painting in a post with the dog chained to it. Said he didn't know what might happen."

"Good scheme," growled the President-maker.

"I don't do much in the animal line, though," continued the artist, thoughtfully; "that is, since last summer I painted a setter dog for an English tourist and shipped it to him at Liverpool. But it seems the fleas got into the box, and bit so many holes in the canvas that he threw it back on my hands."

"Too bad."

"Wasn't it, though? My best hold, however, is water views. You know George Bromley, and how abstracted he is sometimes? Well, George dropped in one morning and brought up before an eight-by-twelve view of the San Joaquin River with a boat on the bank in the foreground. I'm blessed if George didn't absent-mindedly take off his coat and step clear through the canvas trying to jump into that boat: thought he'd go out rowing, you know. Speaking about the picture reminds me of a mean trick that was played on me by Dobber, whose studio is right next to mine. He was so envious of my large orders that the night before that painting was delivered he climbed over the transom and smeared out the rope that anchored the boat I spoke of, to the shore. The next morning the skiff was gone: floated off down the stream, you see."

"I do, do I?"

"It took me four days to paint it in again,—dead loss, you see; although I believe the purchaser did agree to pay me twenty-five dollars extra in case it came back on the next tide. Pretty square of him, now, wasn't it?"

"Have they carried out that journeyman with the small-pox?" said the editor, winking at the foreman, who had come in just then to swear for copy.

"Small-pox? That reminds me of a realistic historical subject I'm engaged on now, entitled 'The Plague in Egypt.' I had only completed four of the principal figures, when last Thursday the janitor, who sleeps in the next room, was taken out to the hospital with the most pronounced case of leprosy you ever saw; and this morning the boy who mixes the paints began to scale off like a slate roof. I don't really know whether to keep on with the work or not. How does it strike you?"

"It strikes me that you had better slide," said the unæsthetic moulder of public opinion, gruffly.

"Don't care to send a reporter around, then?"

"No, sir."

"Wouldn't like to give an order for a life-size 'Gutenberg discovering the printing-press,' eh?"

"Nary order."

"Don't want a seven-by-nine group of the staff done in oil or crayon?"

"No," said the editor, as he again lowered himself into the depths of a leader on the Roumanian imbroglio; "but if you care to touch up two window-frames, some desk-legs, and the fighting editor's black eye, for four bits and a lot of comic exchanges, you can sail in."

"It's a whack!" promptly ejaculated the disciple of æsthetic culture; and, borrowing a cigarette from the dramatic critic on account, he drifted off after his brushes.

WILD GRAPES.

"Such a quantity of them," said the widow Winton, "and doing nobody any good!"

The golden September sunshine was steeping all the uplands in yellow brightness, the *avant-coureurs* of the coming frost had touched the maples and sumachs with fiery red, and the wild grapes in the woods came freighting the air with sweetness. Such wild grapes, too!—great, blooming masses of purple, outlined against their rank green leaves, as if some enchanted hand had hung all the forest aisles with glistening pendants of amethyst.

"The jelly they would make!" said the widow Winton, shading her large black eyes with one hand, as she looked up where the vines had garlanded a copse of cedar-trees. "And the preserves! And the price they would bring in market! I really do think that when I rented the Glen Cottage I ought to have had the privilege of these woods into the bargain, more especially as Mr. Esselmont is in Europe, and the grapes are doing nobody any good." And the widow Winton drew a deep sigh, as the wind wafted a fresh gust of fragrance toward her,—the sweet aroma of ripening grapes in the crucible of autumn sunshine.

The widow Winton, be it understood, was no angular matron or wrinkled old beldam, but a rosy little personage of two- or three-and-twenty, with laughing, sloe-black eyes, long-lashed and almond-shaped, a saucy, *retroussé* nose, and lips like a cleft rose-bud. And as she stood there with her dimpled hands interlaced above her eyes, a rebellious resolution formed itself in her heart.

"I will have them," said the widow Winton. "As well me as the school-boys and sparrows. And if I were to ask that crusty old agent, I know he'd refuse: so I shall omit the little ceremony. I'll send 'em into town, and I'll take the money to get me a new fall hat; for mine has been positively shabby ever since the crape got soaked through in that summer shower, three weeks ago Sunday." And the widow Winton went home to the little cottage on

the edge of the wood, which had once been a porter's lodge on the Esselmont estate, and told her sister what she had determined upon.

"Fanny," said Miss Charity Hall, who was ten years older than the widow, and a good many years graver, "pray don't think of such a thing."

"Why not?" said Fanny.

"It would be stealing."

"No, it wouldn't," stoutly argued Fanny. "There they hang, doing nobody any good; and it's a wicked, sinful shame! And Mr. Esselmont is in Paris, and that cross old crab of an agent sets up a cry if one does but break off a sprig of autumn leaves. No, Charity, there's no use arguing: the grapes I want, and the grapes I'll have."

"I wouldn't," said Miss Charity.

"I would," said the widow Winton.

And she took down a little wicker basket, with a twisted handle and a double lid, and tripped off.

"How are you going to reach them?" said Miss Charity.

"I shall climb," said the widow.

"You?" cried Miss Charity.

"Yes, I," nodded the widow.

She was yet engaged in gathering the purple spoils that hung, ripe and tempting, within her reach, when there was a crackling of dry leaves under-foot, and a tall young man, in a suit of dark-colored cloth and a Tyrolese hat, stepped lightly into the forest glade.

"It's the new rector," said the widow Winton to herself. "To think that he should have blundered along at this very time of all others! But I may as well make the best of it." And she turned around to greet the bewildered new-comer with a sweet smile and the utmost self-possession.

"Will you have some grapes?" said she, holding out the twisted wicker basket.

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered the stranger, "but I must have mistaken my way. I supposed these were the Esselmont woods."

"So they are," said the widow, "and I am stealing the Esselmont grapes,—because, you see, I've rented the little cottage yonder, and I really think the grapes ought to go with the cottage: don't you?"

"Really," said the stranger,—the widow Winton had perceived by this time that he was tall and straight, with pleasant hazel eyes and a long, silky moustache,—"I know so little about the property here——"

"Oh, of course not!" said the widow, sitting down on a fallen tree, with her little black silk apron full of grapes. "But I can tell you. Mr. Esselmont, who owns the property, is in Europe, and the agent is such a cross old fudge that one can't ask for so much as a bunch of wild flowers,—a regular crab, you know," opening her bright eyes very wide to emphasize the idea.

"How very disagreeable!" said the stranger, who had taken a seat on the mossy log beside the widow, and was eating grapes as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"So I just concluded to help myself," said the widow.

"So I perceive," said the hero of the silky moustache.

"Wouldn't you, if you were in my place?" said the widow.

"Certainly I would," said the gentleman. "And if you will allow me I will help you to help yourself."

"But you haven't time," said the widow Winton, dubiously.

"Oh, yes, I have," said the stranger,—"plenty of time,

I assure you. I was only crossing the woods to call on the new rector, and——"

The purple clusters of grapes slid to the ground, as the widow Winton started up in amazement and dismay.

"Oh, dear!" cried she; "I thought you were the new rector."

The stranger smiled.

"Do I look so very clerical?" said he.

"Then you are the agent's son from Canada," said she. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! And I've been calling your father a crab, and all sorts of names! Oh, dear! I beg your pardon, I am sure, but all the same he is a crab."

"Pray don't distress yourself," soothed the stranger. "I am no relation at all to Mr. Esselmont's agent."

The widow Winton brightened up a little at this.

"I am thankful for that," said she. "And now, if you will help me with the grapes, we can get them all gathered before the agent comes this way on his afternoon walk. Can you climb?"

"I should rather think I could," promptly answered the gentleman.

The widow clapped her plump little hands in delight, as the huge bunches rained down into her apron.

"There," cried she; "that's enough."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Oh, quite," said the widow,—"for jelly and marmalade, and to send a lot to town to buy my new bonnet-strings."

The stranger sprang lightly to the ground from the boughs of a stately beech-tree.

"Then it's all right," said he. "And we have outgeneralled Mr. Esselmont and his cross old agent after all."

"Haven't we?" said the widow Winton, with her black eyes all dancing with mischief. "And now, if you'll come home with me, I'll give you a cup of real French chocolate and a slice of sponge-cake."

"I shall be very happy to carry your basket for you," said the stranger, courteously.

"There he is now," said the widow, recoiling a little, as they neared the tiny cottage, with its drooping leaves and pillared veranda.

"Who?" said the gentleman.

"The agent," said the widow Winton.

"He can't hurt us," said the stranger. And he walked boldly into the very presence of Mr. Sandy Macpherson, with the basket of plundered grapes on his arm, while the widow followed, much marvelling at his valor. But, instead of bursting out into invective, the agent sprang to his feet and began bowing and scraping most obsequiously.

"Really, sir,—really, Mr. Esselmont," said he, "this is a pleasure that I didn't expect."

"Mr. Esselmont!" cried out the widow.

"I beg a thousand pardons for not disclosing my identity before," said the handsome incognito. "But you've no idea how I've enjoyed this masquerade. Will you allow me to introduce myself formally at last?"

The widow Winton turned crimson and pale.

"But I've been stealing your grapes!" said she.

"Every fruit and flower on the Esselmont estate is at your service," said the young heir, with a bow and a smile.

But, when he went away, Miss Charity took her younger sister formally to task.

"Fanny," said she, "aren't you ashamed?"

"Not a bit," said Fanny, valiantly.

"Stealing fruit like a school-boy, and romping like a child," remonstrated Charity.

"If Mr. Esselmont don't mind it," said the widow, "why should I? And we are going to the haunted springs to-morrow, and I shall show him the rocky glen. Oh, I can tell you, Charity, it's great fun."

But, as time crept on, Miss Charity Hall grew more uneasy still.

"Fanny," said she, "you must leave off flirting with Guy Esselmont."

"Why?" said the widow.

"Because you are poor and he is rich; and people are beginning to talk."

"Let them talk: we are going to be married next month, and then we can set the whole world at defiance. And, Charity——" hiding her face on her elder sister's shoulder.

"Well?"

"He says he fell in love with me that day he caught me stealing his grapes."

"Humph!" said Miss Charity. "Well, he has stolen your heart: so I do not see but that you are quits."

MY FAMILIAR.

JOHN G. SAXE.

[The American counterpart of the English Hood, John Godfrey Saxe, has added to our literature some of its very best poems of humor, and the popularity of his works is simply in accordance with their merit. The author was born in Franklin County, Vermont, in 1816. He became editor of the *Burlington Sentinel*, and a writer of

serious as well as of humorous poetry, though his reputation rests upon the latter. He died in 1887.]

Ecce iterum Crispinus!

AGAIN I hear that creaking step!—
He's rapping at the door!—
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes,—but never goes!

He drops into my easy-chair
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties,—
But never takes his leave!

He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric (that I wrote)
And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And coolly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees,—
Except the entry door!

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of the pains

He suffers from a score of ills
  Of which he ne'er complains,
And how he struggled once with death
  To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like these away he goes,—
  But never goes away!

He tells me of the carping words
  Some shallow critic wrote,
And every precious paragraph
  Familiarly can quote;
He thinks the writer did me wrong;
  He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things,—
  But never says, "Adieu!"

Whene'er he comes,—that dreadful man,—
  Disguise it as I may,
I know that, like an autumn rain,
  He'll last throughout the day.
In vain I speak of urgent tasks,
  In vain I scowl and pout;
A frown is no extinguisher,—
  It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off,
  Put crape upon the door,
Or hint to John that I am gone
  To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
  The stoutest of my foes,
But heaven defend me from the friend
  Who never, never goes!

THE COCKNEY.

It was in my foreign travel,
At a famous Flemish inn,
That I met a stoutish person
With a very ruddy skin;
And his hair was something sandy,
And was done in knotty curls,
And was parted in the middle,
In the manner of a girl's.

He was clad in checkered trousers,
And his coat was of a sort
To suggest a scanty pattern,
It was bobbed so very short;
And his cap was very little,
Such as soldiers often use;
And he wore a pair of gaiters
And extremely heavy shoes.

I addressed the man in English,
And he answered in the same,
Though he spoke it in a fashion
That I thought a little lame;
For the aspirate was missing
Where the letter should have been,
But where'er it wasn't wanted
He was sure to put it in!

When I spoke with admiration
Of St. Peter's mighty dome,
He remarked, "'Tis really nothing
To the sights we 'ave at 'ome,"

And declared upon his honor—
Though of course 'twas very queer—
That he doubted if the Romans
'Ad the *h*art of making beer! . . .

Then we talked of other countries,
And he said that he had heard
That *h*Americans spoke *h*English,
But he deemed it quite *h*absurd;
Yet he felt the deepest *h*interest
In the missionary work,
And would like to know if Georgia
Was in Boston or New York!

When I left the man in gaiters,
He was grumbling, o'er his gin,
At the charges of the hostess
Of that famous Flemish inn;
And he looked a very Briton
(So, methinks, I see him still)
As he pocketed the candle
That was mentioned in the bill.

BLIFKINS THE AUTHOR.

BENJAMIN P. SHILLABER.

[The author of the sayings of the immortal (or "immoral," as she probably would express it) Mrs. Partington yields us the following selection from his "Blifkins" papers, to which we add some specimen-bricks of "Partingtonian Patchwork." B. P. Shillaber was born at

Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1814, edited various journals, and has issued a number of humorous works, several of them devoted to the sayings of his popular creation, Mrs. Partington. In 1882 he published a volume of poems entitled "Wide Swath."]

"I AM going to write for the press," said Blifkins, as his wife asked him what he had under his arm when he came home one day. He laid upon the table, as he spoke, a half-ream of paper, a box of steel pens, a pint-bottle of ink, four sheets of blotting-paper, a pot of mucilage, a new inkstand, and a bunch of pen-holders. "I am going to write for the press," he said, "and my name shall hereafter be known as one of its most honored contributors."

He said it gayly, with an assumed light-heartedness that he often put on when met with similar questions, as, "Where have you been?" "Who have you seen?" and the like. In this instance, however, there was more of truth than marked his answers at times, because at those other times there was an acerbity in the tone of the questions that caused irritation, and the answers swerved occasionally from the line of honest confession, as the magnetic needle will vary under peculiar influences.

"Yes," continued he, "here in the quiet of my own home, surrounded by sweet domestic influences, will I build me up a fabric of fame and place the name of Blifkins among the stars."

Mrs. Blifkins, with the spirit of a true helpmeet, simply said, "Nonsense!" and Blifkins, taking his stationery, moved up-stairs to the place which he called his "study." He adopted this room and christened it his study in conformity with a belief he had long held that every one should have a place for retirement, where, the world shut out, the soul could confer with itself and become beatified in the atmosphere of peace. The room was unfor-

tunately located for quiet, as below it was the piano-room, where the elder children took their lessons, above it the nursery, where the younger ones pursued their games, on the right of it the reception-room, on the left of it the sewing-room, provided with a sewing-machine, back of it a broad stairway, and it fronted on the busiest street in the town. But Blifkins put a desk in one corner of it, hung up a shelf for the accommodation of Worcester's Dictionary and a Thesaurus of English Words, stretched a map of Boston on the wall, and called it his "snuggery," his "study," his "sanctum," very pettingly.

Here was to be the field of his trials and his triumphs, and here he brought his stationery preparatory to the intellectual flights he meditated. He sat down at his desk and arranged everything in the most judicious order, and all wore a very literary aspect. Blifkins looked admiringly upon the work of his hands, which was to be succeeded by the work of his head, and dipped his pen in the inkstand, ready to begin when the inspiration should come.

Artemus Ward says that "every man has his fort." Blifkins knew this, and wondered what his "fort" was. He thought it could not be poetry, for he despised the effeminacy of rhyme; neither could it be history, for he had no sympathy with the ponderous sentences of the historians. He felt that it was on the field of romance that he was to excel, and he realized a glow of enthusiasm as he reached this conclusion. Here he would compete with Cobb, and Ingraham, and Murray, and win a fame coeval with that of those stars in the literary firmament.

Everything depends, of course, upon a title,—all romancers know this,—and the best story the world ever saw, without the sensational prefix, might as well never have been written, so far as popular favor is concerned. Its perusal must be confined to the interest of a few

friends, and then forgotten. "The Bloody Handspike, or the Pirate of the Coral-Reefs," contains a story in its very title; so does "The Eleven Giants of Castile, or the Ghost of the Alhambra;" and so does "The Wolf's Nest of the Pyrenees, or the Doom of Domville." Blifkins sat there, with his pen between his fingers, thinking of a title. For full fifteen minutes he sat thus, looking down upon his sheet of paper, which lay in unprofaned purity before him, occasionally running his fingers through his hair, as though endeavoring to harrow a title up from the roots of it. But the title wouldn't come. At last, his feelings wrought to their utmost tension, the idea came to him as the shower of gold did to the young spendthrift, who, when reduced to his last penny, essayed to hang himself, agreeably to a pleasant codicil in his father's will recommending such a course, and pulled the treasure about his ears that the wily old gentleman had placed behind the fatal beam. The idea came and Blifkins wrote—

"THE CRUISE OF THE SEVEN POLLIES:

"A TALE OF THE SEA.

"At the close of a lovely day in the autumn of 1816, the sun sinking beneath the western wave, leaving behind a trail of effulgent glory, bathing every object in its crimson light, the Seven Pollies came to her moorings in Ossipee Bay. Her captain was a mere youth, but upon his brow were discernible the marks of deep care, and, as he gazed earnestly towards the shore, he said to the first officer, who leaned listlessly over the rail——"

"Mr. Blifkins!"

The sudden call from below startled Blifkins from his meditation, and he forgot what the captain was going to

say. It was his wife's voice that had threatened the story of the "Seven Pollies."

"Mr. Blifkins!"

The cry came louder this time, and Blifkins, opening the door, inquired, in a voice as vehement as a melodramatic boatswain's,—

"What do you want?"

"Mr. Blifkins, will you come down and get some coal? The fire is out in the grate, and, mercy knows, I have to work hard enough without going down cellar after coal, though some men think it is a woman's place to do so, and to do all sorts of drudgery, while they sit down and fold their hands and have nothing to do."

More was said, but Blifkins shut the door, and the rest subsided to a murmur. He left his story upon the table, and went down to perform the required service. He was an adept in bringing up coal, he had got so used to it. At whatever time of night or day he might be in the house, he was called upon to bring coal. He was chained to an unbending destiny that had coal for its formula. An English friend of the family called him a "hod-fellow;" and it was a pleasant thing for him to say, "Poor Tom's a coaled," which melancholy and sombre joke always elicited a smile. Blifkins was wont to express the belief that if he was at the last mortal strait, his thoughts reaching into the unseen world, he would be recalled by the demand for coal,—a forcible but very preposterous idea.

Having discharged this duty, he again retired to commune with the "Seven Pollies." He sat down at his desk and read what he had written, but he couldn't recall what the youthful captain was going to say. He took out his penknife and unconsciously whittled away at his pen holder, until the floor was covered with chips.

"Mr. Blifkins," said his wife, suddenly breaking upon

him from a side-door like an avalanche, "aren't you making a pretty mess here? Look at these chips, now. You won't be so ready to gather them up, I dare say. But no matter: it is only another grain added to the burden. 'The Cruise of the Seven Pollies!' So this is what you have been doing? Well, what *did* he say?"

"Upon my word," said Blifkins, "I haven't the least idea at present; it was in my head, but was entirely driven out by a hod of coal."

"That's it, Mr. Blifkins, that's it," said she; "make me responsible for everything. I dare say you will accuse me of destroying your appetite next. Think of a poor woman's duties, and you will never make so much fuss because you have to get a hodful of coal in a day."

Blifkins groaned, and Mrs. Blifkins went out, slamming the door after her.

——"He said to the first officer, who leaned listlessly over the rail——"

A brand-new pen hovered over the sentence to finish it, and the eyes of Blifkins, in a fine frenzy rolling, stared fixedly upon the page before him. At last he threw the manuscript into his desk, and went out, impressed with the idea that the influences were unfavorable for inspiration, and that a man could not tap himself, like a cider-barrel, for thought when he chose; particularly inveighing, in his own mind, against the coal-hod that had smothered his idea.

"What did the captain say?" Mrs. Blifkins inquired the next day at dinner, with a mischievous twinkle of her eyes.

Blifkins pushed back his chair and went up to his "study," remarking before he went that he would show people that some things could be done as well as others,—an exceedingly original remark, which went to show the lively nature of Blifkins's fancy.

——"He said to the first officer, who leaned listlessly over the rail——"

"What the deuce did he say?" said Blifkins, dipping his pen again and again into the inkstand, as though the word were in there and he were trying to dig it out. He was in the condition of the man who had ideas enough, but couldn't think of them.

Click! click! click! click!

The sewing-machine in the sewing-room sent up a pleasant note; Mrs. Blifkins and a neighbor were discussing domestic economy in the sitting-room; Mary Jane thrummed the piano in the room below; above, the children "volleyed and thundered;" the little boy was dragging his truckle-cart down-stairs; and in the street an alarm of fire made noise enough to drown the crash of the Union when it breaks.

Poor Blifkins seized his hat and rushed out in a condition bordering on despair.

We were in his study a few days since, and as we sat conversing with him he told us his experience, the ambition that had inspired him, and its failure.

"Mr. Blifkins," said a voice on the stairs, "will you come down and bring up some coal?"

He looked at us sadly, and went out like a lamp poorly trimmed. We lifted a sheet of paper from the floor, and upon looking at the writing found it to be—

"THE CRUISE OF THE SEVEN POLLIES:

"A TALE OF THE SEA.

"At the close of a lovely day, etc., etc., etc., he said to the first officer, who leaned listlessly over the rail——"

And that is all the world will ever know of it.

PARTINGTONIAN PATCHWORK.

Ike rushed in one day, with his eyes opened to their widest, and threw his cap into a pan of custard-pudding that Mrs. Partington had just prepared for baking.

"Do be careful, dear!" said Mrs. P., extricating the cap and shaking off the accruing matter. "There's your new cap, now, completely satiated with custard!"

"I wish I could be," muttered the boy. Then he broke out with, "Oh, I've seen such a sight! I just saw a woman go by here with more'n fifty pounds of hair on her head!"

"Don't say that," replied Mrs. P., severely; "that is a falsehood, which isn't any better than lying; and though some say such things with impurity, I cannot allow it. I know the chingons and the waterfowls are large enough, but fifty pounds is impossible. You should not say so, because you remember how Hannah Nyas and Sophia were struck dead for lying; and though very few have suffered so sence, it isn't because they don't deserve it, but because there's so many of 'em that there wouldn't be any left."

"It isn't a lie, neither," said Ike. "She did have fifty pounds of hair on her head."

Mrs. Partington turned on him the burning disk of her large round spectacles. There was a concentration of rebuke in the look she gave. Her finger was raised like the note of wonder.

"This is original sin, total depravity, and close communion all together," said she, with a tone of horror.

"I did see it," he repeated. "'Twas a woman who had been picking hair, and was carrying it home in a bag on her head."

She smiled forgiveness, and the custards were a success.

"Have you got any consecrated lye?" asked Mrs. Partington of the druggist, during anniversary season. "No," replied he, winking at his chief clerk, "but you can get it anywheres round here all this week." "Indeed!" she continued, "is it so common as that? I thought only the 'pothecaries had it. But no matter. I dare say it isn't any better than the old kind, for a lye is a lye, anyway, whether 'tis consecrated or not; for the purification is what is wanted, and a lye well stuck to will be jest as well, if the clothes is clean; that's what's looked at, and the lye isn't thought of. I dare say you haven't got any desecrated codfish, either? You haven't? I thought so, though some ain't so particular. They'll desecrate anything for money; and what else can you expect, when everybody seems to be coveting his neighbor's goods? and heaven knows where it will end, with beefsteak forty cents a pound, which John Rogers himself couldn't have stood. Why, Isaac!" The remark was caused by Ike, who stood practising hydrostatics by douching the flies on the wall with a new syringe.

"How limpid you walk!" said a voice behind us, as we were making a hundred and fifty horse-power effort to reach a table whereon reposed a volume of Bacon. "What is the cause of your lameness?" It was Mrs. Partington's voice that spoke, and Mrs. Partington's eyes that met the glance we returned over our left shoulder. "Gout," said we, briefly, almost surlily. "Dear me!" said she; "you are highly flavored! It was only rich people and epicaes in living that had the gout in olden times." "Ah!" we growled, partly in response, and partly with an infernal twinge. "Poor soul!" she continued, with commiseration, like an anodyne, in the tones of her voice; "the best remedy I know for it is an embarkation of Roman

wormwood and lobelia for the part infected, though some say a cranberry poultice is best; but I believe the cranberries is for erisipilis, and whether either of 'em is a rostrum for the gout or not, I really don't know. If it was a fraction of the arm I should jest know what to subscribe." . . .

It was very evident, all the while that she, or they, stayed, that Ike was seeing how near he could come to our lame member and not touch it. He did touch it sometimes, but those didn't count.

"I've always noticed," said Mrs. Partington on New-Year's Day, dropping her voice to the key that people adopt when they are disposed to be philosophical or moral, —"I've always noticed that every year added to a man's life is apt to make him older, jest as a man who goes a journey finds, as he jogs along, that every mile he goes brings him nearer where he is going and further from where he started. I am not so young as I was once, and I don't believe I shall ever be, if I live to the age of Sansom, which, heaven knows as well as I do, I don't want to, for I wouldn't be a centurian or an octagon, and survive my factories, and become idiomatic, by any means. But then there is no knowing how a thing will turn out till it takes place; and we shall come to an end some day, though we may never live to see it."

There was a smart tap on the looking-glass that hung upon the wall, followed instantly by another.

"Gracious!" said she; "what's that? I hope the glass isn't fractioned, for it is a sure sign of calamity, and, mercy knows, they come along full fast enough, without helping 'em by breaking looking-glasses."

There was another tap, and she caught sight of a white bean that fell on the floor; and there, reflected in the glass,

was the face of Ike, who was blowing beans at the mirror through a crack in the door.

"As for the Chinese question," said Mrs. Partington, reflectively, holding her spoon at "present," while the vapor of her cup of tea curled about her face, which shone through it like the moon through a mist, "it is a great pity that somebody don't answer it, though who under the canister of heaven can do it, with sich letters as they have on their tea-chists, is more than I can tell. It is really too bad, though, that some linguister doesn't try it, and not have this provoking question asked all the time, as if we were ignoramuses and did not know Toolong from No Strong, and there never was sich a thing as the seventh commandment, which, heaven knows, suits this case to a T, and I hope the breakers of it may escape, but I don't see how they can. The question must be answered, unless it is like a cannondrum, to be given up, which nobody of any spirit should do."

She brought the spoon down into the cup, and looked out through the windows of her soul into celestial fields, peopled with pig-tails, that were all in her eye, while Ike took a double charge of sugar for his tea, and gave an extra allowance of milk to the kitten.

"Are those the Duchess Dangleworm's pears?" said Mrs. Partington, as she stopped at the street corner and "hefted" one of a number marked "12 cents."

"No, ma'am," was the reply; "them's Easter Beurres."

"Well," replied she, "I hope Esther will find somebody to buy 'em at that price; but I think it is doubtful, they are so very high."

"Yes'm," replied the vender: "they was raised on very high trees."

"Ah, thank you," said she. "I declare, it is as good as going to an intelligence-orifice to meet with such a one as yourself. You ought not to dispense with your wisdom so liberally, because by and by it may give out."

She turned to go away, but felt that her reticule was heavier than it was, and found that some one had put a large pear in it, a gift, she deemed, from the fruit-vender; but Ike walked by her side demurely, and she could not see under his cap-visor the fun that was there. He could tell how it came there.

"What a label it is upon the character of Boston!" said Mrs. Partington, as she read a speech on the liquor bill that reflected on Boston. "There is no place where benevolence is so aperient as here. For my part, I don't know where so much is done for the suffering: anybody can see it that can read,—for how often we see 'free lunch' in the windows of our humane institutions! You never see sich things in the country, as much better as they think themselves."

Mrs. Partington paused, looking over the top of the paper at the country member, as though she were resting her gaze there preparatory to making another shot, while Ike sat on the floor, lathering the cat with raw custard.

"Diseases is very various," said Mrs. Partington, as she returned from a street-door conversation with Dr. Bolus. "The doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. Haze has got two buckles on her lungs! It is dreadful to think of, I declare. The diseases is *so* various! One way we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs; another way, of the brown creatures; here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, and there about tonsors of the throat; here we hear of neurology in the head, there of

an embargo; one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of tough beef in the sarcofagus, and there another kills himself by discovering his jocular vein. Things change so, that I declare I don't know how to subscribe for any diseases nowadays. New names and new nostrils takes the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old herb-bag away."

Fifteen minutes afterwards, Isaac had that herb-bag for a target, and broke three squares of glass in the cellar window in trying to hit it, before the old lady knew what he was about. She didn't mean exactly what she said.

THE POET AND HIS CRITICS.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

[Washington Allston, one of the most eminent of American artists, did not confine himself to the brush, but gained triumphs by the pen also, his "Sylph of the Season" containing some poetry of much merit. From his romance of "Monaldi" we select the following description of the dissection of a poet by his critics. The author was born in South Carolina in 1779. He died in 1843, while engaged on his large painting of "Belshazzar's Feast."]

THE poem was at length published. Alas! who that knows the heart of an author—of an aspiring one—will need be told what were the feelings of Maldura when day after day, week after week, passed on, and still no tidings of his book! To think it had failed was wormwood to his soul. "No, that was impossible." Still, the suspense, the uncertainty of its fate were insupportable. At last, to relieve his distress, he fastened the blame on

his unfortunate publisher; though how he was in fault he knew not. Full of this thought, he was just sallying forth to vent his spleen on him, when his servant announced the count Piccini.

"Now," thought Maldura, "I shall hear my fate;" and he was not mistaken, for the count was a kind of talking gazette. The poem was soon introduced, and Piccini rattled on with all he had heard of it: he had lately been piqued by Maldura, and cared not to spare him.

After a few hollow professions of regard, and a careless remark about the pain it gave him to repeat unpleasant things, Piccini proceeded to pour them out one upon another with ruthless volubility. Then, stopping as if to take breath, he continued: "I see you are surprised at all this; but indeed, my friend, I cannot help thinking it principally owing to your not having suppressed your name; for your high reputation, it seems, had raised such extravagant expectations as none but a first-rate genius could satisfy."

"By which," observed Maldura, "I am to conclude that my work has failed?"

"Why, no,—not exactly that; it has only not been praised,—that is, I mean, in the way you might have wished. But do not be depressed: there's no knowing but the tide may yet turn in your favor."

"Then I suppose the book is hardly as yet known?"

"I beg your pardon,—quite the contrary. When your friend the marquis introduced it at his last conversazione, every one present seemed quite *au fait* on it; at least, they all talked as if they had read it."

Maldura bit his lips: "Pray, who were the company?"

"Oh, all your friends, I assure you: Guattani, Martello, Pessuti the mathematician, Alfieri, Benuci, the Venetian Castelli, and the old Ferrarese Carnesecchi: these were

the principal, but there were twenty others who had each something to say."

Maldura could not but perceive the malice of this enumeration; but he checked his rising choler. "Well," said he, "if I understand you, there was but one opinion respecting my poem with all this company?"

"Oh, by no means. Their opinions were as various as their characters."

"Well, Pessuti,—what said he?"

"Why, you know he's a mathematician, and should not regard him. But yet, to do him justice, he is a very nice critic, and not unskilled in poetry."

"Go on, sir: I can bear it."

"Why, then, it was Pessuti's opinion that the poem had more learning than genius."

"Proceed, sir."

"Martello denied it both; but he, you know, is a disappointed author. Guattani differed but little from Pessuti as to its learning, but contended that you certainly showed great invention in your fable,—which was like nothing that ever did or could happen. But I fear I annoy you."

"Go on, I beg, sir."

"The next who spoke was old Carnesecchi, who confessed that he had no doubt he should have been delighted with the poem, could he have taken hold of it; but it was so *en règle* and like a hundred others that it put him in mind of what is called a polished gentleman, who talks and bows and slips through a great crowd without leaving any impression. Another person, whose name I have forgotten, praised the versification, but objected to the thoughts."

"Because they were absurd?"

"Oh, no; for the opposite reason,—because they had all been long ago known to be good. Castelli thought that a

bad reason; for his part, he said, he liked them all the better for that: it was like shaking hands with an old acquaintance in every line. Another observed that at least no critical court could lawfully condemn them, as they could each plead an *alibi*. Not an *alibi*, said a third, but a *double:* so they should be burnt for sorcery. With all my heart, said a fourth,—but not the poor author, for he has certainly satisfied us that he is no conjurer.

"Then Castelli—but, faith, I don't know how to proceed."

"You are over-delicate, sir. Speak out, I pray you."

"Well, Benuci finished by the most extravagant eulogy I ever heard."

Maldura took breath.

"For he compared your hero to the Apollo Belvedere, your heroine to the Venus de' Medici, and your subordinate characters to the Diana, the Hercules, the Antinöus, and twenty other celebrated antiques,—declared them all equally well wrought and beautiful, and, like them too, equally cold, hard, and motionless. In short, he maintained that you were the boldest and most original poet he had ever known; for none but a hardy genius, who consulted nobody's taste but his own, would have dared, like you, to draw his animal life from a statue-gallery and his vegetable from a *hortus siccus*."

Maldura's heart stiffened within him, but his pride controlled him, and he masked his thoughts with something like composure. Yet he dared not trust himself to speak, but stood looking at Piccini, as if waiting for him to go on. "I believe that's all," said the count, carelessly twirling his hat and rising to take leave.

Maldura roused himself, and, making an effort, said, "No, sir; there is one person whom you have only named,—Alfieri. What did he say?"

"Nothing!" Piccini pronounced this word with a graver tone than usual; it was his fiercest bolt, and he knew that a show of feeling would send it home. Then, after pausing a moment, he hurried out of the room.

PROSE RELAXATIONS.

VARIOUS.

[From several prominent personages of America whose reputation is rather of the serious than of the humorous turn we select a few instances of relaxation of mood. It is something like Samson's feat of extracting honey from the lion to discover an instance of playfulness in the ordinarily grave correspondence of George Washington. The following letter to Dr. John Cochran is probably the only example of this kind in existence in Washington's writings.]

DEAR DOCTOR,—I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honor bound to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination alone is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered is more essential, and this shall be the purport of my letter. Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot, and a dish of beans or greens almost imperceptible decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beefsteak pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the centre-

dish, dividing the space, and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which, without them, would be about twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies; and it is a question if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beefsteaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin, but now iron (not become so by the labor of scouring), I shall be happy to see them.

[Another of our great men of the past, Fisher Ames, the celebrated orator and statesman of the era succeeding the Revolution, thus writes to Josiah Quincy.]

February 1, 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,—Messrs. Trask and Wheelock, two knights of the curry-comb, in Bromfield Lane, and proprietors of the stage through Dedham to Hartford, from a sheer love of the public, are willing to use and abuse their horses to expedite the mail in eighteen hours in summer provided that Congress will order the postmaster-general to make a contract with them to carry it three times a week. Even love, you know, grows faint if unrequited. Here we sit in darkness; and instead of having the light of the newspapers—the only light men can see to think by, shed dingy and streaked every morning, like Aurora—we often have to wait, as they do in Greenland, for the weather and the northern lights. The town stage is often stopped by rain or snow; the driver forgets to bring the newspapers, or loses them out of his box. This is our bad condition here. How much worse it is ten miles further from Boston, you may conceive. The darkness might be felt. Now, as the government alone possesses information, and as the stage-horses alone are the

pipes for its transmission to the printers, who are the issuing commissaries to the people, we, the people, the rank-and-file men, ask our officers, through Trask and Wheelock, to provide for our accommodation. Let us have food for the mind every other day.

The middle road is the nearest by twenty or twenty-five miles; besides, Mr. Dowse lives upon it, and, as it is now all turnpike, in fact or on paper, and as fifty miles of it through Connecticut, without granting the petition, might not in any season, if at all, get knowledge of Mr. Wright's bill, and his bounty for shooting Englishmen, the public reasons are the strongest imaginable for ordering the postmaster-general to make such a contract. It would not cost much; and, as the increase of mails increases letter-writing, who will say that ultimately it will cost anything? The only sensible economy in farming is to spend money; it may be so in government matters.

To be serious, there can be no doubt that public good requires the arrangement in question, as Sam Brown, George Blake, and Dr. Eustis subscribe the question. The Worcester road may seem to be attacked, by the conferring of the high prerogative of a mail three times a week on a parallel road; and Granger's bowels may yearn for his imperial city of feathers and wooden trays, which is situated on the route through Springfield. Pray do what you can for these folks, and get others to help you. Even Mr. Randolph ought to promote these views, as it will, no doubt, increase the number of the readers of his speeches.

Yours truly,

FISHER AMES.

[From an author whose writings are instinct with the spirit of cheerfulness but not of humor, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, we exhume one of his very few contributions to the literature of amusement. The

selection is from "The Blank Book of a Country Schoolmaster," where it bears the title of "The Happy Man and the Lucky Dog."]

In this strange world of ours, where each pursues his own golden bubble, and laughs at his neighbor for doing the same, he is the Happy Man who, blest with modest ease, a wife and children, sits enthroned in the hearts of his family, and knows no other ambition than that of making those around him happy. But the Lucky Dog is he who, free from all domestic cares, saunters up and down his room in morning gown and slippers, drums on the window of a rainy day, and as he stirs his evening fire snaps his fingers at the world, and says, "I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for."

Mankind are like a pendulum; they vibrate from one extreme to the other. It was so with my friend Quibble, who is now no more. He was taken away in the bloom of life by a very rapid—widow. Before this untimely event he was by pre-eminence *the* Bold Bachelor; the "good knight without fear and without reproach," as the old chronicles say. He was by birth and by profession a beau, born with a quizzing-glass and a cane. Cock of the walk, he flapped his wings and crowed among the feathered tribe. But, alas! a fair white partlet has torn his crest out, and he shall crow no more.

You will generally find him of a morning nosing round a beef-cart, with domestic felicity written in every line of his countenance, and sometimes meet him in a cross-street at noon hurrying homeward, with a beefsteak on a wooden skewer, or a fresh fish with a piece of tarred twine run through its gills. In the evening he rocks the cradle, and gets up in the night when the child cries. Like a Goth of the Dark Ages, he consults his wife on all mighty matters, and looks upon her as a being of more than human goodness and wisdom. In return, she sweetens his

coffee for him, puts in his breastpin, ties his cravat in a bow-knot, and never lets him go out alone after dark. In short, the ladies all say he is a very domestic man, and makes a good husband; which, under the rose, is only a more polite way of saying he is hen-pecked.

Quibble is a Happy Man.

Not so Dribble. He is a sexagenary bachelor, and a Lucky Dog. He has one of those well-oiled dispositions which turn upon the hinges of the world without creaking. The hey-day of life is over with him; but his old age is sunny and chirping, and a merry heart still nestles in his tottering frame, like a swallow that builds in a tumble-down chimney.

Dribble is a professed Squire of Dames. The rustle of a silk gown is music to his ears, and his imagination is continually lantern-led by some will-with-a-wisp in the shape of a lady's stomacher. In his devotion to the fair sex—"the muslin," as he calls it—he is the "gentle flower of chivalry." It is amusing to see how quick he strikes into the scent of a lady's handkerchief. When once fairly in pursuit, there is no such thing as throwing him out. His heart looks out at his eye, and his inward delight tingles down to the tail of his coat. He loves to bask in the sunshine of a smile; when he can breathe the sweet atmosphere of kid gloves and cambric handkerchiefs his soul is in its element; and his supreme delight is to pass the morning, to use his own quaint language, "in making dodging calls and wiggling round among the ladies."

Dribble is a Lucky Dog!

THE JUMPING FROG.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS ("MARK TWAIN").

[Any one who should seek to select the funniest from among Mark Twain's many inimitable fragments of fun would have no easy task, and would probably find himself too sore from continuous laughter to proceed with the investigation. We offer the following but as a specimen-brick, not as the choicest portion of the edifice. The author, Samuel Langhorne Clemens, was born at Florida, Missouri, in 1835. He was successively a printer, a Mississippi pilot, and a humorous lecturer, but for many years has been engaged in literature, his works of humor having a world-wide reputation.]

IN compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler and inquired after my friend's friend, *Leonidas W.* Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W.* Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him it would remind him of his infamous *Jim* Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless for me. If that was the design, it certainly succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the old, dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining-camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W.* Smiley,—*Rev. Leonidas W.* Smiley,—a young minister of

the gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once:

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49,—or maybe it was the spring of '50,—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but anyway he was the curiousest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit him,—any way just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky: he 'most always come out winner. He was always

ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds sitting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*,—he would bet on *any*thing,—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better,—thank the Lord for his inf'nit' mercy,—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't, anyway."

This yer Smiley had a mare,—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that,—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under

way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust, and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose,—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he wa'n't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as the money was up on him, he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied and hadn't expected nothing else,—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind-leg and freeze to it,—not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind-legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw; and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give

Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind-legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius: I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, this yer Smiley had rat-terriers, and chicken-cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he calk'lated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a dough-nut,—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything; and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and, quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as

indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says,—

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe; but it ain't: it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm! so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge: he can out-jump any frog in Calaveras County."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and gave it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't,—only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll

risk forty dollars that he can out-jump any frog in Calaveras County."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right,—that's all right: if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while, thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail-shot,—filled him pretty near up to his chin,—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says,—

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One,—two,—three,—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l gave a heave, and h'isted up his shoulders,—so,—like a Frenchman, but it wa'n't no use; he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder

what in the nation that frog throw'd off for. I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him: he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nape of the neck, and lifted him up, and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And——

(Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.) And, turning to me as he moved away, he said, "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy: I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. *Leonidas W.* Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he button-holed me and recommenced:

"Well, this yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only just a short stump like a bannanner, and——"

"Oh, hang Smiley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered, good-naturedly; and, bidding the old gentleman good-day, I departed.

FUN IN VERSE.

VARIOUS.

[To the collections of humorous poems already given we add the following, comprising favorite productions from well-known authors, which we hope may receive a renewal of the favor with which they

were greeted at their "first appearance." So full is our literature, indeed, of poems of humor, many of them gems in their way, that it is no easy matter to select the best, and chance must largely govern our choice.]

THE ALARMED SKIPPER.

"It was an Ancient Mariner."

MANY a long, long year ago,
Nantucket skippers had a plan
Of finding out, though "lying low,"
How near New York their schooners ran.

They greased the lead before it fell,
And then, by sounding through the night,
Knowing the soil that stuck, so well,
They always guessed their reckoning right.

A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,
Could tell, by *tasting*, just the spot;
And so below he'd "dowse the glim,"—
After, of course, his "something hot."

Snug in his berth at eight o'clock
This ancient skipper might be found;
No matter how his craft would rock,
He slept,—for skippers' naps are sound!

The watch on deck would now and then
Run down and wake him, with the lead;
He'd up, and taste, and tell the men
How many miles they went ahead.

One night 'twas Jotham Marden's watch,
A curious wag,—the peddler's son,—

And so he mused (the wanton wretch),
"To-night I'll have a grain of fun.

"We're all a set of stupid fools
To think the skipper knows by *tasting*
What ground he's on: Nantucket schools
Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting!"

And so he took the well-greased lead
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth
That stood on deck,—a parsnip-bed,—
And then he sought the skipper's berth.

"Where are we now, sir? Please to taste."
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
Then oped his eyes in wondrous haste,
And then upon the floor he sprung!

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,
Thrust on his boots, and roared to Marden,
"*Nantucket's sunk, and here we are*
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden!"

JAMES T. FIELDS.

[From Hay's "Pike County Ballads" we select the best-known of his poems, one serious indeed in purpose, but with the rough flavor of Western humor underlying its tragic theme.]

JIM BLUDSO.

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.

Whar have you been for the last three year,
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint,—them engineers
Is pretty much all alike,—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row;
But he never flunked, and he never lied,—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—
To treat his engine well,
Never be passed on the river,
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore—
He'd hold her nozzle ag'in' the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip',
And her day come at last:
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,

And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle ag'in' the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint,—but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead sure thing,
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

JOHN HAY.

[The author of the following introduces it as "a veritable myth touching the constellation of O'Ryan, ignorantly and falsely spelt Orion."]

IRISH ASTRONOMY.

O'Ryan was a man of might
Whin Ireland was a nation,
But poachin' was his heart's delight
And constant occupation.

He had an ould militia gun,
And sartin' sure his aim was;
He gave the keepers many a run,
And wouldn't mind the game-laws.

St. Pathrick wanst was passin' by
O'Ryan's little houldin',
And, as the saint felt wake and dhry,
He thought he'd enther bould in.
"O'Ryan," says the saint, "avick!
To praich at Thurles I'm goin';
So let me have a rasher quick,
And a dhrop of Innishowen."

"No rasher will I cook for you
While betther is to spare, sir,
But here's a jug of mountain-dew,
And there's a rattlin' hare, sir."
St. Pathrick he looked mighty sweet,
And says, "Good luck attind you,
And whin you're in your windin'-sheet,
It's up to heaven I'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff,—
"Them tidin's is thransportin',
But may I ax your saintship if
There's any kind of sportin'?"
St. Pathrick said, "A Lion's there,
Two Bears, a Bull, a Cancer——"
"Bedad," says Mike, "the huntin's rare;
St. Pathrick, I'm your man, sir."

So, to conclude my song aright,
For fear I'd tire your patience,

You'll see O'Ryan any night
Among the constellations.
And Venus follows in his track
Till Mars grows jealous raally,
But, faith, he fears the Irish knack
Of handling the shillaly.

CHARLES G. HALPINE (MILES O'REILLY).

[For a punning poem, Lanigan's tribute to the great Akhoond is not bad.]

A THRENODY.

"The Akhoond of Swat is dead."—*London Papers of January* 22, 1878.

What, what, what,
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Cometh by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-
Iterranean: he's dead,—
The Akhoond is dead!

For the Akhoond I mourn.
Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he Akhoond n't.

Dead, dead, dead;
(Sorrow, Swats!)
Swats wha hae wi' Akhoond bled,

Swats wham he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,
Or to victory,
As the case might be,—
Sorrow, Swats!
Tears shed,
Shed tears like water,
Your great Akhoond is dead!
That's Swat's the matter!

Mourn, city of Swat,
Your great Akhoond is not,
But laid 'mid worms to rot,—
His mortal part alone: his soul was caught
(Because he was a good Akhoond)
Up to the bosom of Mahound.
Though earthly walls his frame surround
(Forever hallowed be the ground),
And sceptics mock the lowly mound
And say, "He's now of no Akhoond!"
His soul is in the skies,—
The azure skies that bend above his loved metropolis of Swat;
He sees, with larger, other eyes,
Athwart all earthly mysteries;
He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Akhoond
With a noise of mourning and of lamentation!
Let Swat bury the great Akhoond
With the noise of the mourning of the Swattish nation!
Fallen is at length
Its tower of strength,

Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned.
Dead lies the great Akhoond,
The great Akhoond of Swat
Is not!

GEORGE T. LANIGAN.

[Our poetesses are by no means behind the poets in appreciation of humor, in evidence of which we offer the following two poems, both gems in their way.]

THE FUNNY STORY.

It was such a funny story! how I wish you could have heard it,
For it set us all a-laughing from the little to the big;
I'd really like to tell it, but I don't know how to word it,
Though it travels to the music of a very lively jig.

If Sally just began it, then Amelia Jane would giggle,
And Mehetabel and Susan try their very broadest grin,
And the infant Zachariah on his mother's lap would wriggle,
And add a lusty chorus to the very merry din.

It was such a funny story, with its cheery snap and crackle,
And Sally always told it with so much dramatic art,
That the chickens in the door-yard would begin to "cackle-cackle,"
As if in such a frolic they were anxious to take part.

It was all about a—ha! ha!—and a—ho! ho! ho!—well, really,
It is—he! he! he!—I never could begin to tell you half
Of the nonsense there was in it, for I just remember clearly
It began with ha! ha! ha! ha! and it ended with a laugh.

But Sally—she could tell it, looking at us so demurely,
With a woe-begone expression that no actress would despise;
And if you'd never heard it, why, you would imagine surely
That you'd need your pocket-handkerchief to wipe your weeping eyes.

When age my hair has silvered, and my step has grown unsteady,
And the nearest to my vision are the scenes of long ago,
I shall see the pretty picture, and the tears may come as ready
As the laugh did when I used to—ha! ha! ha! and—ho! ho! ho!

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

JUST SO.

A youth and maid, one winter night,
Were sitting in the corner;
His name, we're told, was Joshua White,
And hers was Patience Warner.

Not much the pretty maiden said,
Beside the young man sitting;
Her cheeks were flushed a rosy red,
Her eyes bent on her knitting.

Nor could he guess what thoughts of him
Were to her bosom flocking,
As her fair fingers, swift and slim,
Flew round and round the stocking.

While as for Joshua, bashful youth,
His words grew few and fewer;
Though all the time, to tell the truth,
His chair edged nearer to her.

Meantime her ball of yarn gave out,
She knit so fast and steady;
And he must give his aid, no doubt,
To get another ready.

He held the skein; of course the thread
Got tangled, snarled, and twisted;
"Have patience!" cried the artless maid,
To him who her assisted.

Good chance was this for tongue-tied churl
To shorten all palaver:
"Have Patience!" cried he, "dearest girl!
And may I really have her?"

The deed was done; no more, that night,
Clicked needles in the corner;
And she is Mrs. Joshua White
That once was Patience Warner.

METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

[From an older poet, the author of "McFingal," we select a description of the ancient belle which has not yet lost its application. It is from his "Progress of Dulness," a poem of much humor.]

THE BELLE.

Thus Harriet, rising on the stage,
Learns all the arts that please the age,
And studies well, as fits her station,
The trade of politics and fashion;

A judge of modes in silks and satins,
From tassels down to clogs and pattens;
A genius that can calculate
When modes of dress are out of date,
Cast the nativity with ease
Of gowns, and sacks, and negligees,
And tell, exact to half a minute,
What's out of fashion and what's in it.
On Sunday, see the haughty maid
In all the glare of dress arrayed,
Decked in her most fantastic gown,
Because a stranger's come to town;
Heedless at church she spends the day,
For homelier folks may serve to pray,
And for devotion those may go
Who can have nothing else to do.
Beauties at church may spend their care in
Far other work than pious hearing;
They've beaux to conquer, belles to rival,
To make them serious were uncivil.
For, like the preacher, they each Sunday
Must do their whole week's work in one day.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

TRIALS OF A TWIN.

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached a fearful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed;
And thus, you see, by fate's decree,
Or rather nurse's whim,
My brother John got christened me,
And I got christened him.

This fatal likeness ever dogged
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogged
When John turned out a fool.
I put this question, fruitlessly,
To every one I knew,
"What would you do, if you were me,
To prove that you were you?"

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of my domestic life,
For, somehow, my intended bride
Became my brother's wife.
In fact, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on,
And *when I died* the neighbors came
And *buried brother John.*

HENRY S. LEIGH.

THE WIDOW BEDOTT'S VISITOR.

FRANCES M. WHICHER.

[American readers of forty years ago found an abundant source of amusement in the "Widow Bedott Papers," and as examples of homely dialectical fun they have not been surpassed by any later

efforts in the same vein. Of the widow's experiences in search of a husband those connected with Mr. Crane are the most entertaining, and we give below the description of Mr. Crane's final visit and its consequences.]

JEST in time, Mr. Crane: we've jist this minit sot down to tea. Draw up a cheer and set by. Now, don't say a word: I shan't take *no* for an answer. Should a had things ruther different, to be sure, if I'd suspected *you*, Mr. Crane; but I won't appolligize,—appolligies don't never make nothin' no better, you know. Why, Melissy, you hain't half sot the table: where's the plum-sass? thought you was a-gwine to git some on't for tea? I don't see no cake, nother. What a keerless gal you be! Dew bring 'em on quick; and, Melissy, dear, fetch out one o' them are punkin pies and put it warmin'. How do you take your tea, Mr. Crane? clear, hey? How much that makes me think o' husband! he always drunk hisen clear. Now, dew make yerself to hum, Mr. Crane: help yerself to things. Do you eat johnny-cake? 'cause if you don't I'll cut some wheat bread. Dew, hey? we're all great hands for injin bread here, 'specially Kier. If I don't make a johnny-cake every few days he says to me, says he, "Mar, why don't you make some injin bread? it seems as if we hadn't never had none." Melissy, pass the cheese. Kier, see 't Mr. Crane has butter. This 'ere butter's a leetle grain frouzy. I don't want you to think it's my make, for't ain't. Sam Prendergrass's wife (she 'twas Sally Smith) she borrered butter o' me t'other day, and this 'ere's what she sent back. I wouldn't 'a' had it on if I'd suspected company. How do you feel to-day, Mr. Crane? Didn't take no cold last night! Well, I'm glad on't. I was raly afeared you would, the lectur'-room was so turrible hot. I was eny-most roasted, and I wa'n't dressed wonderful warm nother,—had on my green silk mankiller, and that

ain't very thick. Take a pickle, Mr. Crane. I'm glad you're a favorite o' pickles. I think pickles a delightful beveridge,—don't feel as if I could make out a meal without 'em. Once in a while I go visitin' where they don't have none on the table, and when I git home the fust thing I dew 's to dive for the butt'ry and git a pickle. But husband couldn't eat 'em: they was like pizen tew him. Melissy never eats 'em nother: she ain't no pickle hand. Some gals eat pickles to make 'em grow poor, but Melissy hain't no such foolish notions. I've brung her up so she shouldn't have. Why, I've heered of gals drinkin' vinegar to thin 'em off and make their skin delekit. They say Kesier Winkle—— Why, Kier, what be you pokin' the sass at Mr. Crane for? Melissy jest helped him. I heered Carline Gallup say how't Kesier Winkle—— Why, Kier, what dew you mean by offerin' the cold pork to Mr. Crane? jest as if he wanted pork for his tea! You see, Kier's been over to the Holler to-day on bizness with old uncle Dawson, and he come hum with quite an appertite: says to me, says he, "Mar, dew set on some cold pork and 'taters, for I'm as hungry as a bear." Lemme fill up your cup, Mr. Crane. Melissy, bring on that are pie: I guess it's warm by this time. There, I don't think anybody'd say that punkin was burnt a-stewin! Take another pickle, Mr. Crane. Oh, I was a-gwine to tell what Carline Gallup said about Kesier Winkle. Carline Gallup was a manty-maker—— What, Kier? ruther apt to talk? well, I know she was; but then she used to be sewin' 't old Winkle's about half the time, and she know'd purty well what went on there: yes, I know sewin'-gals is ginerally tattlers. . . . But I was gwine to tell what Carline Gallup said. Carline was a very stiddy gal: she was married about a year ago,—married Joe Bennet,—Philander Bennet's son: you remember Phil Bennet, don't you, Mr.

Crane?—he 'twas killed so sudding over to Ganderfield? Though, come to think, it must 'a' ben arter you went away from here. He'd moved over to Ganderfield the spring afore he was killed. Well, one day in hayin'-time he was to work in the hay-field—take another piece o' pie, Mr. Crane: oh, dew! I insist on't—well, he was to work in the hay-field, and he fell off the hay-stack. I s'pose 'twouldn't 'a' killed him if it hadn't 'a' ben for his comin' kermash onto a jug that was a-settin' on the ground aside o' the stack. The spine of his back went right onto the jug and broke it,—broke his back, I mean,—not the jug: that wa'n't even cracked. Cur'us, wa'n't it? 'Twas quite a comfort to Miss Bennet in her affliction: 'twas a jug she valleyed,—one 'twas her mother's. . . .

Take another cup o' tea, Mr. Crane. Why, you don't mean to say you've got done supper! ain't you gwine to take nothin' more? no more o' the pie? nor the sass? Well, won't you have another pickle? Oh, that reminds me: I was a-gwine to tell what Carline Gallup said about Kesier Winkle. Why, Kier, seems to me you ain't very perlite to leave the table afore anybody else does. Oh, yes, I remember now; it's singin'-school night: I s'pose it's time you was off. Melissy, you want to go tew, don't you? Well, I guess Mr. Crane'll excuse you. We'll jest set back the table ag'in' the wall: I won't dew the dishes jest now. Me and Melissy does the work ourselves, Mr. Crane. I hain't kept no gal sence Melissy was big enough t' aid and assist me. I think help's more plague than profit. No woman that has growed-up darters needn't keep help if she's brung up her gals as she'd ought tew. Melissy, dear, put on yer cloak: it's a purty tejus evenin'. Kier, you tie up your throat: you know you was complainin' of a soreness in't to-day; and you must be keerful to tie it up when you cum hum: it's dangerous t' egspose

yerself arter singin'—apt to give a body the brown-critters, —and that's turrible: you couldn't sing any more if you you should git that, you know. You'd better call for Mirandy and Seliny, hadn't you? Don't be out late.

Now, Mr. Crane, draw up to the stove: you must be chilly off there. You gwine to the party to Major Coon's day arter to-morrow? S'pose they'll give out ther invatations to-morrow. Do go, Mr. Crane: it'll chirk you up and dew you good to go out into society ag'in. They say it's to be quite numerous. But I guess ther won't be no dancin' nor highty-tighty dewin's. If I thought ther would I shouldn't go myself; for I don't approve on 'em, and couldn't countenance 'em. What do you think Sam Pendergrass's wife told me? she said how 't the widder Jinkins (she 't was Poll Bingham) is a-havin' a new gownd made a purpose to wear to the party,—one of these 'ere flambergasted, blazin' plaid consarns, with tew awful wide kaiterin flounces around the skirt. Did you ever! How reedickilous for a woman o' her age, ain't it? I s'pose she expects t' astonish the natyves, and make her market tew, like enough. Well, she's to be pitied. Oh, Mr. Crane, I thought I *should go off* last night when I see that old critter squeeze up and hook onto you. How turrible imperdent, wa'n't it! But seems to me I shouldn't 'a' felt as if I was obleeged to went hum with her if I'd 'a' ben in your place, Mr. Crane. She made a purty speech about me to the lectur': I'm 'most ashamed to tell you on't, Mr. Crane, but it shows what the critter is. Kier says he heered her stretch her neck acrost and whisper to old Green, "Mr. Green, don't you think the widder Bedott seems to be wonderfully took up with *crainiology?*" She's the brazin-facedest critter 't ever lived; it does beat all; I never *did* see her equill. But it takes all sorts o' folks to make up the world, you know. What did I understand you to say,

Mr. Crane?—a few minnits' conversation with me? Deary me! Is it anything pertickeler, Mr. Crane? Oh, dear suz! how you *dew* flustrate me! Not that it's anything oncommon fer the gentlemen to ax to have private conversations with me, you know; but then—but then—bein' you, it's different: circumstances alters cases, you know. What was you a-gwine to say, Mr. Crane?

Oh, no, Mr. Crane, by no manner o' means; 'tain't a minute tew soon for you to begin to talk about gittin' married ag'in. I am amazed you should be afeerd I'd think so. See—how long's Miss Crane been dead? Six months!—land o' Goshen!—why, I've know'd a number of individdiwals get married in less time than that. There's Phil Bennet's widder 't I was a-talkin' about jest now,—she't was Louisy Perce: her husband hadn't been dead but *three* months, you know. I don't think it looks well for a *woman* to be in such a hurry; but for a *man* it's a different thing: circumstances alters cases, you know. And then, sittiwated as you be, Mr. Crane, it's a turrible thing for your family to be without a head to superintend the domestic consarns and 'tend to the children,—to say nothin' o' yerself, Mr. Crane. You dew need a companion, and no mistake. Six months! Good grievous! Why, Squire Titus didn't wait but six *weeks* arter he buried his fust wife afore he married his second. I thought ther' wa'n't no partickler need o' his hurryin' so, seein' his family was all growed up. Such a critter as he pickt out, tew! 'twas very onsuitable; but every man to his taste,—I hain't no dispersition to meddle with nobody's consarns. There's old farmer Dawson, tew,—his pardner hain't ben dead but ten months. To be sure, he ain't married yet; but he would 'a' ben long enough ago, if somebody I know on 'd gin him any incurridgement. But 'tain't for me to speak o' that matter. He's a clever old critter, and as rich

as a Jew; but—lawful sakes!—he's old enough to be my father. And there's Mr. Smith,—Jubiter Smith: you know him, Mr. Crane,—his wife (she 't was Aurory Pike) she died last summer, and he's ben squintin' round among the wimmin ever since, and he *may* squint for all the good it'll dew him so far as I'm consarned,—though Mr. Smith's a respectable man,—quite young and hain't no family,—very well off, tew, and quite intellectible,—but I'm purty partickler. Oh, Mr. Crane, it's ten year come Jinniwary sence I witnessed the expiration o' my belovid companion!—an uncommon long time to wait, to be sure; but tain't easy to find anybody to fill the place o' Hezekier Bedott. I think *you're* the most like husband of ary individdiwal I ever see, Mr. Crane. Six months! murderation! cur'us you should be afeard I'd think 'twas too soon. Why, I've knowed——

MR. CRANE.—Well, widder, I've been thinking about taking another companion, and I thought I'd ask you——

WIDOW.—Oh, Mr. Crane, egscuse my commotion; it's so onexpected. Jest hand me that are bottle of camfire off the mantletry shelf: I'm ruther faint. Dew put a little mite on my handkercher and hold it to my nuz. There, that'll dew: I'm obleeged tew ye. Now I'm ruther more composed: you may perceed, Mr. Crane.

MR. C.—Well, widder, I was a-going to ask you whether—whether——"

WIDOW.—Continner, Mr. Crane,—dew. I know it's turrible embarrassin'. I remember when my dezeased husband made his suppositions to me he stammered and stuttered, and was so awfully flustered it did seem as if he'd never git it out in the world; and I suppose it's ginerally the case,—at least it has been with all them that's made suppositions to me: you see they're generally oncertin' about what kind of an answer they're a-gwine to git,

and it kind o' makes 'em narvous. But when an indiviđiwal has reason to s'pose his attachment's reciperated, I don't see what need there is o' his bein' flustrated, —though I must say it's quite embarrassin' to me. Pray continner.

MR. C.—Well, then, I want to know if you're willing I should have Melissy.

WIDOW.—The dragon!

MR. C.—I hain't said anything to her about it yet,—thought the proper way was to get your consent first. I remember when I courted Tryphony we were engaged some time before mother Kenipe knew anything about it, and when she found it out she was quite put out because I didn't go to her first. So when I made up my mind about Melissy, thinks me, I'll do it right this time, and speak to the old woman first——

WIDOW.—*Old woman*, hey! that's a purty name to call me!—amazin' perlite, tew! Want Melissy, hey! Tribbleation! gracious sakes alive! Well, I'll give it up now! I always knowed you was a simpleton, Tim Crane, but, I *must* confess, I didn't think you was *quite* so big a fool. Want Melissy, dew ye? If that don't beat all! What an everlastin' old calf you must be, to s'pose she'd *look* at *you!* Why, you're old enough to be her father, and more, tew: Melissy ain't only in her twenty-oneth year. What a reedickilous idee for a man o' your age! as gray as a rat, tew! I wonder what this world *is* a-comin' tew: 'tis astonishin' what fools old widdiwers will make o' themselves! Have Melissy! Melissy!

MR. C.—Why, widder, you surprise me. I'd no idee of being treated in this way, after you'd ben so polite to me, and made such a fuss over me and the girls.

WIDOW.—Shet yer head, Tim Crane; nun o' yer sass to me. *There's* yer hat on that are table, and *here's* the

door; and the sooner you put on *one* and march out o' t'other, the better it'll be for you. And I advise you, afore you try to git married ag'in, to go out West and see'f yer wife's cold; and arter yer satisfied on that p'int, jest put a little lampblack on yer hair,—'twould add to yer appearance, undoubtedly, and be of sarvice tew you when you want to flourish round among the gals; and when ye've got yer hair fixt, jest splinter the spine o' your back,—'twouldn't hurt your looks a mite: you'd be intirely unresistible if you was a *leetle* grain straiter.

MR. C.—Well, I never!

WIDOW.—Hold your tongue, you consarned old coot you! I tell ye *there's* your hat, and *there's* the door: be off with yerself, quick metre, or I'll give ye a h'ist with the broomstick.

MR. C.—Gimmeni!

WIDOW *(rising)*.—Git out, I say! I ain't a-gwine to stan' here and be insulted under my own ruff; and so git along; and if ever you darken my door ag'in, or say a word to Melissy, it'll be the wuss for you,—that's all.

MR. C.—Treemenjous! What a buster!

WIDOW.—Go 'long,—go 'long,—go 'long, you everlastin' old gum! I won't hear another word *(stops her ears)*. I won't, I won't, I won't. [*Exit Mr. Crane.*

(Enter Melissa, accompanied by Captain Canoot.)

Good-evenin', cappen! Well, Melissy, hum at last, hey? Why didn't you stay till mornin'? Purty business keepin' me up here so late waitin' for you, when I'm eny-most tired to death iornin' and workin' like a slave all day,—ought to ben abed an hour ago. Thought ye left me with agreeable company, hey? I should like to know what arthly reason you had to s'pose old Crane's was agreeable to me? I always despised the critter; always thought he

was a turrible fool, and now I'm convinced on't. I'm completely dizgusted with him; and I let him know it to-night. I gin him a piece o' my mind 't I guess he'll be apt to remember for a spell. I ruther think he went off with a flea in his ear. Why, cappen, did ye ever hear of such a piece of audacity in all yer born days? for him—*Tim Crane*—to durst to expire to my hand,—the widder o' Deacon Bedott! jest as if *I'd* condescen' to look at *him*,—the old numskull! He don't know B from a broomstick; but if he'd 'a' stayed much longer I'd 'a' teached him the difference, I guess. He's got his *walkin'-ticket* now. I hope he'll lemme alone in futur'. And where's Kier? Gun home with the Cranes, hey! Well, I guess it's the last time. And now, Melissy Bedott, you ain't to have nothin' more to dew with them gals,—d'ye hear? you ain't to 'sociate with 'em at all arter this: 'twould only be incurridgin' the old man to come a-pesterin' me ag'in; and I won't have him round,—d'ye hear? Don't be in a hurry, cappen, and don't be alarmed at my gettin' in such a passion about old Crane's persumption. Mabbe you think 'twas onfeelin' in me to use him so,—and I don't say but what 'twas, *ruther;* but then he's so awful dizagreeable tew me, you know: 'tain't *everybody* I'd treat in such a way. Well, if you *must* go, good-evenin'! Give my love to Hanner when you write ag'in: dew call frequently, Captain Canoot,—dew.

WOODING UP.

A STORY OF STEAMBOAT LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

SOLOMON F. SMITH.

[The author of the following production, familiarly known as Sol Smith, was a favorite low comedian, who after leaving the stage chron-

icled his experiences in two effusions, "Theatrical Apprenticeship," and "Theatrical Journeywork." We give one of his funniest fragments.]

DOES any one remember the Caravan? She was what would now be considered a slow boat: *then* (1827) she was regularly advertised as the "fast-running," etc. Her regular trips from New Orleans to Natchez were usually made in from six to eight days; a trip made by her in five days was considered remarkable. A voyage from New Orleans to Vicksburg and back, including stoppages, generally entitled the officers and crew to a month's wages. Whether the Caravan ever achieved the feat of a voyage to the Falls (Louisville) I have never learned; if she did, she must have "had a *time* of it!"

It was my fate to take passage in this boat. The captain was a good-natured, easy-going man, careful of the comfort of his passengers, and exceedingly fond of the game of brag. We had been out a little more than five days, and we were in hopes of seeing the bluffs of Natchez on the next day. Our wood was getting low, and night coming on. The pilot on duty above (the other pilot held three aces at the time, and was just calling out the captain, who "went it strong" on three kings) sent down word that the mate had reported the stock of wood reduced to half a cord. The worthy captain excused himself to the pilot whose watch was below, and the two passengers who made up the party, and hurried to the deck, where he soon discovered, by the landmarks, that we were about half a mile from a wood-yard which he said was situated "right round yonder point." "But," muttered the captain, "I don't much like to take wood of the yellow-faced old scoundrel who owns it: he always charges a quarter of a dollar more than any one else. However, there's no other chance." The boat was pushed

to her utmost, and in a little less than an hour, when our fuel was about giving out, we made the point, and our cables were out and fastened to trees, alongside of a good-sized wood-pile.

"Halloo, colonel! how d'ye sell your wood *this* time?"

A yellow-faced old gentleman, with a two weeks' beard, strings over his shoulders holding up to his armpits a pair of copperas-colored linsey-woolsey pants, the legs of which reached a very little below the knee, shoes without stockings, a faded broad-brimmed hat which had once been black, and a pipe in his mouth, casting a glance at the empty guards of our boat, and uttering a grunt as he rose from fastening our "spring-line," answered,—

"Why, capting, we must charge you three and a quarter *this* time."

"The d—l!" replied the captain (captains did swear a little in those days): "what's the odd quarter for, I should like to know? You only charged me three as I went down."

"Why, capting," drawled out the wood-merchant, with a sort of leer on his yellow countenance which clearly indicated that his wood was as good as sold, "wood's riz since you went down two weeks ago; besides, you are awar that you very seldom stop going down: when you're going up, you're sometimes obleeged to give me a call, becaze the current's ag'inst you, and there's no other wood-yard for nine miles ahead; and if you happen to be nearly out of fooel, why——"

"Well, well," interrupted the captain, "we'll take a few cords, under the circumstances." And he returned to his game of brag.

In about half an hour we felt the Caravan commence paddling again. Supper was over, and I retired to my upper berth, situated alongside and overlooking the brag-

table, where the captain was deeply engaged, having now the other pilot as his principal opponent. We jogged on quietly, and seemed to be going at a good rate.

"How does that wood burn?" inquired the captain of the mate, who was looking on at the game.

"'Tisn't of much account, I reckon," answered the mate: "it's cottonwood, and most of it green at that."

"Well, Thompson (three aces again, stranger: I'll take that X and the small change, if you please: it's your deal),—Thompson, I say, we'd better take three or four cords at the next wood-yard: it can't be more than six miles from here (two aces and a bragger, with the age! hand over those V's)."

The game went on, and the paddles kept moving. At eleven o'clock it was reported to the captain that we were nearing the wood-yard, the light being distinctly seen by the pilot on duty.

"Head her in-shore, then, and take in six cords, if it's good: see to it, Thompson. I can't very well leave the game now: it's getting right warm! This pilot's beating us all to smash."

The wooding completed, we paddled on again. The captain seemed somewhat vexed when the mate informed him that the price was the same as at the last wood-yard, —three and a quarter,—but soon again became interested in the game.

From my upper berth (there were no state-rooms then) I could observe the movements of the players. All the contention appeared to be between the captain and the pilots (the latter personages took it turn and turn about, steering and playing brag), *one* of them almost invariably winning, while the two passengers merely went through the ceremony of dealing, cutting, and paying up their "antics." They were anxious to learn the game; and they

did learn it! Once in a while, indeed, seeing they had two aces and a bragger, they would venture a bet of five or ten dollars, but they were always compelled to back out before the tremendous bragging of the captain or pilot, or, if they did venture to "call out" on two "bullits and a bragger," they had the mortification to find one of the officers had the same kind of a hand, and was *more venerable!* Still, with all these disadvantages, they continued playing: they wanted to learn the game.

At two o'clock the captain asked the mate how we were getting on.

"Oh, pretty glibly, sir," replied the mate: "we can scarcely tell what headway we *are* making, for we are obliged to keep the middle of the river, and there is the shadow of a fog rising. This wood seems rather better than that we took in at yellow-face's, but we're nearly out again, and must be looking out for more. I saw a light just ahead on the right. Shall we hail?"

"Yes, yes," replied the captain; "ring the bell and ask 'em what's the price of wood up here.—I've got you again; here's double kings."

I heard the bell, and the pilot's hail: "What's *your* price for wood?"

A youthful voice on the shore answered, "Three *and* a quarter!"

"D—n it!" ejaculated the captain, who had just lost the price of two cords to the pilot,—the strangers suffering some at the same time,—"three and a quarter again! Are we never to get to a cheaper country?—Deal, sir, if you please: better luck next time." The other pilot's voice was again heard on deck:

"How much have you?"

"Only about ten cords, sir," was the reply of the youthful salesman.

The captain here told Thompson to take six cords, which would last till daylight, and again turned his attention to the game.

The pilots here changed places. *When did they sleep?*

Wood taken in, the Caravan again took her place in the middle of the stream, paddling on as usual.

Day at length dawned. The brag-party broke up, and settlements were being made, during which operations the captain's bragging propensities were exercised in cracking up the speed of his boat, which, by his reckoning, must have made at least sixty miles, and would have made many more if he could have procured good wood. It appears the two passengers, in their first lesson, had incidentally lost one hundred and twenty dollars. The captain, as he rose to see about taking in some *good* wood, which he felt sure of obtaining, now he had got above the level country, winked at his opponent, the pilot, with whom he had been on very bad terms during the progress of the game, and said, in an undertone, "Forty apiece for you and I and James [the other pilot] is not bad for one night."

I had risen, and went out with the captain, to enjoy a view of the bluffs. There was just fog enough to prevent the vision taking in more than sixty yards: so I was disappointed in my expectation. We were nearing the shore for the purpose of looking for wood, the banks being invisible from the middle of the river.

"There it is!" exclaimed the captain, "stop her!" Ding—ding—ding! went the big bell, and the captain hailed:

"Halloo! the wood-yard!"

"Halloo yourself!" answered a squeaking female voice, which came from a woman with a petticoat over her shoulders in place of a shawl.

"What's the price of wood?"

"I think you ought to know the price by this time,'

answered the old lady in the petticoat: "it's three and a qua-a-rter! and now you know it."

"Three and the d—l!" broke in the captain. "What! have you raised on *your* wood too? I'll give you *three*, and not a cent more."

"Well," replied the petticoat, "here comes the old man: *he'll* talk to you."

And, sure enough, out crept from the cottage the veritable faded hat, copperas-colored pants, yellow countenance, and two weeks' beard we had seen the night before, and the same voice we had heard regulating the price of cottonwood squeaked out the following sentence, accompanied by the same leer of the same yellow countenance:

"Why, darn it all, capting, there is but three or four cords left, and, *since it's you*, I don't care if I *do* let you have it for *three, as you're a good customer!*"

After a quick glance at the landmarks around, the captain bolted, and turned in to take some rest.

The fact became apparent—the reader will probably have discovered it some time since—that *we had been wooding all night at the same wood-yard!*

[To the above may be added another amusing story of Southern life.]

GUILTY, BUT DRUNK.

COLONEL BRADBURY.

IT is a well-known fact that oftentimes both those jokes which are called "practical" and that liquor which is termed "bad" have been productive of exceedingly evil consequences; but whether the liquor or the joke has done the most mischief we are not called upon just now to determine. We propose to make mention of an affair

where bad liquor and a practical joke were productive of the very best consequences imaginable.

Many years ago, while the State of Georgia was still in its infancy, an eccentric creature named Brown was one of its circuit judges. He was a man of considerable ability, of inflexible integrity, and much beloved and respected by all the legal profession, but he had one common fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, into frequent excesses. In travelling the circuit, it was his almost invariable habit, the night before opening the court, to get "comfortably corned," by means of appliances common upon such occasions. If he couldn't succeed while operating upon his own hook, the members of the bar would generally turn in and help him.

It was in the spring of the year, taking his wife—a model of a woman in her way—in the old-fashioned but strong "carry-all," that he journeyed some forty miles, and reached a village where court was to be opened the next day. It was along in the evening of Sunday that he arrived at the place and took up quarters with a relation of his better half, by whom the presence of an official dignitary was considered a singular honor. After supper, Judge Brown strolled over to the only tavern in the town, where he found many old friends, called to the place, like himself, on important professional business, and who were properly glad to meet him.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, "'tis quite a long time since we have enjoyed a glass together: let us take a drink all round. Of course, Sterritt" (addressing the landlord), "you have better liquor than you had the last time we were here: the stuff you had then was not fit to give to a dog!"

Sterritt, who had charge of the house, pretended that everything was right, and so they went to work. It is

unnecessary to enlarge upon a drinking-bout in a country tavern: it will quite answer our purpose to state that somewhere in the region of midnight the judge wended his very *devious* way towards his temporary home. About the time he was leaving, however, some young barristers, fond of a "practical," and not much afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver spoons of Sterritt's to the judge's coat-pocket.

It was eight o'clock on Monday morning that the judge rose. Having indulged in the process of ablution and abstersion, and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

"Well, Polly," said he to his wife, "I feel much better than I expected to feel after that frolic of last night."

"Ah, judge," said she, reproachfully, "you are getting too old: you ought to leave off that business."

"Ah, Polly, what's the use of talking?"

It was at this precise instant of time that the judge, having put on his overcoat, was proceeding, according to his usual custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, that he happened, in thrusting his hand into his pocket, to lay hold of Sterritt's spoons. He jerked them out. With an expression of horror almost indescribable he exclaimed,—

"My God! Polly!"

"What on earth's the matter, judge?"

"Just look at these spoons!"

"Dear me! where d'ye get them?"

"Get them? Don't you see the initials on them?"—extending them towards her. "I stole them!"

"Stole them, judge?"

"Yes, stole them!"

"My dear husband, it can't be possible! From whom?"

"From Sterritt over there; his name is on them."

"Good heavens! how could it happen?"

"I know very well, Polly. I was very drunk when I came home, wasn't I?"

"Why, judge, you know your old habit when you get among those lawyers."

"But was I very drunk?"

"Yes, *you was*."

"Was I *remarkably* drunk when I got home, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, judge, drunk as a fool, and forty times as stupid."

"I thought so," said the judge, dropping into a chair in extreme despondency. "I knew it would come to that at last. I have always thought that something bad would happen to me,—that I should do something very wrong,—kill somebody in a moment of passion, perhaps,—but I never imagined that I could be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny."

"But there may be some mistake, judge."

"No mistake, Polly. I know very well how it all came about. That fellow Sterritt keeps the meanest sort of liquor, and always did,—liquor mean enough to make a man do any sort of a mean thing. I have always said it was mean enough to make a man steal, and now I have a practical illustration of the fact!" And the poor old man burst into tears.

"Don't be a child," said his wife, wiping away the tears. "Go, like a man, over to Sterritt, and tell him it was a little bit of a frolic. Pass it off as a joke: go and open court, and nobody will ever think of it again."

A little of the soothing system operated upon the judge as such things usually do: his extreme mortification was finally subdued, and over to Sterritt's he went with a tolerable face. Of course he had but little difficulty in settling with him; for, aside from the fact that the judge's

integrity was unquestionable, he had an inkling of the joke that had been played.

The judge took his seat in court; but it was observed that he was sad and melancholy, and that his mind frequently wandered from the business before him. There was a lack of the sense and intelligence that usually characterized his proceedings.

Several days passed away, and the business of the court was drawing towards a close, when one morning a rough-looking sort of a customer was arraigned on a charge of stealing. After the clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the question,—

"Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty, *but drunk*," answered the prisoner.

"What's that plea?" exclaimed the judge, who was half dozing on the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the clerk.

"What's the charge against the man?"

"He is indicted for grand larceny."

"What's the case?"

"May it please your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbus Hotel."

"He is, hey? and he pleads——"

"He pleads guilty, *but drunk*."

The judge was now fully aroused:

"Guilty, *but drunk!* That is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, you are certain you were drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterritt's."

"Didn't get none nowhere else?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole his money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the judge, "do me the favor to enter a *nolle prosequi* in that man's case. That liquor of Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do anything dirty. *I got drunk on it the other day myself and stole all of Sterritt's spoons!* Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff. I adjourn the court."

HOW TO WRITE A BOOK OF TRAVELS.

GAIL HAMILTON.

[The author of the following selection, one of the most breezy and sprightly of American writers, has published many books, the most of which are full not only of genial humor, but of hard common sense and a just appreciation of nature and society as well. From their many amusing passages we select the opening pages of "Gala Days," a bit of lively satire on the usual methods of writing books of travel.]

ONCE there was a great noise in our house,—a thumping and battering and grating. It was my own self dragging my big trunk down from the garret. I did it myself because I wanted it done. If I had said, "Halicarnassus, will you fetch my trunk down?" he would have asked me what trunk? and what did I want of it? and would not the other one be better? and couldn't I wait till after dinner?—and so the trunk would probably have had a three days' journey from garret to basement. Now, I am strong in the wrists and weak in the temper: therefore I used the one and spared the other, and got the trunk down-stairs my-

self. Halicarnassus heard the uproar. He must have been deaf not to hear it; for the old ark banged, and bounced, and scraped the paint off the stairs, and pitched head-foremost into the wall, and gouged out the plastering, and dented the mop-board, and was the most stupid, awkward, uncompromising, unmanageable thing I ever got hold of in my life.

By the time I had zigzagged it into the back chamber, Halicarnassus loomed up the back stairs. I stood hot and panting, with the inside of my fingers tortured into burning leather, the skin rubbed off three knuckles, and a bruise on the back of my right hand, where the trunk had crushed it against a sharp edge of the door-way.

"Now, then?" said Halicarnassus, interrogatively.

"To be sure," I replied, affirmatively.

He said no more, but went and looked up the garret stairs. They bore traces of a severe encounter, that must be confessed.

"Do you wish me to give you a bit of advice?" he asked.

"No," I answered, promptly.

"Well, then, here it is. The next time you design to bring a trunk down-stairs, you would better cut away the underpinning, and knock out the beams, and let the garret down into the cellar. It will make much less uproar, and not take so much to repair damages."

He intended to be severe. His words passed by me as the idle wind. I perched on my trunk, took a pasteboard box-cover and fanned myself. I was very warm. Halicarnassus sat down on the lowest stair and remained silent several minutes, expecting a meek explanation, but, not getting it, swallowed a beautiful piece of what is called in homely talk "humble pie," and said,—

"I should like to know what's in the wind now."

I make it a principle always to resent an insult and to

welcome repentance with equal alacrity. If people thrust out their horns at me wantonly, they very soon run against a stone wall; but the moment they show signs of contrition, I soften. It is the best way. Don't insist that people shall grovel at your feet before you accept their apology. That is not magnanimous. Let mercy temper justice. It is a hard thing at best for human nature to go down into the Valley of Humiliation; and although, when circumstances arise which make it the only fit place for a person, I insist upon his going, still no sooner does he actually begin the descent than my sense of justice is appeased, my natural sweetness of disposition resumes sway, and I trip along by his side, chatting as gayly as if I did not perceive it was the Valley of Humiliation at all, but fancied it the Delectable Mountains. So, upon the first symptom of placability, I answered, cordially,—

"Halicarnassus, it has been the ambition of my life to write a book of travels. But to write a book of travels one must first have travelled."

"Not at all," he responded. "With an atlas and an encyclopædia one can travel round the world in his arm-chair."

"But one cannot have personal adventures," I said. "You can, indeed, sit in your arm-chair and describe the crater of Vesuvius; but you cannot tumble into the crater of Vesuvius from your arm-chair."

"I have never heard it was necessary to tumble in, in order to have a good view of the mountain."

"But it is necessary to do so, if one would make a readable book."

"Then I should let the book slide, rather than slide myself."

"If you would do me the honor to listen," I said, scornful of his paltry attempt at wit, "you would see that the

book is the object of my travelling. I travel to write. I do not write because I have travelled. I am not going to subordinate my book to my adventures. My adventures are going to be arranged beforehand with a view to my book."

"A most original way of getting up a book!"

"Not in the least. It is the most common thing in the world. Look at our dear British cousins."

"And see them make guys of themselves. They visit a magnificent country that is trying the experiment of the world, and write about their shaving-soap and their babies' nurses."

"Just where they are right. Just why I like the race, from Trollope down. They give you something to take hold of. I tell you, Halicarnassus, it is the personality of the writer, and not the nature of the scenery or of the institutions, that make the interest. It stands to reason. If it were not so, one book would be all that ever need be written, and that book would be a census report. For a republic is a republic, and Niagara is Niagara forever; but tell how you stood on the chain-bridge at Niagara—if there is one there—and bought a cake of shaving-soap from a tribe of Indians at a fabulous price, or how your baby jumped from the arms of the careless nurse into the Falls, and immediately your own individuality is thrown round the scenery, and it acquires a human interest. It is always five miles from one place to another, but that is mere almanac and statistics. Let a poet walk the five miles, and narrate his experiences with birds and bees and flowers and grasses and water and sky, and it becomes literature. And let me tell you further, sir, a book of travels is just as interesting as the person who writes it is interesting. It is not the countries, but the persons, that are 'shown up.' You go to a France and write a dull book.

I go to France and write a lively book. But France is the same. The difference is in ourselves."

Halicarnassus glowered at me. I think I am not using strained or extravagant language when I say that he glowered at me. Then he growled out,—

"So your book of travels is just to put yourself into pickle."

"Say, rather," I answered, with sweet humility,—"say, rather, it is to shrine myself in amber. As the insignificant fly, encompassed with molten glory, passes into a crystallized immortality, his own littleness lifted into loveliness by the beauty in which he is imprisoned, so I, wrapped round by the glory of my land, may find myself niched into a fame which my unattended and naked merit could never have claimed."

Halicarnassus was a little stunned, but presently, recovering himself, suggested that I had travelled enough already to make out a quite sizable book.

"Travelled!" I said, looking him steadily in the face,—"travelled! I went once up to Tudiz huckleberrying; and once, when there was a freshet, you took a superannuated broom and paddled me around the orchard in a leaky pig's-trough!"

He could not deny it: so he laughed, and said,—

"Ah, well! ah, well! suit yourself. Take your trunk and pitch it into Vesuvius, if you like. I won't stand in your way."

His acquiescence was ungraciously, and I believe I may say ambiguously, expressed; but it mattered little, for I gathered up my goods and chattels, strapped them into my trunk, and waited for the summer to send us on our way rejoicing.

[And so, when the summer came, the travellers started upon their journey. Passing over their first experiences, we take them up

again in Boston, where they proceeded to put some of the personal element into their book. The lady had tried her hand at inventing a common-sense style of night-cap, and, failing, concluded to buy one of the old style. The experiment, however, did not prove a very successful one.]

As you perceive, therefore, my Boston shopping was not every-day trading. It was to mark the abandonment of an old and the inauguration of a new line of policy. Thus it was with no ordinary interest that I looked carefully at all the shops, and when I found one that seemed to hold out a possibility of night-caps, I went in. Halicarnassus obeyed the hint which I pricked into him with the point of my parasol, and stopped outside. The one place in the world where a man has no business to be is the inside of a dry-goods shop. He never looks and never is so big and bungling as there. A woman skips from silk to muslin, from muslin to ribbons, from ribbons to tablecloths, with the grace and agility of a bird. She glides in and out among crowds of her sex, steers sweepingly clear of all obstacles, and emerges triumphant. A man enters, and immediately becomes all boots and elbows. He needs as much room to turn round in as the English iron-clad Warrior, and it takes him about as long. He treads on all the flounces, runs against all the clerks, knocks over all the children, and is generally under-foot. If he gets an idea into his head, a Nim's battery cannot dislodge it. You thought of buying a shawl; but a thousand considerations, in the shape of raglans, cloaks, talmas, pea-jackets, induce you to modify your views. He stands by you. He hears all your inquiries and all the clerk's suggestions. The whole process of your reasoning is visible to his naked eye. He sees the sack or visite or cape put upon your shoulders and you walking off with it, and when you are half-way home he will mutter in stupid

amazement, "I thought you were going to buy a shawl!" It is enough to drive one wild.

No! Halicarnassus is absurd and mulish in many things, but he knows I will not be hampered with him when I am shopping, and he obeys the smallest hint and stops outside.

To be sure, he puts my temper on the rack by standing with his hands in his pockets, or by looking meek, or likely as not peering into the shop door after me with great staring eyes and parted lips; and this is the most provoking of all. If there is anything vulgar, slipshod, and shiftless, it is a man lounging about with his hands in his pockets. If you have paws, stow them away; but if you are endowed with hands, learn to carry them properly, or else cut them off. Nor can I abide a man's looking as if he were under control. I wish him to *be* submissive, but I do not wish him to *look* so. He shall do just as he is bidden, but he shall carry himself like the man and monarch he was made to be. Let him stay where he is put, yet not as if he were put there, but as if he had taken his position deliberately. But of all things, to have a man look as if he were a clod just emerged for the first time from his own barnyard! Upon this occasion, however, I was too much absorbed in my errand to note anybody's demeanor, and I threaded straightway the crowd of customers, went up to the counter, and inquired, in a clear voice,—

"Have you lace night-caps?"

The clerk looked at me with a troubled, bewildered glance, and made no reply. I supposed he had not understood me, and repeated the question. Then he answered, dubiously,—

"We have breakfast-caps."

It was my turn to look bewildered. What had I to do with breakfast-caps? What connection was there between

my question and his answer? What field was there for any further inquiry? "Have you ox-bows?" imagine a farmer to ask. "We have rainbows," says the shopman. "Have you cameo pins?" inquires the elegant Mrs. Jenkins. "We have linchpins." "Have you young apple-trees?" asks the nurseryman. "We have whiffle-trees." If I had wanted breakfast-caps shouldn't I have asked for breakfast-caps? Or do the Boston people take their breakfast at one o'clock in the morning? I concluded that the man was demented, and marched out of the shop. When I laid the matter before Halicarnassus, the following interesting colloquy took place:

I.—"What do you suppose it meant?"

H.—"He took you for a North American Indian."

I.—"What do you mean?"

H.—"He did not understand your *patois*."

I.—"What *patois?*"

H.—"Your squaw dialect. You should have asked for a *bonnet de nuit*."

I.—"Why?"

H.—"People never talk about night-caps in good society."

I.—"Oh!"

I was very warm, and Halicarnassus said he was tired: so he went into a restaurant and ordered strawberries,—that luscious fruit quivering on the border-land of ambrosia and nectar.

"Doubtless," says honest, quaint, delightful Isaac,—and he never spoke a truer word,—"doubtless God may have made a berry better than a strawberry, but doubtless God never did."

The bill of fare rated their excellence at fifteen cents.

"Not unreasonable," I pantomimed.

"Not if I pay for them," replied Halicarnassus.

Then we sat and amused ourselves after the usual brilliant fashion of people who are waiting in hotel-parlors, railroad-stations, and restaurants. We surveyed the gilding and the carpet and the mirrors and the curtains. We hazarded profound conjectures touching the people assembled. We studied the bill of fare as if it contained the secret of our army's delay upon the Potomac, and had just concluded that the first crop of strawberries was exhausted, and they were waiting for the second crop to grow, when Hebe hove in sight with her nectared ambrosia in a pair of cracked, browny-white saucers, with browny-green silver spoons. I poured out what professed to be cream but proved very low-spirited milk, in which a few disheartened strawberries appeared *rari nantes*. I looked at them in dismay. Then curiosity smote me, and I counted them. Just fifteen.

"Cent apiece," said Halicarnassus.

I was not thinking of the cent, but I had promised myself a feast; and what is a feast susceptible of enumeration? Cleopatra was right. "That love"—and the same is true of strawberries—"is beggarly which can be reckoned. Infinity alone is glory."

"Perhaps the quality will atone for the quantity," said Halicarnassus, scooping up at least half of his at one "arm-sweep."

"How do they taste?" I asked.

"Rather coppery," he answered.

"It is the spoons!" I exclaimed, in a fright. "They are German silver! You will be poisoned!" and knocked his out of his hand with such instinctive, sudden violence that it flew to the other side of the room, where an old gentleman sat over his newspaper and dinner.

[Halicarnassus picked up the spoon, and apologized to the startled old gentleman.]

Partly to reward him for his good behavior, partly because I never did think it worth while to make two bites of a cherry, and partly because I did not fancy being poisoned, I gave my fifteen berries to him. He devoured them with evident relish.

"Does my spoon taste as badly as yours?" I asked.

"My spoon?" inquired he, innocently.

"Yes. You said before that they tasted coppery."

"I don't think," replied this unprincipled man,—"I don't think it was the flavor of the spoon so much as of the coin which each berry represented."

If we could only have been at home!

[So much for the personal equation of travel. The authoress, after going so far, apparently feels that some arm-chair and encyclopediac experience is necessary, and proceeds as follows to give the topography and natural history of Boston.]

Boston is a beautiful city, situated on a peninsula at the head of Massachusetts Bay. It has three streets,—Cornhill, Washington, and Beacon Streets. It has a Common and a Frog-pond, and many sprightly squirrels. Its streets are straight, and cross each other like lines on a chess-board. It has a state-house, which is the finest edifice in the world or out of it. It has one church, the old South, which was built, as its name indicates, before the Proclamation of Emancipation was issued. It has one book-store, a lofty and imposing pile, of the Egyptian style (and date) of architecture, on the corner of Washington and School Streets. It has one magazine, the *Atlantic Monthly*, one daily newspaper, the *Boston Journal*, one religious weekly, the *Congregationalist*, and one orator, whose name is Train, a model of chaste, compact, and classic elegance. In politics it was a Webster Whig till

Whig and Webster both went down, when it fell apart and waited for something to turn up,—which proved to be drafting. Boston is called the Athens of America. Its men are solid. Its women wear their bonnets to bed, their night-caps to breakfast, and talk Greek at dinner. I spent two hours and a half in Boston, and I know.

CROSSING THE CARRY.

WILLIAM H. H. MURRAY.

[From the noted preacher, editor, and author known in the literary world as "Adirondack Murray," we select the following amusingly-told story of some of the miseries of camping-out life in the wilderness. The author, born at Guilford, Connecticut, in 1840, was for some years a Boston Congregationalist minister and editor of *The Golden Age*. He is the author of several sprightly works, among them "Adirondack Tales" and "Camp Life in the Adirondacks." Our selection is from "Adventures in the Wilderness."]

SCENE.—*The Adirondacks during a shower. A pleasure-seeker and his guide on the road.*

"JOHN," said I, as we stood looking at each other across the boat, "this rain is wet."

"It generally is, up in this region, I believe," he responded, as he wiped the water out of his eyes with the back of his hand and shook the accumulating drops from nose and chin; "but the waterproof I have on has lasted me some thirty-eight years, and I don't think it will wet through to-day."

"Well," I exclaimed, "there is no use of standing here in this marsh-grass any longer. Help me to load up. I'll take the baggage, and you the boat."

"You'll never get through with it, if you try to take it all at once. Better load light and I'll come back after what's left," was the answer. "I tell you," he continued, "the swamp is full of water, and soft as muck."

"John," said I, "that baggage is going over at one load, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish. I'll make the attempt, swamp or no swamp. My life is assured against accidents by fire, water, and mud: so here goes. What's life to glory!" I exclaimed, as I seized the pork-bag and dragged it from under the boat: "stand by and see me put my armor on."

Over my back I slung the provision-basket, made like a fisherman's creel, thirty inches by forty, filled with plates, coffee, salt, and all the *impedimenta* of camp- and cooking-utensils. This was held in its place by straps passing over the shoulders and under the arms, like a Jew peddler's pack. There might have been eighty pounds' weight in it. Upon the top of the basket John lashed my knapsack, full of bullets, powder, and clothing. My rubber suit and heavy blanket, slung around my neck by a leather thong, hung down in front across my chest. On one shoulder the oars and paddles were balanced, with a frying-pan and gridiron swinging from the blades; on the other was my rifle, from which were suspended a pair of boots, my creel, a coffee-pot, and a bag of flour.

Taking up the bag of pork in one hand, and seizing the stock of the rifle with the other, from two fingers of which hung a tin kettle of prepared trout, which we were loath to throw away, I started. Picture a man so loaded, forcing his way through a hemlock swamp, through whose floor of thin moss he sank to his knees, or picking his way across oozy sloughs on old roots, often covered with mud and water, and slippery beyond description, and you have me daguerrotyped in your mind. Well, as I said, I started.

For some dozen rods I got on famously, and was congratulating myself with the thought of an easy transit, when a root upon which I had put my right foot gave way, and plunging headlong into the mud, I struck an attitude of petition; while the frying-pan and gridiron, flung off the oars and forward by the movement, alighted upon my prostrated head. An ejaculation, not exactly religious, escaped me, and with a few desperate flounces I assumed once more the perpendicular. Fishing the frying-pan from the mud, and lashing the gridiron to my belt, I made another start. It was hard work.

The most unnatural adjustment of weight upon my back made it difficult to ascertain just how far behind me lay the centre of equilibrium. I found where it did not lie several times. Before I had gone fifty rods the camp-basket weighed one hundred and twenty pounds. The pork-bag felt as if it had several shoats in it, and the oar-blades stuck out in the exact form of an X. If I went one side of a tree, the oars would go the other side. If I backed up, they would manage to get entangled amid the brush. If I stumbled and fell, the confounded things would come like a goose-poke athwart my neck, pinning me down.

As I proceeded, the mud grew deeper, the roots farther apart, and the blazed trees less frequent. Never before did I so truly realize the aspiration of the old hymn,—

"Oh, had I the wings of a dove!"

At last I reached what seemed impossible to pass: an oozy slough, crossed here and there by cedar roots, smooth and slippery, lay before me. From a high stump which I had climbed upon I gave a desperate leap. I struck where I expected, and a little farther. The weight of the basket,

which was now something over two hundred pounds, was too much for me to check at once. It pressed me forward. I recovered myself, and the abominable oars carried me as far the other way. The moccasins of wet leather began to slip along the roots. They began to slip very often, and at bad times. I found it necessary to change my position suddenly. I changed it. It wasn't a perfect success. I tried again. It seemed necessary to keep on trying.

I suspect I did not effect the changes very steadily, for the trout began to jump about in the pail and fly out into the mud. The gridiron got uneasy, and played against my side like a steam-flapper. In fact, the whole baggage seemed endowed with supernatural powers of motion. The excitement was contagious. In a moment, every article was jumping about like mad. I, in the mean time, continued to dance a hornpipe on the slippery roots.

Now, I am conscientiously opposed to dancing. I never danced. I didn't want to learn. I felt it was wicked for me to be hopping around on that root so. What an example, I thought, if John should see me! What would my wife say? What would my deacons say? I tried to stop. I couldn't. I had an astonishing dislike to sit down. I thought I would dance there forever, rather than sit down,—deacons or no deacons.

The basket now weighed any imaginable number of pounds. The trout were leaping about my head as if in their native element. The gridiron was in such rapid motion that it was impossible to distinguish the bars. There was, apparently, a whole litter of pigs in the pork-bag. I could not stand it longer. I concluded to rest awhile. I wanted to do the thing gracefully. I looked around for a soft spot, and, seeing one just behind me, I checked myself. My feet flew out from under me. They appeared to be unusually light. I don't remember that I

ever sat down quicker. The motion was very decided. The only difficulty I observed was, that the seat I had gracefully settled into had no bottom.

The position of things was extremely picturesque. The oars were astride my neck, as usual. The trout-pail was bottom up, and the contents lying about almost anywhere. The boots were hanging on a dry limb overhead. A capital idea. I thought of it as I was in the act of sitting down. One piece of pork lay at my feet, and another was sticking up, some ten feet off, in the mud. It looked very queer,—slightly out of place. With the same motion with which I hung my boots on a limb, as I seated myself, I stuck my rifle carefully into the mud, muzzle downward. I never saw a gun in that position before. It struck me as being a good thing. There was no danger of its falling over and breaking the stock. The first thing I did was to pass the gridiron under me. When that feat had been accomplished, I felt more composed. It's pleasant for a man in the position I was in to feel that he has something under him. Even a chip or a small stump would have felt comfortable. As I sat thinking how many uses a gridiron could be put to, and estimating where I should then have been if I hadn't got it under me, I heard John forcing his way, with the boat on his back, through the thick undergrowth.

"It won't do to let John see me in this position," I said; and so, with a mighty effort, I disengaged myself from the pack, flung off the blanket from around my neck, and, seizing hold of a spruce limb, which I could fortunately reach, drew myself slowly up. I had just time to jerk the rifle out of the mud, and fish up about half of the trout, when John came struggling along.

"John," said I, leaning unconcernedly against a tree, as if nothing had happened,—"John, put down the boat: here's a splendid spot to rest."

"Well, Mr. Murray," queried John, as he emerged from under the boat, "how are you getting along?"

"Capitally!" said I: "the carry is very level when you once get down to it. I felt a little out of breath, and thought I would wait for you a few moments."

"What's your boots doing up there in that tree?" exclaimed John, as he pointed up to where they hung dangling from the limb, about fifteen feet above our heads.

"Boots doing!" said I: "why, they are hanging there, don't you see? You didn't suppose I'd drop them into this mud, did you?"

"Why, no," replied John, "I don't suppose you would. But how about this?" he continued, as he stooped down and pulled a big trout, tail foremost, out of the soft muck: "how did that trout come there?"

"It must have got out of the pail somehow," I responded. "I thought I heard something drop just as I sat down."

"What in thunder is that out there?" exclaimed John, pointing to a piece of pork, one end of which was sticking about four inches out of the water: "is that pork?"

"Well, the fact is, John," returned I, speaking with the utmost gravity, and in a tone intended to suggest a mystery,- -"the fact is, John, I don't quite understand it. This carry seems to be all covered over with pork. I wouldn't be surprised to find a piece anywhere. There is another junk, now," I exclaimed, as I plunged my moccasin into the mud and kicked a two-pound bit toward him: "it's lying all round here loose."

I thought John would split with laughter; but my time came, for, as in one of his paroxysms he turned partly around, I saw that his back was covered with mud clear up to his hat.

"Do you always sit down on your coat, John," I inquired, "when you cross a carry like this?"

"Come, come," rejoined he, ceasing to laugh from very exhaustion, "take a knife or tin plate, and scrape the muck from my back. I always tell my wife to make my clothes a ground color; but the color is laid on a little too thick this time, anyway."

"John," said I, after having scraped him down, "take the paddle and spear my boots off from that limb up there, while I tread out this pork."

Plunging into the slough, balancing here on a bog and there on an underlying root, I succeeded in concentrating the scattered pieces at one point. As I was shying the last junk into the bag, a disappointed grunt from John caused me to look around. I took in the situation at a glance. The boots were still suspended from the limb. The paddle and two oars had followed suit, and lay cosily amid the branches, while John, poising himself dexterously on the trunk of a fallen spruce, red in the face and vexed at his want of success, was whirling the frying-pan over his head, in the very act of letting it drive at the boots.

"Go in, John!" I shouted, seizing hold of the gridiron with one hand and a bag of bullets with the other, while tears stood in my eyes from very laughter; "when we've got all the rest of the baggage up in that hemlock, I'll pass up the boat and we'll make a camp."

The last words were barely off my lips, when John, having succeeded in getting a firm footing, as he thought, on the slippery bark, threw all his strength into the cast, and away the big iron pan went whizzing up through the branches! But, alas for human calculation! the rotten bark under his feet, rent by the sudden pressure as he pitched the cumbrous missile upward, parted from the smooth wood, and John, with a mighty thump which seemed almost to snap his head off, came down upon the trunk; while the frying-pan, gyrating like a broken-winged

bird, landed rods away in the marsh. By this time John's blood was up, and the bombardment began in earnest. The first thing he laid his hand on was the coffee-pot. I followed suit with the gridiron. Then my fishing-basket and a bag of bullets mounted upward. Never before was such a battle waged, or such weapons used. The air was full of missiles. Tin plates, oar-locks, the axe, gridiron, and pieces of pork, were all in the air at once. How long the contest would have continued I cannot tell, had it not been brought to a glorious termination; but at last the heavy iron camp-kettle, hurled by John's nervous wrist, striking the limb fair, crashed through like a forty-pound shot, and down came boots, oars, paddle, and all. Gathering the scattered articles together, we took our respective burdens, and pushed ahead. Weary and hot, we reached at length the margin of the swamp, and our feet stood once more upon solid ground.

CHIQUITA.

BRET HARTE.

[It is not an easy matter to select from Bret Harte's humorous poems. They are all so good that it is best to shut the eyes and take at random. The author, Francis Bret Harte, was born at Albany, New York, in 1839, drifted to California in 1854, and became a prominent editor and writer of that region. His stories, principally confined to California life and characters, are of marked originality, and take rank with the best examples of the short story.]

BEAUTIFUL! Sir, you may say so. Thar isn't her match
in the county.
Is thar, old gal,—Chiquita, my darling, my beauty?

Feel of that neck, sir,—that's velvet! Whoa! steady,—
ah, will you, you vixen!
Whoa! I say. Jack, trot her out; let the gentleman look
at her paces.

Morgan!—She ain't nothin' else, and I've got the papers
to prove it.
Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred dollars won't
buy her.
Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you know Briggs of
Tuolumne?
Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his brains down
in 'Frisco.

Hedn't no savey—hed Briggs. Thar, Jack! that'll do,—
quit that foolin'!
Nothin' to what she kin do, when she's got her work cut
out before her.
Hosses is hosses, you know, and likewise, too, jockeys is
jockeys;
And 'tain't every man as can ride as knows what a hoss
has got in him.

Know the old ford on the Fork, that nearly got Flanigan's
leaders?
Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty rough ford in
low water!
Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me and the Jedge and
his nevey
Struck for that ford in the night, in the rain, and the water
all round us;

Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake Creek just
a-bilin',
Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge on the river.

I had the gray, and the Jedge had his roan, and his nevey, Chiquita;
And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from the top of the cañon.

Lickety, lickety, switch, we came to the ford, and Chiquita
Buckled right down to her work, and, afore I could yell to her rider,
Took water jest at the ford, and there was the Jedge and me standing,
And twelve hundred dollars of hoss-flesh afloat, and a-driftin' to thunder!

Would ye believe it?—that night that hoss, that ar filly, Chiquita,
Walked herself into her stall, and stood there, all quiet and dripping,
Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary a buckle of harness,
Just as she swam the Fork,—that hoss, that ar filly Chiquita.

That's what I call a hoss! and—What did you say?—Oh, the nevey?
Drownded, I reckon,—leastways, he never kem back to deny it.
Ye see, the derned fool had no seat,—ye couldn't have made him a rider;
And then, ye know, boys will be boys, and hosses—well, hosses is hosses.

A NEW-ENGLAND SUNDAY.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[No American writer has had a more instinctive and inborn love of humor than the distinguished orator of Plymouth Church. It broke from him perforce in the pulpit, and it irradiates his writings like an inner ray of sunlight. It is not the extravagant and often strained fun of many of our humorous writers, but that innate pleasantry which flows like wine from minds "to the manner born." "Norwood," Beecher's one romance, has more than one bit of "excellent fooling." From it we extract the following description of a New-England Sunday and a very possible New-England village character.]

WHEN the good doctor read the Scriptures at family prayer, the infection of silence had seized everything except the clock. Out of the wide hall could be heard in the stillness the old clock, that now lifted up its voice with unwonted emphasis, as if, unnoticed through the bustling week, Sunday was its vantage-ground to proclaim to mortals the swift flight of time; and, if the old pedant performed the task with something of an ostentatious precision, it was because in that house nothing else put on official airs, and the clock felt the responsibility of doing it for the whole mansion.

And now came mother and catechism; for Mrs. Wentworth followed the old custom, and declared that no child of hers should grow up without catechism. . . . The younger children were taught in simple catechism; but Rose, having reached the mature age of twelve, was now manifesting her power over the Westminster Shorter Catechism: and, as it was simply an achievement of memory, and not of the understanding, she had the book at great advantage, and soon subdued every question and answer in it. As much as possible the doctor was kept

aloof on such occasions. His grave questions were not to edification; and often they caused Rose to stumble, and brought down sorely the exultation with which she rolled forth, "They that are effectually called do in this life partake of justification, adoption, sanctification, and the several benefits which in this life do either accompany or flow from them."

"What do those words mean, Rose?"

"Which words, pa?"

"Adoption, sanctification, and justification?"

Rose hesitated, and looked at her mother for rescue.

"Doctor, why do you trouble the child? Of course she don't know yet all the meaning; but that will come to her when she grows older."

"You make a nest of her memory, then, and put words there, like eggs, for future hatching?"

"Yes; that is it exactly. Birds do not hatch their eggs the minute they lay them: they wait."

"Laying eggs at twelve to be hatched at twenty is subjecting them to some risk, is it not?"

"It might be so with eggs, but not with catechism. That will keep, without spoiling, a hundred years."

"Because it is so dry?"

"Because it is so good. But do, dear husband, go away, and not put notions in the children's heads. It's hard enough already to get them through their tasks. Here's poor Arthur, who has been two Sundays on one question, and has not got it yet."

Arthur, aforesaid, was bright and sharp in anything addressed to his reason; but he had no verbal memory, and he was therefore wading painfully through the catechism like a man in a deep, muddy road; with this difference, that the man carries too much clay with him, while nothing stuck to poor Arthur. Great was the lad's pride

and exultation on a former occasion when his mother advanced him from the Smaller Catechism to the Westminster Catechism. He could hardly wait for Sunday to begin his conquests. He was never known after the first Sunday to show any further impatience. He had been four weeks in reading the fourth question; and two weeks already had he lain before that luminous answer, beating on it like a ship too deeply laden, and unable to cross the bar.

"What is God, Arthur?" said his mother.

"God is—is a—God is—and God—God is a——"

Having got safely so far, the mother suggests "spirit;" at which he gasps eagerly, "God is a spirit."

"Infinite," says the mother.

"Infinite," says Arthur.

And then, blushing, and twisting in his chair, he seemed unable to extract anything more.

"Eternal," says the mother.

"Eternal," says the boy.

"Well, go on. 'God is a spirit, infinite, eternal:' what else?"

"'God is a spirit, eternal, infinite: what else?'"

"Nonsense!" says the startled mother.

"'Nonsense!'" goes on the boy, supposing it to be part of the regular answer.

"Arthur, stop! What work you are making!"

To stop was the very exercise in catechism at which he was most proficient; and he stopped so fully and firmly that nothing more could be got out of him or into him during the exercise. But his sorrow soon fled; for the second bell had rung, and it was just time to walk, and "everybody was going," the servant reported. . . .

The old bell had it all its own way up in the steeple. It was the licensed noise of the day. In a long shed behind

the church stood a score and half-score of wagons and chaises and carry-alls,—the horses already beginning the forenoon's work of stamping, and whisking the flies. More were coming. Hiram Beers had "hitched up," and brought two loads with his new hack; and now, having secured the team, he stood with a few admiring young fellows about him, remarking on the people as they came up.

"There's Trowbridge: he'll git asleep afore the first prayer's over. I don't b'lieve he's heered a sermon in ten years. I've seen him sleep standin' up in singin'.

"Here comes Deacon Marble! Smart old feller, ain't he? Wouldn't think it, jest to look at him! Face looks like an ear of last summer's sweet corn,—all dried up; but I tell you he's got the juice in him yit! Aunt Polly's gittin' old, ain't she? They say she can't walk half the time; lost the use of her limbs; but it's all gone to her tongue. That's as good as a razor, and a sight better'n mine; for it never needs sharpenin'.

"Stand away, boys! there's 'Biah Cathcart. Good horses, not fast, but mighty strong,—just like the owner."

And with that Hiram touched his new Sunday hat to Mrs. Cathcart and Alice; and, as he took the horses by the bits, he dropped his head, and gave the Cathcart boys a look of such awful solemnity, all except one eye, that they lost their sobriety. Barton alone remained sober as a judge.

"Here comes 'Dot-and-Go-One' and his wife. They're my kind o' Christians. She is a saint, at any rate.

"How is it with you, Tommy Taft?"

"Fair to middlin', thank'e. Such weather would make a handspike blossom, Hiram."

"Don't you think that's a leetle strong, Tommy, for Sunday? P'r'aps you mean afore it's cut?"

"Sartin; that's what I mean. But you mustn't stop

me, Hiram. Parson Buell'll be lookin' for me. He never begins till I git there."

"You mean you always git there 'fore he begins." . . .

"There comes Judge Bacon, white and ugly," said the critical Hiram. "I wonder what he comes to meetin' for. Lord knows he needs it,—sly, slippery old sinner! Face's as white as a lily; his heart's as black as a chimney-flue afore it's cleaned. He'll git his flue burned out if he don't repent, that's certain. He don't believe the Bible: they say he don't believe in God. Wal, I guess it's pretty even atween 'em. Shouldn't wonder if God didn't believe in him neither. . . .

"He talks to you," said Hiram, "just as Black Sam lathers you. A kind of smooth rubbing goes on, and you feel soft and satisfied with yourself, and sort o' lean to him, when he takes you by the nose, and shaves and shaves and shaves; and it's so smooth that you don't feel the razor. But I tell you, when you git away your skin smarts: you've been shaved.

"Here come the Bages and the Weekses, and a whole raft from Hardscrabble," said Hiram, as five or six one-horse wagons drove up. At a glance, one could see that these were farmers who lived to work. They were spare in figure, brown in complexion,—everything worn off but bone and muscle,—like ships with iron masts and wire rigging. They drove little nubbins of horses, tough and rough, that had never felt a blanket in winter or known a leisure day in summer.

"Them fellers," said Hiram, "is just like stones. I don't believe there's any blood or innards in 'em more'n in a crow-bar. They work early, and work all day, and in the night, and keep workin', and never seem to get tired except Sunday, when they've nothin' to do. You know, when Fat Porter was buried, they couldn't git

him into the hearse, and had to carry him with poles; and Weeks was one of the bearers. And they had a pretty heavy time of it, nigh about three hours, what with liftin' and fixin' him at the house, and fetchin' him to the church door, and then carryin' him to the graveyard; and Weeks said he hadn't enjoyed a Sunday so much he couldn't tell when.

"'Hiram,' says he, 'I could like Sunday as well as week-days if I could work on it; but I git awful tired doin' nothin'.'

"They say," said Hiram, "that they never do exactly die in Hardscrabble. They work up and up, and grow thinner and thinner, like a knife-blade, till they git so small that some day they accidentally git misplaced or dropped, and nobody misses 'em: so that they die off in a general way, like pins, without any one of 'em making a particular fuss about it. But I guess that ain't so," added Hiram, with a grave air, as if fearing he might mislead the young folks about him. Then, with demure authority, he said, "Boys, go in; the bell's done tollin', and meetin's goin' to begin. Go in, and don't make a noise; and see you tell me where the text is. I've got to look after these horses, or they'll git mixed up."

This remark was called forth by a squeal and a rattle and backing of wagons, which showed that mischief was already brewing.

[Hiram, having got rid of his audience, proceeded to look after the horses (a duty by which he excused his absence from church), and continued his volunteer services till the end of the sermon.]

It was nearly twelve o'clock when Dr. Wentworth, returning from his round of visits, found Hiram sitting on the fence, his labors over, and waiting for Dr. Buell to finish.

"Not in church, Hiram? I'm afraid you've not been a good boy."

"Don't know. Somebody must take care of the outside as well as the inside of church. Dr. Buell rubs down the folks, and I rub the horses: he sees that their tacklin' is all right in there, and I do the same out here. Folks and animals are pretty much of a muchness; and they'll bear a sight of takin' care of."

"Whose nag is that, Hiram?—the roan?"

"That's Deacon Marble's."

"Why, he seems to sweat standing still."

Hiram's eye twinkled.

"You needn't say nothin', doctor; but I thought it a pity so many horses shouldn't be doin' anything. Of course they don't know anything about Sunday (it ain't like workin' a creatur' that reads the Bible): so I just slipped over to Skiddy's widder (she ain't been out-doors this two months, and I knew she ought to have the air), and I gave her about a mile. She was afraid 'twould be breakin' Sunday. 'Not a bit,' says I. 'Didn't the Lord go out Sundays and set folks off with their beds on their backs? and didn't he pull oxen and sheep out of ditches, and do all that sort of thing?' If she'd knew that I took the deacon's team, she'd been worse afraid. But I knew the deacon would like it; and if Polly didn't, so much the better. I like to spite those folks that's too particular. There, doctor, there's the last hymn."

It rose upon the air, softened by distance and the enclosure of the building,—rose and fell in regular movement. Even Hiram's voice ceased. The voice in the tops of the elm hushed its shrill snatches. Again the hymn rose, and this time fuller and louder, as if the whole congregation had caught the spirit. Men's and women's voices, and

little children's, were in it. Hiram said, without any of his usual pertness,—

"Doctor, there's somethin' in folks' singin' when you are outside the church that makes you feel as though you ought to be inside. Mebbe a fellow will be left outside up there when they're singin', if he don't look out."

When the last verse had ended, a pause and silence ensued. Then came a gentle bustle, a sound of pattering feet. Out shot a boy, and then two or three; and close upon them a bunch of men. The doors were wide open and thronged. The whole green was covered with people, and the sidewalks were crowded.

Tommy Taft met the minister at the door, and put out his great rough hand to shake.

"Thank'ee, doctor; thank'ee; very well done. Couldn't do it better myself. It'll do good,—know it. Feel better myself. I need just such preachin',—mouldy old sinner,—need a scourin' about once a week. Dreffal wicked to hev such doctrine and not be no better: ain't it, doctor?"

[To the above we add, from "Eyes and Ears," the delightful episode of the dog Noble and the empty hole.]

The first summer which we spent in Lenox, we had along a very intelligent dog, named Noble. He was learned in many things, and by his dog-lore excited the undying admiration of all the children. But there were some things which Noble could never learn. Having on one occasion seen a red squirrel run into a hole in a stone wall, he could not be persuaded that he was not there for evermore.

Several red squirrels lived close to the house, and had become familiar, but not tame. They kept up a regular romp with Noble. They would come down from the maple-trees with provoking coolness; they would run

along the fence almost within reach; they would cock their tails and sail across the road to the barn; and yet there was such a well-timed calculation under all this apparent rashness that Noble invariably arrived at the critical spot just as the squirrel left it.

On one occasion Noble was so close upon his red-backed friend that, unable to get up the maple-tree, he dodged into a hole in the wall, ran through the chinks, emerged at a little distance, and sprung into the tree. The intense enthusiasm of the dog at that hole can hardly be described. He filled it full of barking. He pawed and scratched as if undermining a bastion. Standing off at a little distance, he would pierce the hole with a gaze as intense and fixed as if he were trying magnetism on it. Then, with tail extended, and every hair thereon electrified, he would rush at the empty hole with a prodigious onslaught.

This imaginary squirrel haunted Noble night and day. The very squirrel himself would run up before his face into the tree, and, crouched in a crotch, would sit silently watching the whole process of bombarding the empty hole, with great sobriety and relish. But Noble would allow of no doubts. His conviction that the hole had a squirrel in it continued unshaken for six weeks. When all other occupations failed, this hole remained to him. When there were no more chickens to harry, no pigs to bite, no cattle to chase, no children to romp with, no expeditions to make with the grown folks, and when he had slept all that his dogskin would hold, he would walk out of the yard, yawn and stretch himself, and then look wistfully at the hole, as if thinking to himself, "Well, as there is nothing else to do, I may as well try that hole again!"

JOKES AND JOKERS.

WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

[The following record of peculiar jokes and jokers may be of some interest to our readers. If men will indulge in the barbarism of the practical joke, originality of conception may serve as some claim to forgiveness, though that which depends for its fun upon the distress of others should not lightly be pardoned, and is very rarely fair food for laughter.]

Nobody had a better appreciation of the philosophy of absurdity than Charles Lamb. There is nothing more in character than his singular trick of passing off fictitious lives of Munden and Liston on the public as true bits of biography. Some people have never been able to find out the humor of this imposition; and they are equally at a loss to understand what he meant by writing letters to distant friends full of news of how well-known acquaintances, commonly understood to be methodical and settled, had lately come out on the stage in high comedy. But Lamb's was a rare genius, and his humor the most delicate in the world. It was his way of playing a practical joke. He certainly did not esteem it an exhibition of low wit, any more than he thought punning an eighth capital sin. He would have defended a practical joke or an absurd answer just as he defended his bad puns, by declaring that the worst were the best. Indeed, in his practice he was always upholding such things. "You come very late in the mornings," goes the old story of the officer in the India House to him. "Yes, but then, you know," he answers, "I go away very early in the afternoons." In this reply the ridiculous is the paramount feature, and is easily to be accounted for on the most philosophical grounds.

Leigh Hunt also could say something in the same tone

sometimes. Wordsworth, all pompousness and dignity, came to see him once in prison. After a while he asked, "Will you have something to eat, Mr. Wordsworth?" A cart passes in front of them. "Anything that is going forward," replies the author of the "Excursion," with a dignified wave of his hand. "Will you take a piece of the cart?"

An absurd rejoinder is nothing more than a practical joke in words. The virtue of both, like that of any other description of wit, lies in their power to create surprise and unexpected laughter. Sheridan was fond of all kinds of practical jokes. Who has not heard of his planting quantities of crockery in a dark corridor, leaving a secret passage for himself, and then inducing his poor friend to make chase until he fell into the trap and was bruised from head to foot? Who has not heard of his contrivance to pay the fare of a cab he had used all day?—how he inveigled a well-known disputant to get in with him, engaged him in a violent argument, declared he would not listen to his monstrous language, got out in an apparent passion, and left the unsuspecting gentleman to settle the account with the cabman? This is no better than a similar performance of Theodore Hook's. Hook, the most careless of mortals, has a cab all the afternoon in the country, but, night coming on and having no money, he bethinks himself of a method to pay the hire. His talent, in such business never failing, suggests the most peculiar means imaginable. By his order he is driven to the door of a famous physician. He alights and rings the bell furiously. Upon being let in he hears that the doctor is at dinner, and immediately makes his way, with a horrified look, to the dining-room. He tells the amazed practitioner that there is no time for words,—that all will be lost if Lady Blackace is not immediately attended,—and

without further ado forces the physician, almost in deshabille and positively hatless, to the cab, plunges him violently in, and directs the driver to take him to a certain residence immediately; of course all is found out in fifteen minutes afterwards, and the physician pays the bill, vowing vengeance, and saying now and then with an involuntary laugh, "But it was confoundedly well done!"

Hook spent all his life making songs and concocting practical jokes. Charles Mathews, the actor and mimic, was his assistant in his freaks, and admirably they carried them out together. In the memoirs of the former by Barham, in his own work of "Gilbert Gurney," and in the memoirs of the latter by Mrs. Mathews, will be found some narratives vastly amusing, and in many cases, it must be confessed, incredible.

Hook had a French prototype who has not been dead many months. This strange creature had a most singular fancy for the absurd from boyhood to even—as an anecdote of him proves—beyond the grave. He spent all his leisure in his strange and fascinating amusement. He would call at certain houses, manage to be let in, and, when the person in charge came to find out his business, he would astonish him by speaking unknown languages and acting in such a whimsical manner that very often he was put out as a madman. He frequently stopped passengers in the streets and affected to be deaf and dumb and unable to find his way. One night he appeared to be searching for something in front of a large store on one of the boulevards. A crowd collected, of course, and the shopman came out and asked what he was looking for. "I am looking for a purse containing a thousand francs, and will give half to the person who finds it for me." This report being spread about, the street became crowded. All was eagerness and excitement. Presently

the shopman, with the appearance of a man of forethought and cunning, drew our friend apart and said, "I think I see a way to our mutual gain. In what spot do you think you lost your purse of a thousand francs?" "Oh," answered the other, "I did not lose any purse at all. I was only looking for one!" And with this he ran off as fast as he could.

Monsieur was very fond of writing ridiculous letters. Of course he could only imagine their effect, but that was quite enough for him. For instance, he wrote to the Bishop of N——, a very holy and studious man, in the name of a celebrated English prize-fighter, proposing an international match for five thousand francs a side, and stating that several well-known gentlemen (who were mentioned) had been induced to take the matter in hand and were eagerly awaiting his reply. This letter had the London postmark and all the appearances of being in good faith; and its effect upon the very quiet and harmless person to whom it was addressed may be easily conjectured. Other strange epistles were sent about almost every week, —one to a distinguished minister, as coming from a Spanish sailor, offering for sale a fierce and extraordinary species of the ourang-outang; another to a certain grave professor of philosophy and mathematics, under the signature of Mr. Benjamin Webster, manager of a London theatre, containing a proposition that the learned recipient should perform a comic part in the original Greek, in Plautus's "Mœnecmus," at a consideration of twenty pounds per night; another to the celebrated Dr. Pusey, stating that the writer was a murderer by profession, but, having been driven from Italy by force of circumstances, he had come to Paris in the hope of finding employment, and, having understood that Dr. P. was a liberal man, he would plainly and respectfully state that he was ready to do any private

business in his line upon easy terms. He begged to mention, however, that he would engage in nothing where any other parties were employed who were unknown to himself. These letters, and hundreds of others of the same ludicrous character, were gotten up in such a manner, and with so many marks of genuineness, that, as has been discovered, they were nearly always received in good faith. The wonderment and alarm they occasioned must have been thoroughly laughable.

This Parisian Theodore Hook died nearly a year since. One of his last acts was to set free a macaw he had been training for years. It could say only one sentence: "I am very well: how are you?" His theory was that it would fly to the woods and one day it would be shot. When it had fallen to the ground the sportsman would probably go to pick it up, and it would have just sufficient life to gasp out, all bleeding and wretched, "I am very well: how are you?" The sportsman would be rather amazed, to say the least. Monsieur was the gentleman who is described as having secretly ordered pyrotechnic candles for his funeral, which went off, to the consternation of everybody, at the exact moment when the priest was reciting the burial service. This was a practical joke indeed, and well worthy of a man who had such an excellent idea of the philosophical beauties of absurdity.

Americans are as fond of practical jokes as the French or English. There is an amusing story, never printed, of a gentleman in one of the large cities wagering with a very unsuspecting and guileless person that he would be able to compete successfully with him in a foot-race. The one who made the proposition being very stout and apparently not active, the other eagerly agreed to the terms; and upon a very warm Sunday afternoon, when the streets were full of people, the event came off. The fat gentleman

kept ahead for a moment and then fell back; the other sped past him like the wind: instantly one or two lookers-on, who were in the secret, set up the cry of "Stop thief!" and ran after the fleeting gull with all the signs of men in eager pursuit of stolen property. The alarm was instantly taken in every quarter, and hundreds joined in the chase. The pursued, hearing the shouts and afraid of losing time by turning to see what headway his antagonist was making, kept steadily on. In the end he was brought up by a vigorous knock on the head from a policeman, and dragged to the station-house. When the joke came out he did not join in the laugh at first, but he soon confessed that it was very cleverly done, and enjoyed it as much as anybody else.

Washington Irving was fond of ludicrous rejoinders. "Do you sing?" said he one evening to a gentleman who had called. "I sometimes join in a chorus," replied the other, in an important way. "Then give us a chorus." Mr. Madison Morton has put this jest into one of his many farces. On another occasion some person asked, "Do you know Hebrew, Mr. Irving?" "Yes," he answered, with the utmost gravity, "but I can't speak it a great deal better than I can speak it."

Who will believe this of one of New England's poets? It is related by Cibber of Joe Haines, the famous vagabond and droll in the days of King Charles the Second; but somebody else tells it of Percival, who, it must be admitted, had a nature so foreign to such imposture that, as far as he is concerned, the story is doubtful. One day he was arrested in the street for debt. Espying an acquaintance, in the person of a clergyman, approaching in a carriage, he said to the bailiff, who was named Flaherty, "My friend, here comes my cousin Dr. S. I will speak to him and be relieved of this disagreeable business." He signalled Dr.

S., and went up to his vehicle. "Doctor," said he, in a tone of confidence and gravity, "I have a poor friend here who thinks of joining church. Of course *I* could not undertake his conversion, so I was just on my way to your house to place him in your hands. What say you?" Dr. S. was delighted. He insisted that the man should go home with him in his carriage at once. The poet beckoned to the fellow, and in a whisper instructed him to join the clergyman in the coach and the debt would be paid. Flaherty obeyed, and the doctor drove off with him. What the *dénouement* was may be readily conceived. Some will say that Percival could not have been guilty of such a trick, and that his mode of thought was totally foreign to anything fanciful or facetious. But the same might be said of Shelley, who, nevertheless, engaged with the most intense delight in whimsical freaks, as may be seen in Hogg's Life, vol. i.

MARY ANN AND CHYNG LOO.

MARGARET HOSMER.

[The tyranny of the kitchen is one of the worst forms of autocracy to which modern society has to submit. We of the United States have got rid of the king, but we are still the subjects of the cook, in some respects a more absolute tyrant. Possibly one of the reasons why the women of our country demand the suffrage is that they may dethrone the kitchen autocrat. One way of deposing this ruler is that given in the following sketch, which is presumably based on actual San Francisco experience, but whether it would work as satisfactorily in every case is another question. The Irish are by no means all sinners, nor the Chinese all saints.]

A LADY of the name of Mary Ann Mahoney had held us in bondage for the space of two months, and our domestic

life had become grievously burdensome to us. She had found us depressed and helpless from the simultaneous arrival of company and the desertion of a colored individual whom we had leaned on, and who proved a broken reed in point of kitchen-work and a Goliath in temper.

"I done leave dis place," remarked this Ethiopian, as she saw the first trunk brought in at the garden gate and landed in the porch. "I tole missis when I come yer dat I don't mean to stand ober de stove stewin' and bakin' and fryin' for company; and dat's a fact."

And so it proved, for she went as soon as we gave her her wages, and we had the house to ourselves.

It was then that Mary Ann entered triumphantly, bearing a bandbox with a broken lid and an immense bundle of clothes in a paper wrapping, which burst as soon as she got inside the kitchen door.

She had a hard face, and when she opened her mouth brought her small eyes together in a cunning, leering way that was intimidating. But I am bound to confess that she did not appear in her real character until we had shown her the weak side of ours: in fact, if we could have closed our eyes to the sinister expression of her countenance, and our ears to the grating falseness of her voice, we might have found her first words full of comfort.

"It's a purty-lookin' kitchen the blacky has left at her heels!" she remarked, sarcastically, as she took the first view of it. "Thim tins hasn't seen a rub this six months. Will yez look at the stove, that ought to be shinin' till ye could see yer face in it? Troth, she was a beauty, sure enough, and it'll take me two good weeks, scrubbin' me fingers to the bone, before I get it clane and dacint."

We admired her spirit, and felt no fears for her strength. She was gigantic in stature and of great bone and muscle, but she did not use either in our service: she spared

everything but her voice and our provisions and other property.

The constant noise she kept up in the kitchen for the first day or two persuaded us that great improvements were at work there, and every time one of us peeped in it was to find her exploring and bringing to light the delinquencies of her predecessor.

Hard biscuit and stale potatoes, burnt pans and torn towels, cups without handles and pitchers without spouts, she fished out and spread triumphantly before us.

"Do you see what robbery that nagur was carryin' on?" she asked. "Sure it's a wonder ye have a dish or a rag left. Bad luck to the plunderin' villain! Yez must have been fools to put up wid de likes of her."

This was toward the close of Mary Ann's second day, and her tone had something contemptuous in it, besides its cool familiarity: as yet she had done nothing to speak of on her own account. The dinner was not well cooked, and we were half starved before it was ready.

"It was the stove," she said: "ye might as well try to roast on the mantel-piece as in the oven." She was trying to find out what "blacky" had done to it, but there was so much to be set right she couldn't do it all at once.

We submitted, hoping for amelioration as time went on, but hoping in vain; for the woman took to holding an awful iron spoon as a sort of sceptre, and at the faintest approach to a remonstrance would wave it round her with the threatening inquiry,—

"Is it me yer askin' to hurry up and do the work of two girls? Well, ye have a purty hard cheek, after the way I've slaved myself to help yez out of the mess the nagur left yez in! And this is me thanks! Sure it's no more nor I expected."

At this we generally retired before the emphatic spoon,

and Mary Ann would send us dinner half an hour later, with the explanation,—

"Ye flustered me so, comin' down on me wid yer abuse, that it's a wonder I was able to do a hand's turn, so it is."

We were very miserable and very helpless. San Francisco is a long distance to travel to on a visit to relatives, and it was scarcely fair to let kitchen troubles come between us and those who had achieved the journey for the sake of seeing us and enjoying our society for a few months. Mary Ann understood this, and the iron spoon triumphed and held us in wretched and silent subjection.

[Mary Ann's next performance was to introduce company of her own to the kitchen, which very soon became such a nuisance and expense that the family determined upon a policy of remonstrance.]

It was on the evening of a day of particular and varied trials. We had smelt cake baking, but, when we asked for it, had been evaded with a sarcastic laugh and the inquiry,—

"Is it cake? Where would I find time to make cake for a family like this, when I'm driv' to my wits' end to get the bare work done up between-meals?"

Then we were told that all the milk was spilt, and it was too late to get more for the coffee: the cold roast had shrunk one-half in size, and the pudding was burnt to a coal while Mary Ann was mysteriously employed in the store-closet.

All this and much more was crowned by Mary Ann's being seized with apparent paralysis just at the dinner-hour. This alarmed us all and called for action.

Just as the bell should have been rung she sank into a chair, and her head drooped on her bosom. Her eyes,

turned up in her head, became dull and rayless as boiled oysters, and her words were muttered and indistinct.

"It's a wakeness," murmured Mary Ann. We tried to raise her, but she fell back in a limp mass, which frightened us, though she retained her calmness, and even smiled.

"I'll be all right in the mornin'," she said, but we were by no means reassured, and hung over her anxiously; for although she had enslaved and despoiled us, still she was a fellow-creature, and apparently in great danger. It seemed like apoplexy, for one moment she would slumber heavily and even snore, but the next she would rouse again and almost assert her old power.

"What's the matter wid yez?" she inquired, with lofty dignity, and endeavoring to rise. "Did ye never see a lady overcome wid wakeness before? Thin what do ye mane starin' at me as if ye was frightened? Go and ate yer dinners, and lave me to entertain me company, for it's me birthday I'm kapin'."

At first we thought her raving, but she assured us of her sanity by staggering to the closet and bringing out a large cake from behind the flour-box, and following it with a custard, part of which she spilt in the effort.

This, then, was what we had smelt, and where the milk had gone; but when we said as much, and advanced to take possession, Mary Ann caught up her iron spoon and stood on the defensive. "If ye lave a hand on it, I'll have yer life!" she cried; and at the same moment the door opened to admit her guests, Mrs. McFetridge and that tall young man and woman.

At sight of them Mary Ann rallied again. "Troth, yer come in good time to purtect me from the haythens," she cried. "Sure they would have tuck my life if ye'd not been here to do me justice, so they would."

Then she relapsed into softness and shed tears.

"Oh, Bridget McFetridge, if ye had the heart of a Christian woman in ye, ye'd get me a sup of whiskey whin ye see me overcome by a wakeness like this," she cried.

A light flashed on us. We flew to the store-room and brought out the demijohn of Bourbon that day sent home. It was only a gallon one, but it was very clearly diminished in its contents.

"Mary Ann, you are drunk!" we cried.

Mary Ann regarded us with a stupid stare and sank back into her seat.

"Oh, what shall we do with this wretched woman?" was our next thought. "How can we have such an intoxicated creature in the house?"

Mary Ann suddenly regained her feet with gleaming eyes.

"Drunk," she screamed, shrilly: "did ye dare to call me drunk, ye mane Yankees, ye? Ye'll rue the words if ever ye live to see the inside of a justice's office, for it's there I'm goin' to take ye to make ye prove thim. Do ye know what a charackter is? Well, I have one that niver had a word ag'in' it till now."

With that she made a sort of leap, seized the iron spoon, dashed at us wildly, and sent us flying up-stairs in cowardly haste. Listening at the dumb-waiter, we heard peals of crazy laughter, which afterwards subsided into sighs and moans.

Then Mrs. McFetridge's voice was audible, imploring the wretched Mary Ann to take a drop of peppermint to warm her, and blaming the kitchen, the hard work, and want of kindness and consideration in the household, for the state to which she was reduced.

Mary Ann's month would be up next day, but at her own request she had been paid a day in advance, as she

was to go shopping. What was our relief, then, when some time afterwards Mrs. McFetridge appeared and remarked, loftily,—

"Miss Mahoney's goin' home wid me, ma'am. She's too wakely to hold her own wid thim that insults her now, but ye'll soon hear from her ag'in."

This sounded threatening, but still it brought a gleam of hope. Mary Ann was actually going: her dread rule was over, and we could afford to pay a good price for freedom.

[An examination of the kitchen showed that Mary Ann had been far more wasteful and destructive than the "nagur." At this juncture a visiting cousin went out, promising to bring back with her a satisfactory kitchen aid.]

It was not long before she returned, bringing with her a short figure in a blue cotton night-shirt, worn over a pair of tight pants, a shaven head ornamented with a little cap and a long pigtail, a bare, yellow-colored face, with narrow eyes and a wide smile.

"This is Chyng Loo, cousin of Ah Sing," said our cousin, introducing.

"How do? how do?" remarked Chyng Loo, affably, shaking hands with himself and smiling wider than ever.

A smell of stale oil, opium, and sandal-wood always rose at the name of a Chinaman, and a vision of stewed rats accompanied it in our family mind. The fact is, we were prejudiced against the Celestials, and their ways were not pleasant in our sight. So we did not return the smile, and contented ourselves with an injured look at the deceiving cousin. She evidently felt able to sustain her case.

"Try him; that is all I ask," she said. "I've watched his cousin Ah Sing, and I'd rather eat his cooking than

Mary Ann's: he is always washing his hands, and she never touched hers. Try him."

Still we hesitated.

"Show him the kitchen," some one suggested. It was a practical idea. The excavations had been given over for the preparation of a hasty meal, and the débris of the one mingled wildly with the fragments of the other. It was a scene to intimidate and confuse; it only made Chyng Loo grin and say,—

"Welly good; me sabe washee dishes."

"Leave him here," said his patroness: "he can't do worse than Mary Ann Mahoney: maybe he'll do better."

We had not much faith, but there was a numbness which is generally supposed to be the calmness of despair stealing over us, and under its influence we brushed up the dining-room and sat down to sew.

There was no particular sound coming up from below, —no dashing about of plates or dropping of tumblers. He did not follow Mary Ann's plan in that respect, nor were there any complaints. Perhaps he had not begun yet; yes, that must be it. He was slow; but then if he only did the work at all, and did it quietly, there would be a great advantage gained; so on the whole we felt relieved.

The dinner had been a very slight one, and, as the consciousness of a motive power below gave us courage, our appetites began to assert their existence; so we determined to go down and see the progress of affairs and the possibility of procuring tea.

A queer sound, like a sneeze set to music, reached us from the outer kitchen:

"Ki yi ke, he he yi."

Chyng Loo was singing the lays of his native land, rubbing for dear life at some clothes in a tub of warm suds out in the back kitchen. And well he might sing: if ever

consciousness of duty well performed attunes the human heart to melody, then Chyng Loo's should be a rapturous song. The ceiling and the walls of that kitchen were the same as those we had left, but even they seemed fresher, and nothing else was at all the same. The oil-clothed floor, the pine tables, the iron stove and wooden chairs, all were scoured and polished to the highest degree of cleanliness, and the tins and cooking-pans, ranged in tidy order, reflected the general glow. What he had done when first left alone with the disheartening mass of dishes and towels and broken meats did not appear; only the result transpired, and a well-filled slop-keg stood ready to be carried out, while the rags and towels steamed before him; concerning all which he remarked, simply,—

"Me washee."

A reverence amounting to awe stole over us as we regarded this remarkable creature. He paused in his work and song.

"What you want me workee now?" he asked.

"Tea," we said, briefly, feeling confident that he was now equal to any emergency. He immediately washed his hands and set on the kettle: then he threw open the store-room door.

"You tellee how muchee, then me workee all right," he said.

So we pointed out the number and nature of the articles required, and went up-stairs with a sense of peace and rejoicing.

Not a sound broke the pleasant quiet that reigned until the dumb-waiter bumped up into its place, and Chyng Loo appeared almost simultaneously and began to set the table. What a different meal from any we had hitherto shared with our friends! How magical its preparation had been, compared to Mary Ann's onslaught on the pro-

visions and fuel! How we blessed that Bourbon which had brought about the climax and dislodged our Old Man of the Sea! . . . .

Everything was in perfect order long before Mary Ann could have made up her mind to do her usual excuse for clearing up, and Chyng Loo came to take orders for breakfast.

Anything he did not quite understand would give him a brooding expression for a minute, and then he would brighten up and say, "You makee, then me sabe;" which always proved strictly true, for in no case did he ever fail in anything after having been once shown the way to do it.

This extreme readiness to learn seemed rather encouraging, viewed in the higher light of Christian teaching, but we were not a family of born missionaries, and we needed a personal impetus to start us in the right way.

It came the next afternoon in the form of Miss Mahoney, and appeared at the kitchen door while Chyng Loo, at his own suggestion, was polishing the dining-room windows. We were taking an admiring circuit through our lower premises, congratulating each other on the blessed change, and giving expression to our sense of freedom, when the tones of our former tyrant were heard:

"I'm feelin' aisier to-day, but I had an awful turn of it, ma'am, and if it hadn't been for the kindness of me friends, I don't know where I'd be this mornin'."

She smiled encouragingly at us, and, taking off her shawl and bonnet, went on:

"I suppose yez felt lost widout me, and I told Dennis to come up and set yez mind aisy last night, but he's so backward, ye see, I couldn't start him. Niver mind: now I'm here I'll soon put the place in order and clane up everything. Troth, it shows plain enough that ye missed me."

As she said this, the incorrigible creature actually took a survey of the apartment, and shook her head as she took out a big check apron and tied it around her waist.

At this alarming crisis the heroic young cousin interfered.

"Mary Ann," she said, quietly, "we have engaged a servant who suits us exactly. My cousin, your former mistress, paid you all she owed you. I am in charge of the matter at present, and, as I tell you, have no need of your services."

With an angry snort, Mary Ann wheeled round and confronted this bold speaker:

"And who are you, miss? and how dare ye meddle wid me that has lived wid the best in the land, and has charackters from them that could buy and sell ye?"

She advanced as she spoke, coming nearer the pin on which her iron spoon hung at every step: had she reached this sceptre, I fear we should have fallen before it, captives to her pitiless will; but Chyng Loo, slipping swiftly down the kitchen stairs, caught it and plunged it into a pot of boiling soup on the fire just before her outstretched hand reached it.

"Me smellee burn meat," he exclaimed: "fire too muchee hot."

With glaring eyes and grinding teeth Mary Ann regarded this vision, uttering what was meant to be a sardonic laugh, but turned out an angry yell:

"This is worse than the nagur, and shows what yez are, and what ye were used to. Stop yer grinnin', ye dirty haythen, or I'll give ye a crack wid my fist that'll settle ye." With angry haste she divested herself of her apron and put on her bonnet and shawl. "But, bad as Ameriky is, there's law in it," she said, "and we'll see if the like of that monkey will come between a dacint hard-workin' girl

and her wages. Not that I'd demane myself livin' in the house wid ye, after havin' a crayture like a baste on two legs cookin' the victuals ye put in yer mouth! No, I stuck by ye when the nagur left ye, and worked and slaved myself to help ye in yer trouble, but ye were not worth me thought; and now it's the law will bring ye to yer sinses and show ye the insult ye put upon a respictable girl."

Here she burst into tears, and, after sobbing violently for an instant, recovered, made a dash at Chyng Loo, who retreated in fear and expedition, and then, with a parting denunciation, swept out of the kitchen.

She kept her Parthian arrow for the sidewalk, from which she called back,—

"Yer a purty set to turn a sick girl out of yer house, and bring in a haythen to chate her out of her wages!"

And that was the last we heard or saw of Miss Mahoney, who evidently changed her mind about the legal process, and allowed heaven and our own consciences to be her avengers.

HANS BREITMANN IN POLITICS.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

[The author of our present selection, Charles Godfrey Leland, was born in Philadelphia in 1824. He has been a voluminous writer, on a considerable variety of subjects, including poems, "The Sketch-Book of Meister Karl" (a humorous work of travels), works on the gypsies, on art instruction, etc. In the literature of humor he is best known by the "Hans Breitmann Ballads," which have been highly popular, and as specimens of German-English are inimitable. Most of the laurels of the redoubtable Hans were gathered in war; but he shone

also in politics, and we give here the story of the trick played by one of his election agents on Smith, the opposition candidate.]

Vide licet: Dere vas a fillage whose vode alone vouldt pe
Apout enoof to elegdt a man, und gife a mayority;
So de von who couldt scoop dis seddlement vould make a
pully hit;
Boot dough dey vere Deutschers, von und all, dey all go
von on Schmit.

Now, it happenet to gome to bass dat in dis liddle town
De Deutsch vas all exshpegdin' dat Mishder Schmit coom
down,
His brinciples to fore-setzen und his idées to deach
(Dat is, fix oop de brifate pargains) und telifer a pooblic
sbeech.

Now, Twine vas a gyrotwistive cuss, ash blainly ish peen
shown,
Und vas alfays an out-findin' votefer might be known;
Und mit some of his circumswindles he fix de matter so
Dat he'd pe himself at dis meeting und see how dings vas
go.

Oh, shtrangely in dis leben de dings kits vorked apout!
Oh, voonderly Fortuna makes toorn us insite out!
Oh, sinkular de luck-vheel rolls! Dis liddle meeding dere
Fixt Twine *ad perpendiculum*,—shoost suit him to a hair!

Now, it happenit on dis efenin' de Deutschers, von und all,
Vere awaitin' mit impatience de obenin' of de ball;
Und de shates of night vere vallin' und de shdars pegin to
plink,
Und dey vish dat Schmit vouldt hoorry, for 'dvas dime to
dake a trink.

Dey hear soom hoofs a-dramplin', und dey saw, und dinked dey knowed,
Der bretty greature coomin' on his horse along de road;
Und ash he ride down in-ward de likeness vas so plain,
Dey donnered out, "Hooray for Schmit!" enough to make it rain.

Der Twine vas shtart like plazes; boot oopshtarted too his wit,
Und he dinks, "Great turnips! what if I could bass for Colonel Schmit?
Gaul dern my heels! *I'll do it*, und go the total swine!
Oh, Soap-balls! what a chance!" said dis dissembulatin' Twine.

Den 'tvas "Willkomm! willkomm, Mishder Schmit!" rings-room on efery site;
Und "First-rate! How dy-do yourself?" der Hiram Twine replied.
Dey ashk him, "Come und dake a trink?" but they find it mighdy queer
Vhen Twine informs dem none boot hogs vould trink dat shtinkin' bier;

Dat all lager was nodings boot boison; und ash for Sherman wein,
He dinks it vas erfounden exshbressly for Sherman schwein;
Dat he himself vas a demperanceler,—dat he gloria in de name;
Und atfise dem all, for tecency's sake, to go und do de same.

Dese bemarks among de Deutschers vere apout ash well
receife
Ash a cats in a game of den-bins, ash you may of coorse
peliefe:
De heat of de reception vent down a dootzen tegrees,
Und in place of hurraws dere vas only heardt de rooslin'
of de drees.

Und so in solemn stille dey scorched him to de hall,
Vhere he maket de oradion vitch vas so moosh to blease
dem all;
Und dis vay he pegin it: "Pefore I furder go,
I vish dat my obinions you puddin'-het Dootch shouldt
know.

"Und ere I norate to you, I dink it only fair
We should oonderstand each other prezactly, chunk und
square.
Dere are boints on vhich ve tisagree, und I will plank de
facts:
I don't go round slanganderin' my friendts pehind deir
packs.

"So I beg you dake it easy if on de raw I touch,
Vhen I say I can't apide de sound of your groontin', shi-
shing Dutch.
Should I in the Legisladure as your slumgullion shtand,
I'll have a bill forbidding Dutch troo all dis 'versal land.

"Should a husband talk it to his frau, to deat' he should
pe led;
If a mutter breat' it to her shild, I'd bunch her in de
head;

Und I'm sure dat none vill atfocate ids use in pooplic schools,
Oonless dey're peastly, nashdy, prutal, sauerkraut-eatin' vools."

Here Mishder Twine, to gadder breat', shoost make a liddle pause,
Und see sechs hundert gapin' eyes, sechs hundert shdarin' chaws.
Dey shtanden erstarrt like frozen; von faindly dried to hiss;
Und von set, "Ish it shleeps I'm treamin'? Gottstausend! vot ish dis?"

Twine keptet von eye on de vindow, boot poldly vent ahet:
"Of your oder shtinkin' hobits no vordt needt hier pe set.
Shtop goozlin' bier,—shtop shmokin' bipes,—shtop rootin' in de mire;
Und shoost *un-Dutchify* yourselfs; dat's all dat I require."

Und *denn* dere coomed a shindy ash if de shky hat trop:
"Trow him mit ecks, py doonder! go shlog him on de kop!
Hei! Shoot him mit a powie-knifes; go for him, ganz und gar!
Shoost tar him mit some fedders! led's fedder him mit tar!"

Sooch a teufel's row of furie vas nefer oop-kickt before:
Soom roosh to on-climp de blatform, soom hoory to fasten de toor:
Von veller vired his refolfer, boot de pullet missed her mark:
She coot de cort of de shandelier: it vell, und de hall vas tark!

Oh, vell vas it for Hiram Twine dat nimbly he couldt
shoomp;
Und vell dat he lighd on a misthauf, und nefer feel de
boomp;
Und vell for him dat his goot cray horse shtood sattlet
shoost oudside;
Und vell dat in an augenblick he vas off on a teufel's
ride.

Bang! bang! de sharp pistolen-shots vent pipin' py his
ear,
Boot he tortled oop de barrick road like any mountain
deer:
Dey trowed der Hiram Twine mit shteins, but dey only
could be-mark
Von climpse of his vhite obercoadt, und a clotterin' in de
tark.

So dey all versembled togeder, ein ander to sprechen
mit,
Und allow dat sooch a rede dey nefer exshpegd from
Schmit,—
Dat he vas a foorst-glass plackguard, und so pig a lump
ash ran;
So, *nemine contradicente*, dey vented for Breitmann.

Und 'tvas annert halb yar dere-after before der Schmit vas
know
Vot maket dis rural fillage go pack oopon him so;
Und he schvored at de Dootch more schlimmer ash Hiram
Twine had tone.
Nota bene: He did it in earnesht, vile der Hiram's vas
pusiness fun.

Boot vhen Breitmann heart de shdory how de fillage hat
peen dricked,
He shvore bei Leib und Leben he'd rader hafe been
licked
Dan pe helpet bei soosh shumgoozlin'; und 'tvas petter to
be a schwein
Dan a schwindlin', honeyfooglin' shnake, like dat lyin' Yan-
kee Twine,

Und pegot so heafy disgoosted mit boledicks of dis land
Dat his friendts couldt barely keep him from trowin' oop
his hand,
Vhen he helt shtraidt flush, mit an ace in his poot; vich
phrase is all de same,
In de science of pokerology, ash if he got de game.

So Breitmann cot elegtet, py vollowin' de vay
Dey manage de elegdions oonto dis fery day;
Vitch shows de Deutsch *dummehrlichkeit*, also de Yankee
"wit:"
Das ist das Abenteuer how Breitmann lick der Schmit.

KNICK-KNACKS.

LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

[From the genial editor of the rare old *Knickerbocker* we extract a few samples of the fun of his "Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table," leaving on the table many more of the same flavor. They were twin brothers, Lewis and Willis Gaylord Clark, born at Otisco, New York, in 1810, both of whom developed a high appreciation of

humor. Willis contributed a series of amusing papers called "Olla-podiana" (from which we give an extract) to the magazine edited by his brother.]

SCULPIN'.

BY the bye, it may not be amiss to remark, in passing, that it was the identical "Greek Slave" concerning which the ensuing colloquy took place, between the sculptor himself and a successful Yankee speculator who had "come over to see Ew-rope." Scene, Powers's studio at Florence. Enter stranger, spitting, and wiping his lips with his hand: "Be yeou Mr. Powers, the skulpture?" "I *am* a sculptor, and my name is Powers." "Y-e-a-s; well, I 'spected so: they *tell'd* me you was,—y-e-a-s. Look here: drivin' a pretty stiff business, eh?" "Sir?" "I say, plenty to du, eh? What d's one o' them fetch?" "Sir?" "I askt ye what's the *price* of one of them, sech as yeou're peckin' at neöw." "I am to have three thousand dollars for this when it is completed." "*W-h-a-t!*—heow much?" "Three thousand dollars." "*T-h-r-e-e t-h-e-o-u-s-a-n-d d-o-l-l-a-r-s!* Ha'n't statewary *riz* lately? I was cal'latin' to buy some; but it's *tew* high. How's paintin's? Guess I must git some paintin's. *T-h-r-e-e t-h-e-o-u-s-a-n-d d-o-l-l-a-r-s!* Well, it *is* a trade, skulpin' is; that's sartain. What do they make yeou pay for your *tools* and *stuff?* 'Spect my oldest boy, Cephas, could skulp; 'fact, I *know* he could. He is always whittlin' reöund, and cuttin' away at things. I wish you'd 'gree to take him 'prentice, and let him go *at* it full chisel. D'you know where I'd be liable to put him eöut? He'd cut stun a'ter a while with the best of ye, he would; and make money, tew, at *them* prices. *T-h-r-e-e t-h-e-o-u-s-a-n-d d-o-l-l-a-r-s!*" And the "anxious inquirer" left the presence. He now exhibits a "lot" of "fust-rate paintin's" to his friends.

DOWN ON RAILROADS.

A friend of ours, sojourning during the past summer in one of the far-off "shore-towns" of Massachusetts Bay, was not a little amused one day at the querulous complainings of one of the "oldest inhabitants" against railroads, his experience in which consisted in having seen the end of one laid out, and at length the cars running upon it. Taking out his old pipe, on a pleasant summer afternoon, and looking off upon the ocean, and the ships far off and out at sea, with the sun upon their sails, he said, "*I* don't think much o' railroads: they 'ain't no kind o' *justice* into 'em. Neouw, what kind o' justice is it, when railroads take one man's upland and carts it over in wheelbarrers onto another man's *ma'sh?* What kind o' 'commodation be they? You can't go when you *want* to go; you got to go when the bell rings or the blasted noisy whistle blows. I tell yeow it's payin' tew much for the whistle. Ef you live a leetle ways off the dee-pot, you got to pay to *git* to the railroad; and ef you want to go anywheres else 'cept just to the eend on it, you got to pay a'ter you git *there.* What kind o' 'commodation is *that?* Goin' round the country, tew, murderin' folks, runnin' over cattle, sheep, and hogs, and settin' fire to bridges, and every now and then burnin' up the woods. Mrs. Robbins, down to Cod P'int, says,—and she ought to know, for she is a pious woman, and belongs to the lower church,—she said to me, no longer ago than day 'fore yesterday, that she'd be cuss'd if she didn't *know* that they sometimes run over critters *a-purpose:* they did a likely shoat o' hern, and never paid for't, 'cause they was a 'corporation,' they said. What kind o' 'commodation is that? Besides, now I've lived here, clus to the dee-pot, ever sence the road started to run, and seen 'em go out

and come in; but *I* never could see that they went so d——d *fast*, nuther!"

A NEW DEFINITION.

There is in Webster's old spelling-book a spelling and defining lesson of words of four syllables. A friend mentions a ludicrous mistake made by a district school-boy in the country, in the exercises of this lesson. One of the words happened to be "*Acephalous:* without a head." It was divided, as usual, into its separate syllables, connected by a hyphen (which "joins words or syllables, as sea-water!"), which probably led the boy to give a new word and a new definition: "*Ikun* spell it and d'fine it," said a lad, after the boy above him had tried and missed; "*Ikun* do it," and he did: *A-c-e-p-h, cef*, ACEPH—*a louse without a head!*" "Most all of 'em laughed," our informant says, "when the boy said that!"

THE DUTCHMAN'S DOG.

"I say, squàre, what'll yeŏu take for that 'are dog o' yourn?" said a Yankee peddler to an old Dutch farmer in the neighborhood of Lancaster, Pennsylvania: "what'll yeŏu take for him? He ain't a very good-lookin' dog; but what was you cal'latin' maybe he'd fetch?" "Ah," responded the Dutchman, "dat dog ishn't wort' not'ing, 'most; he ishn't wort' you to buy 'um." "Guess tew dollars abeŏut would git him, wouldn't it? I'll give you that for him." "Yaäs, he isn't *wort'* dat." "Wall, I'll take him," said the peddler. "Shtop!" said the Dutchman; "dere's one t'ing about dat dog I gan't sell." "Oh, take off his collar: I don't want that," suggested the peddler

"'Tain't dat," replied Mynheer: "he's a boor dog, but I gan't *sell de wag of his dail when I comes home!*" There is some good honest Dutch poetry of feeling in that reply, reader, if you will but think of it for a moment.

A MUNCHAUSEN TRAMP.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

EXCEEDINGLY amused at the air and manner of a decided "loafer," a sentimentalist withal, and a toper, who had come out of his way from Buffalo to see the Falls. "Landlord," said he to the Boniface of the Cataract, "and you, gentlemen, who stand on this porch, witnessing this pitiless rain, you see before you one who has a tempest of sorrows a-beating upon his head continually. *Wunst* I was wo'th twenty thousand dollars, and I driv the saddling profession. Circumstances alters cases; now I wish for to solicit charity. Some of you seems benevolent, and I do believe I am not destined to rank myself among those who could travel from Dan to Beersheba and say all is barren. No, I scorn to brag, but I am intelligent beyond my years, and my education has been complete. I have read Wolney's Ruins, Marshall's Life of Washington, and Pope's Easy on Man, and most of the literature of the day, as contained in the small newspapers. But the way I'm situated at present is scandalous. The fact is, my heart is broke, and I'm just Ishmaelizing about the globe, with a sombre brow, and a bosom laden with woe. Who will help me,—speak singly, gentlemen,—who will 'ease my griefs and drive my cares away'? as Isaac Watts says, in one of his devotional poems."

No answer was returned. A general laugh arose. The pride of the mendicant was excited; rage got the better of his humility, and, shaking his fist in the faces of the by-standers, he roared out,—

"You're all a pack of poor, or'nary common people. You insult honest poverty; but I do not 'hang my head for a' that,' as Burns says. I will chastise any man here for two three-cent drinks of Monagohale whiskey: yes, though I have but lately escaped shipwreck, coming from Michigan to Buffalo, and am weak from loss of strength, yet I will whip the best of you. Let any on ye come over to the Black Rock Railroad Dee-pott, and I'll lick him *like a d——n!*"

"Never mind that," said one: "tell us about the shipwreck."

"Ah!" he continued, "that *was* a scene! Twenty miles out at sea, on the lake; the storm busting upon the deck; the waves, like mad tailors, making breeches over it continually; the lightnings a-busting overhead, and hissing in the water; the clouds meeting the earth; the land just over the lee bow; every mast in splinters; every sail in rags; women a-screeching; farmers' wives emigrating to the West, calling for their husbands; and hell yawning all around! A good many was dreadfully sea-sick; and one man, after casting forth everything beside, with a violent retch, threw up his boots. Oh, gentlemen, it was awful! At length came the last and destructivest billow. It struck the ship on the left side, in the neighborhood of the poop, and all at wunst I felt something under us breaking away. The vessel was parting! One-half the crew was drowned; passengers was praying, and commending themselves to heaven. I, alone, escaped the watery doom."

"And how did you manage to redeem *yourself* from destruction?" was the general inquiry.

"Why, gentlemen, the fact is, I seen how things was a-going, and *I took my hat and went ashore!*"

The last I saw of this Munchausen was as our coach wheeled away. He had achieved a "drink," and was perambulating through the mud, lightened, momentarily, of his sorrows.

MISTAKE VERSUS BLUNDER.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

[From the wit of the Revolutionary period, Francis Hopkinson, we select the following burlesque description of an action at law, being a portion of his humorous "Specimen of a Modern Lawsuit." It is hardly overdone as an instance of the sapient wisdom which occasionally illuminates our courts of law. In connection with it several short bits of prose humor are given, sufficient, it is hoped, to make a Half-hour's laugh.]

THIS was an action on the statute of *Patrick* 4, chap. 16, called THE STATUTE OF NAILS, which prohibits all subjects within the realm from cutting or paring their nails on a *Friday*, under the penalty of twenty shillings for every offence, to be recovered by the overseers of the poor, for the use of the poor of the county in which the offence should be committed. *Mistake* and others were overseers of the poor for the county of *Antrim*, and brought their action under the statute against the defendant. And it was in proof that the defendant had pared his thumb-nails and his great toe-nails on *Friday*, to wit, on Friday, the —— day of ——, at twelve o'clock in the night of the same day.

Counsel for the defendant demurred to the facts, observing that, as this was a penal law, it ought to be strictly construed. And thereupon took three points of defence,

viz.: *First*, it was urged that *night* is not *day*, and the statute expressly says *Fri-day* and not *Fri-night;* and the proof is that the cutting was at night. *Secondly*, it was contended that twelve o'clock on Friday night is, in fact, the beginning of Saturday morning, and therefore not within the statute. And, *thirdly*, that the words of the statute are UNGUES DIGITORUM,—Anglicè, *the nails of the* FINGERS, and the testimony only respects *thumbs and great toes.*

The jury gave in a special verdict; whereupon, after long advisement, the judges were unanimously of opinion, on the first point, that, in construction of law, day is night and night is day; because a day consists of twenty-four hours, and the law will not allow of fractions of a day; *de minimis non curat lex;* in English, the law don't stand upon trifles. On the second point, that twelve o'clock at night, being the precise line of division between Friday night and Saturday morning, is a portion or point of time which may be considered as belonging to both, or to either, or to neither, at the discretion of the court. And, *thirdly*, that, in construction of law, fingers are thumbs and thumbs are fingers, and thumbs and fingers are great toes and little toes, and great toes and little toes are thumbs and fingers; and so judgment for the plaintiff.

THE DOUBLE BED.

A new Western town, but lately reclaimed from the wilderness, where the houses are few, mean, and ugly, the streets mud or dust, the trees destroyed, and the general appearance one of poverty struggling with heavy obstacles, where the wolves run the mail in ahead of time, and night is made hideous by a tailor practising on a flute,—this is a good place to keep away from.

Into such a town as this, and during court week, I once rode on horseback at the end of a weary day,—passed into a continuous mud-hole, studded with stumps and ornamented with logs, that a benighted country called a road. Night had already closed in, and I was guided to the hotel by the thousand-and-one boys of the place, and the noise issuing from the bar-room, no less beastly and disagreeable. I found the landlord shut up in a corner pen, dealing out liquid insanity to his customers. To my request for supper and a bed he responded that I could eat my fill, but there was not a bed unengaged or not occupied in the house. I persisted, until the wretch informed me that there was "a feller" in No. 6 occupying a double bed, and I could "roll in there," if so minded.

It was dismal, but my only hope: so, after the evening indigestion, I climbed the rough stairs to No. 6. I was told by the landlord to walk in without knocking, and did so.

I found my companion measuring off his dreams by snores, and, undressing, "rolled in," as the landlord had suggested. The stranger turned over, with something between a growl and a grunt, as I crept to his side.

Tired as I was, I could not sleep. The bed-tick felt as if it were stuffed with grasshoppers, and the pillows were of the sort to slip up one's nose in the night and be sneezed out some time during the day. Besides this, my bedfellow snored abominably. It sounded like a giant trying to blow "Old Hundred" through a tin horn, without knowing exactly how. I bore this infliction as long as I could, and at last gave my friend a dig in the ribs, exclaiming at the same time,—

"I say!"

"Hillo—sh—what is it?" he asked, in a confused way.

"I am sorry to disturb you, but I think it my duty to inform you that I walk in my sleep."

"Well, walk."

"My Christian friend, I am well aware that this is a free country, and if a man wishes to walk in his sleep there is no constitutional provision to prevent him. But I wish to remark that if I do walk you had better not interfere with me."

"Oh, walk! I won't say a word about it."

"Well, don't. When addressed or interfered with, I am apt to get furious. I nearly brained a poor man with a dog-iron the other night."

"The deuce you did! That's rather disagreeable. A fellow might, under an impulse, blurt out something to you."

"Better not."

"No, I should think not."

A long pause followed this. At last the now wide-awake lodger asked, abruptly,—

"Did you notice my hat on the floor?"

"I believe I did."

"If you walk, you know, I'd rather you would not step in it."

"I'll bear that in mind."

After another pause he again asked,—

"Did you notice that door on the left?"

"I saw a door on my left."

"Well, if you walk, I'd advise you not to go out there. It opens on a porch, only the porch hasn't been built, and it's twenty feet down into the stable-yard."

"I don't believe I shall walk out of that door."

"Don't think I would if I walked much."

I supposed my inquisitive friend was dropping into a sleep, when he again broke out:

"I say, did you really brain a man with a dog-iron?"

"I tried pretty hard."

Then came in a silence that was not broken. After a little while I heard my bedfellow creeping softly from the other side of the bed. I could hear him feeling about for his hat and his clothes. Then I had the satisfaction of knowing that the door had closed softly on my retreating tormentor. I rolled over and slept the sleep of innocence.

The next morning, on descending to breakfast, I found an old friend seated at the table. We had not met for years. After a cordial greeting, I said,—

"Are you stopping here?"

"I have been trying. But I am nearly dead. I slept on a bench in the bar-room, amid a lot of drunken brutes who sang 'Bingo' for wagers of drink all night."

"Could you get no bed?"

"Yes. I had a double bed to myself, when that stupid ass of a landlord sent up a crazy fellow, who walked and struck out with dog-irons?"

"Good heavens, Gillipsy! was that you?"

"And, D——, you don't mean to say that you served me that infernal trick!"

It was a case that called for diplomatic explanation.

ANONYMOUS.

JIMMY BUTLER AND THE OWL.

'Twas in the summer of '46 that I landed at Hamilton, fresh as a new pratie just dug from the "ould sod," and wid a light heart and a heavy bundle I sot off for the township of Buford, tidin' a taste of a song, as merry a young fellow as iver took the road. Well, I trudged on and on, past many a plisint place, pleasin' myself wid the thought that some day I might have a place of my own, wid a world of chickens and ducks and pigs and childer about the door; and along in the afternoon of the sicond

day I got to Buford village. A cousin of me mother's, one Dennis O'Dowd, lived about sivin miles from there, and I wanted to make his place that night: so I inquired the way at the tavern, and was lucky to find a man who was goin' part of the way an' would show me the way to find Dennis. Sure he was very kind indade, an' when I got out of his wagon he pointed me through the wood and tould me to go straight south a mile an' a half, and the first house would be Dennis's.

"An' you've no time to lose now," said he, "for the sun is low, and mind you don't get lost in the woods."

"Is it lost, now," said I, "that I'd be gettin', an' me uncle as great a navigator as iver steered a ship across the thrackless say! Not a bit of it; though I'm obleeged to ye for your kind advice, and thank yiz for the ride."

An' wid that he drove off an' left me alone. I shouldered me bundle bravely, an', whistlin' a bit of time for company like, I pushed into the bush. Well, I went a long way over bogs, and turnin' round among the bush an' trees, till I began to think I must be well-nigh to Dennis's. But, bad cess to it! all of a sudden I came out of the woods at the very identical spot where I started in, which I knew by an ould crotched tree that seemed to be standin' on its head and kickin' up its heels to make divarsion of me. By this time it was growin' dark, and, as there was no time to lose, I started in a second time, determined to keep straight south this time, and no mistake. I got on bravely for a while, but, och hone! och hone! it got so dark I couldn't see the trees, and I bumped me nose and barked me shins, while the miskaties bit me hands and face to a blister; an', after tumblin' and stumblin' around till I was fairly bamfoozled, I sat down on a log, all of a trimble, to think that I was lost intirely, an' that maybe a lion or some other wild craythur would devour me before morning.

Just then I heard somebody a long way off say, "Whip poor Will!" "Bedad," sez I, "I'm glad it isn't Jamie that's got to take it, though it seems it's more in sorrow than in anger they are doin' it, or why should they say 'poor Will'? an' sure they can't be Injin, haythin, or naygur, for it's plain English they're afther spakin'. Maybe they might help me out o' this." So I shouted at the top of my voice, "A lost man!" Thin I listened. Prisently an answer came:

"Who? Whoo? Whooo?"

"Jamie Butler, the waiver!" sez I, as loud as I could roar, an', snatchin' up me bundle an' stick, I started in the direction of the voice. Whin I thought I had got near the place, I stopped and shouted again, "A lost man!"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" said a voice right over my head.

"Sure," thinks I, "It's a mighty quare place for a man to be at this time of night; maybe it's some settler scrapin' sugar off a sugar-bush for the children's breakfast in the mornin'. But where's Will and the rest of them?" All this wint through me head like a flash, an' thin I answered his inquiry:

"Jamie Butler, the waiver," sez I; "and if it wouldn't inconvanience yer honor, would yez be kind enough to step down and show me the way to the house of Dennis O'Dowd?"

"Who? Whoo! Whooo!" sez he.

"Dennis O'Dowd," sez I, civil enough, "and a dacent man he is, and first-cousin to me own mother."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he again.

"Me mother!" sez I, "and as fine a woman as iver peeled a biled pratie wid her thumb-nail, and her maiden name was Molly McFiggin."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!"

"Paddy McFiggin! bad luck to yer deaf ould head, Paddy

McFiggin, I say: do ye hear that? An' he was the tallest man in all the county Tipperary, except Jim Doyle, the blacksmith."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!"

"Jim Doyle the blacksmith," sez I, "ye good-for-nothin' blaggurd naygur; and if yiz don't come down and show me the way this min't, I'll climb up there and break every bone in your skin, ye spalpeen, so sure as me name is Jamie Butler!"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he, as impudent as iver.

I said niver a word, but, lavin' down me bundle and takin' me stick in me teeth, I began to climb the tree. Whin I got among the branches I looked quietly around till I saw a pair of big eyes just forninst me.

"Whist," sez I, "and I'll let him have a taste of an Irish stick!" And wid that I let drive, and lost me balance, an' came tumblin' to the ground, nearly breakin' me neck wid the fall. Whin I came to me sinsis I had a very sore head, wid a lump on it like a goose-egg, and half of me Sunday coat-tail torn off intirely. I spoke to the chap in the tree, but could git niver an answer, at all, at all.

"Sure," thinks I, "he must have gone home to rowl up his head, for, by the powers, I didn't throw me stick for nothin'."

Well, by this time the moon was up, and I could see a little, and I detarmined to make one more effort to reach Dennis's.

I wint on cautiously for a while, an' thin I heard a bell. "Sure," sez I, "I'm comin' to a settlement now, for I hear the church bell." I kept on towards the sound till I came to an ould cow wid a bell on. She started to run, but I was too quick for her, and got her by the tail and hung on, thinkin' that maybe she would take me out of the woods. On we wint, like an ould-country steeple-chase, till, sure

enough, we came out to a clearin' and a house in sight wid a light in it. So, leavin' the ould cow puffin' and blowin' in a shed, I went to the house, and, as luck would have it, whose should it be but Dennis's!

He gave me a raal Irish welcome, and introduced me to his two daughters, as purty a pair of girls as iver ye clapped an eye on. But whin I tould him me adventure in the woods, and about the fellow who made fun of me, they all laughed and roared, and Dennis said it was an owl.

"An ould what?" sez I.

"Why, an owl,—a bird," sez he.

"Do ye tell me, now?" sez I. "Sure it's a quare country and a quare bird."

And thin they all laughed again, till at last I laughed myself, that hearty like, and dropped right into a chair between the two purty girls, and the ould chap winked at me and roared again.

Dennis is me father-in-law now, and he often yet delights to tell our children about their daddy's adventure wid the owl.

ANONYMOUS.

ANECDOTE OF ARTEMUS WARD.

As Artemus was once travelling in the cars, dreading to be bored, and feeling miserable, a man approached him, sat down, and said,—

"Did you hear that last thing on Horace Greeley?"

"Greeley? Greeley?" said Artemus. "Horace Greeley? Who is he?"

The man was quiet about five minutes. Pretty soon he said;—

"George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England. Do you think they will put him in a bastile?"

"Train? Train? George Francis Train?" said Artemus, solemnly. "I never heard of him."

This ignorance kept the man quiet about fifteen minutes; then he said,—

"What do you think about General Grant's chances for the Presidency? Do you think they will run him?"

"Grant? Grant? Hang it, man," said Artemus, "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw."

The man was furious. He walked off, but at last came back, and said,—

"You confounded ignoramus, did you ever hear of Adam?"

Artemus looked up and said,—

"What was his other name?"

MARK TWAIN.

A GIFT-HORSE.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

[The author of the following selection was born at West Hartford, Connecticut, in 1827, and made her entry into literature with a volume of poems, some of them of fine quality and merit. She has since written many short tales, of which several volumes have been published and very favorably received. "Somebody's Neighbors," the best-known of these volumes, is made up of a series of tales in New England dialect, some of which are among the finest productions of American humor. These are too long for our purpose, and we select a shorter story, in which an Adirondack hunter has a "white elephant" left upon his hands, in the shape of a "gift-horse."]

"WELL, he no need to ha' done it, Sary. I've told him more'n four times he hadn't ought to pull a gun tow'rds

him by the muzzle on't. Now he's up an' did it once for all."

"He won't never have no chance to do it again, Scotty, if you don't hurry up after the doctor," said Sary, wiping her eyes on her dirty calico apron, thereby adding an effective shadow under their redness.

"Well, I'm a-goin', ain't I? But ye know yerself 'twon't do to go so fur on eend, 'thout ye're vittled consider'ble well."

So saying, he fell to at the meal she had interrupted, hot potatoes, cold pork, dried venison, and blueberry pie vanishing down his throat with an alacrity and despatch that augured well for the thorough "vittling" he intended, while Sary went about folding chunks of boiled ham, thick slices of brown bread, solid rounds of "sody-biskit," and slab-sided turnovers, in a newspaper, filling a flat bottle with whiskey, and now and then casting a look at the low bed where young Harry McAlister lay very much whiter than the sheets about him, and quite as unconscious of surroundings, the blood oozing slowly through such bandages as Scott Peck's rude surgery had twisted about a gunshot wound in his thigh and brought to close tension by a stick thrust through the folds, turned as tight as could be borne, and strapped into place by a bit of coarse twine.

[We need not go into the details of Scott's journey, the bringing of the doctor, and the recovery of the wounded youth. He made his way home in October to his widowed mother, who decided to take him to Florida for the winter, and to repay the Pecks for their kindness to her son by a present, concerning which she did not trouble her weakened son.]

Something must be done for the Pecks before she went away. It occurred to her how difficult it must be for them to row everywhere in a small boat. A horse would be

much better. Even if the roads were not good, they could ride, Sarah behind Scott. And so useful in farming, too. Her mind was made up at once. She despatched a check for three hundred dollars to Peter Haas, her old coachman, who had bought a farm in Vermont with his savings, and retired, with the cook for his wife, into the private life of a farmer. Mrs. McAlister had much faith in Peter's knowledge of horses and his honesty. She wrote him to buy a strong, steady animal, and convey it to Scott Peck, either sending him word to come up to Bartlett's after it, or taking it down the river,—but, at any rate, to make sure he had it. If the check would not pay all expenses, he was to draw on her for more. Peter took the opportunity to get rid of a horse he had no use for in winter,—a beast restive as a racer when not in daily use, but strong enough for any work, and steady enough if he had work. Two hundred and fifty dollars was the price now set on his head, though Peter had bought him for seventy-five and thought him dear at that. The remaining fifty was ample for expense; but Peter was a prudent German, and liked a margin. There was no difficulty in getting the horse as far as Martin's, and by dint of patient insistence Peter contrived to have him conveyed to Bartlett's; but here he rested and sent a messenger down to Scott Peck, while he himself returned to Bridget at the farm, slowly cursing the country and the people as he went his way, for his delays and troubles had been numerous.

"Gosh!" said Scott Peck, when he stepped up to the log house that served for the guides, unknowing what awaited him, for the messenger had not found him at home, but left word he was to come to Bartlett's for something, and the first thing he saw was this gray horse.

"What fool fetched his hoss up here?"

The guides gathered about the door of their hut burst into a loud cackle of laughter; even the beautiful hounds in their rough kennel leaped up and bayed.

"W-a-a-l," drawled lazy Joe Tucker, "the feller 't owns him ain't nobody's fool. Be ye, Scotty?"

"Wha-t!" ejaculated Scott.

"It's your'n, man, sure as shootin'!" laughed Hearty Jack, Joe Tucker's brother.

"Mine? Jehoshophat! Blaze that air track, will ye? I'm lost, sure."

"Well, Bartlett's gone out Keeseville way, so 't kinder was lef' to me to tell ye. 'Member that ar chap that shot hisself in the leg down to your shanty this summer?"

"Well, I expect I do, seein' I ain't more'n a hundred year old," sarcastically answered Scott.

"He's cleared out South-aways some'eres, and his ma consaited she was dreadfully obleeged to ye; 'n I'm blessed if she didn't send an old Dutch feller up here fur to fetch ye that hoss fur a present. He couldn't noways wait to see ye pus'nally, he sed, fur he mistrusted the' was snows here sometimes 'bout this season. Ho! ho! ho!"

"Good land!" said Scott, sitting down on a log, and putting his hands in his pockets, the image of perplexity, while the men about him roared with fresh laughter. "What be I a-goin' to do with the critter?" he asked of the crowd.

"Blessed if I know," answered Hearty Jack.

"Can't ye git him out to 'Sable Falls or Keeseville 'n sell him fur what he'll fetch?" suggested Joe Tucker.

"I can't go now, noways. Sary's wood-pile's nigh gin out, 'n there was a mighty big sundog yesterday; 'nd moreover I smell snow. It'll be suthin' to git hum as 'tis. Mebbe Bartlett 'll keep him a spell."

"No, he won't, you kin bet your head. His fodder's

a-runnin' short for the hornid critters. He's bought some up to Martin's, that's a-comin' down dyrect; but 'tain't enough. He's put to 't for more. Shouldn't wonder if he had to draw from North Elby when sleddin' sets in."

"Well, I do'no's there's but one thing for to do; fetch him hum somehow or 'nother; 'nd there's my boat over to the carry."

"You'd better tie the critter on behind an' let him wade down the Racket."

Another shout of laughter greeted this proposal.

"I s'all take ze boat for you," quietly said a little brown Canadian,—Jean Poiton. "I am go to Tupper to-morrow. I have one hunt to make. I can take her."

"Well said, Gene. I'll owe you a turn. But, fur all, how be I goin' to get that animile 'long the trail?"

"I do'no!" answered Joe Tucker. "I expect, if it's got to be did, you'll fetch it somehow. But I'm mighty glad 'tain't my job."

Scott Peck thought Joe had good reason for joy in that direction before he had gone a mile on his homeward way! The trail was only a trail, rough, devious, crossed with roots of trees, brushed with boughs of fir and pine, and the horse was restive and unruly. By nightfall he had gone only a few miles, and when he tied the beast to a tree, and covered him with a blanket brought from Bartlett's for that purpose, and strapped on his own back all the way, the light of the camp-fire startled the horse so that Scott was forced to blind him with a comforter before he would stand still. Then in the middle of the night a great owl hooting from the tree-top just above him was a fresh scare, and, but that the strap and rope both were new and strong, he would have escaped. Scott listened to his rearing, trampling, snorts, and wild neigh with the composure of a sleepy man; but when he awoke at day-

light, and found four inches of snow had fallen during the night, he swore.

This was too much. Even to his practised woodcraft it seemed impossible to get the horse safe to his clearing without harm. It was only by dint of the utmost care and patience, the greatest watchfulness of the way, that he got along at all. Every rod or two he stumbled, and all but fell himself. Here and there a loaded hemlock bough, weighed out of its uprightness by the wet snow, snapped in his face and blinded him with its damp burden; and he knew long before nightfall that another night in the woods was inevitable. He could feed the horse on young twigs of beech and birch, fresh moss, and new-peeled bark (fodder the animal would have resented with scorn under any other conditions; but hunger has no law concerning food). Scott himself was famished; but his pipe and tobacco were a refuge whose value he knew before, and his charge was tired enough to be quiet this second night: so the man had an undisturbed sleep by his comfortable fire. It was full noon of the next day when he reached his cabin. Jean Poiton had tied his boat to its stake and gone on without stopping to speak to Sarah: so her surprise was wonderful when she saw Scott emerge from the forest, leading a gray creature, with drooping head and shambling gait, tired and dispirited.

"Heavens to Betsy, Scott Peck! What hev you got theer?"

"The devil!" growled Scott.

Sary screamed.

"Do hold your jaw, gal, an' git me su'thin hot to eat n drink. I'm savager'n an Injin. Come, git along." And, tying his horse to a stump, the hungry man followed Sarah into the house and helped himself out of a keg in the corner to a long, reviving draught.

"Du tell!" said Sarah, when the pork began to frizzle in the pan. "What upon airth did you buy a hoss for?" (She had discovered it was a horse.)

"Buy it! I guess not. I ain't no such blamed fool as that comes to. That feller you nussed up here a spell back, he up an' sent it roun' to Bartlett's, for a present to me."

"Well! Did he think you was a-goin' to set up canawl 'long o' Racket?"

"I expect he calc'lated I'd go racin'," dryly answered Scott.

"But what be ye a-goin' to feed him with?" said Sary, laying venison steaks into the pan.

"Lord knows! I don't. Shut up, Sary! I'm tuckered out with the beast. I'd ruther still-hunt three weeks on eend than fetch him in from Sar'nac, now I tell you. Ain't them did enough? I could eat a raw bear."

Sary laughed, and asked no more questions till the ravenous man had satisfied himself with the savory food; but, if she had asked him, Scott would have had no answer, for his mind was perplexed to the last degree. He fed the beast for a while on potatoes; but that was taking the bread out of his own mouth, though he supplemented it with now and then a boat-load of coarse, frost-killed grass, but the horse grew more and more gaunt and restive. His eyes glared with hunger and fury. He kicked out one side of the cow-shed and snapped at Scott whenever he came near him. Want of use and food had restored him to the original savagery of his race. Hitherto Scott had never acknowledged Mrs. McAlister's gift; but Sary, who had a vague idea of good manners, caught from the picture-papers and occasional dime novels the tribe of Adirondack travellers strew even in such a wilderness, kept picking at him.

"'Tain't no more'n civil to say thank ye, to the least," she said, till Scott's temper gave way.

"Stop a-pesterin' o' me! I've hed too much. I ain't a speck thankful. I'm mightily t'other thing, whatever 't is. Write to her yourself, if you're a mind ter. You can make a better fist at it, anyway. Comes as nateral to women to lie as sap to run. I'll be etarnally blessed ef I touch paper for to do it." And he flung out of the door with a bang.

Of course Sary wrote the letter, which one balmy day electrified Harry and his mother as they sat basking in Southern sunshine:

"Mrs. Macallisteer: This is fur to say wee is reel obliged to ye for the Hoss."

"Good gracious, mother! Did you send them a horse?" ejaculated Harry.

"Why, my dear, I wanted to show my sense of their kindness, and I could not offer these people money. I thought a horse would be so useful."

"Useful! In the Adirondack woods!" And Harry burst into a fit of laughter that scarcely permitted his mother to go on; but at last she proceeded:

"But Scotty and me ain't ackwainted so to speak with Hoss ways; he seems kinder Hum-sick if you may say that of a Cretur. We are etarnally gratified to You for sech a Valewble Pressent, but if you was Wiling we shood Like to swapp it of in spring fur a Kow, ourn Being some in years.

"Yours to Command, Sary Peck."

But long before Mrs. McAlister's permission to "swap" the horse reached Scott Peck, the creature took his destiny into his own hands. Scott had gone away on a des-

perate errand, to fetch some sort of food for the poor creature, whose bones stared him in the face, and Sary went out one morning to give him her potato-peelings and some scraps of bread, when suddenly he jerked his head fiercely, snapped his halter in two, and wheeled around upon the frightened woman, rearing, snorting, and showing his long yellow teeth. Sary fled at once and barred the door behind her; but neither she nor Scott ever saw their "gift-horse" again. For aught I know, he still roams the Adirondack forest, and maybe personates the ghostly and ghastly white deer of song and legend. Who can tell? But he was lifted off Scott Peck's shoulders, and all Scott said by way of epitaph on the departed, when he came home to find his white steed gone, was, "Hang presents!"

CORNER LOUNGERS.

JOSEPH C. NEAL.

[Neal's "Charcoal Sketches" is one of the works over which our fathers laughed, and whose salt has not yet lost its savor. It was followed by "Peter Ploddy, and other Oddities," a work of the same general character, from which we make a brief selection. The author, Joseph C. Neal, was born at Greenland, New Hampshire, in 1807. He became a Philadelphia journalist, editing *The Pennsylvanian*, and afterwards *Neal's Saturday Gazette*. He died in 1848.]

"COMMON people, Billy,—low, onery, common people,—can't make it out when nature's raised a gentleman in the family,—a gentleman all complete, only the money's been forgot. If a man won't work all the time, day in and day

out, if he smokes by the fire or whistles out of the winder, the very gals bump ag'in' him and say, 'Get out of the way, loaf!'

"But, Billy, my son, never mind, and keep not a-lettin' on," continued Nollikins, and a beam of hope irradiated his otherwise saturnine countenance; "the world's a railroad, and the cars is comin': all we'll have to do is to jump in, chalked free. There will be a time,—something must happen. Rich widders are about yet, though they are snapped up so fast. Rich widders, Billy, are 'special providences,' as my old boss used to say when I broke my nose in the entry, sent here like rafts to pick up deservin' chaps when they can't swim no longer. When you've been down twy'st, Billy, and are jist off ag'in, then comes the widder a-floatin' along. Why, splatterdocks is nothin' to it, and a widder is the best of all life-preservers, when a man is 'most a case, like you and me."

"Well, I'm not particklar, not I, nor never was. I'll take a widder, fer my part, if she's got the mint-drops, and never ask no questions. I'm not proud,—never was harrystocratic: I drinks with anybody, and smokes all the cigars they give me. What's the use of bein' stuck up, stiffy? It's my principle that other folks are nearly as good as me, if they're not constables nor aldermen. I can't stand them sort."

"No, Billy," said Nollikins, with an encouraging smile, "no, Billy, such individooals as them don't know human natur'. But, as I was goin' to say, if there happens to be a short crop of widders, why can't somebody leave us a fortin'? That will do as well, if not better. Now, look here: what's easier than this? I'm standin' on the wharf: the rich man tries to go aboard of the steamboat: the niggers push him off the plank: in I jumps, ca-splash! The old gentleman isn't drowned; but he might have been

drowned but fer me, and, if he had 'a' bin, where's the use of his money then? So he gives me as much as I want now, and a great deal more when he defuncts rig'lar, accordin' to law and the practice of civilized nations. You see, that's the way the thing works. I'm at the wharf every day,—can't afford to lose a chance,—and I begin to wish the old chap would hurry about comin' along. What can keep him?"

"If it 'ud come to the same thing in the end," remarked Billy Bunkers, "I'd rather the niggers would push the old man's little boy into the water, if it's all the same to him. Them fat old fellers are so heavy when they're skeered, and hang on so: why, I might get drowned before I had time to go to bank with the check. But what's the use of waitin'? Couldn't we shove 'em in some warm afternoon, ourselves? Who'd know in the crowd?"

"I've thought of that, Bunkers, when a man was before me that looked like the right sort. I've often said to myself, 'My friend, how would you like to be washed for nothin'?' But, Billy, there might be mistakes. Perhaps, when you got him out, he couldn't pay. What then?"

"Why, keep a-puttin' new ones in to soak every day, till you do fish up the right one."

"It won't do, my friend: they'd smoke the joke: all the riff-raff in town would be pushin' old gentlemen into the river, and the elderly folks would have to give up travellin' by the steamboat. We must wait, I'm afeard, till the real thing happens. The right person will be sure to come along."

"I hope so; and so it happens quick I don't much care whether it's the old man, or his little boy, or that rich widder, that get's a duckin'. I'm not proud."

"Then you'll see me come the nonsense over the old folks,—who's loafer now?—and my dog will bite their cat,

—who's ginger-pop and jam spruce-beer at this present writin', I'd like to know?"

Thus, wrapped in present dreams and future anticipations, a king that is to be, lives Nicholas Nollikins, the grand exemplar of the corner loungers. There he stations himself; for hope requires a boundless prospect and a clear lookout, that, by whatever route Fortune chooses to approach, she may have a prompt reception. Nicholas and his tribe exist but for to-morrow, and rely firmly on that poetic justice which should reward those who wait patiently until the wheel of fortune turns up a prize. They feel, by the generous expansion of their souls, by their impatience of ignoble toil, by their aspirations after the beautiful and nice, that their present position in society is the result of accident and inadvertency, and that, if they are not false to that nature that is within them, the time must come when the mistake will be rectified, and "they shall walk in silk attire, and siller hae to spare," which is not by any means the case at present. All that can be expected just now is that they should spare other people's "siller."

MR. AND MRS. DOUBLEDAY.

CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND.

[Mrs. Kirkland's sketches of Western life are so full of the spice of humor that abundant examples might be selected. That given follows a description of the borrowing habits of her Western neighbors, and ends with an illustration of the high development attained in the fine art of asking and receiving. Mrs. Kirkland was born in New York City in 1801, and resided, after her marriage, about three years in Michigan, her life there being described in "A New Home,"

"Western Clearings," and "Forest Life." No one has written more shrewdly, amusingly, and interestingly upon pioneer life. She became editor of the *Union Magazine* in New York in 1847, and died in 1864.]

I HAVE been frequently reminded of one of Johnson's humorous sketches. A man returning a broken wheelbarrow to a Quaker, with, "Here, I've broke your rotten wheelbarrow, usin' on't. I wish you'd get it mended right off, 'cause I want to borrow it again this afternoon." The Quaker is made to reply, "Friend, it shall be done;" and I wish I possessed more of his spirit.

But I do not intend to write a chapter on involuntary loans; I have a story to tell.

One of my best neighbors is Mr. Philo Doubleday, a long, awkward, honest, hard-working Maine-man, or Maniote I suppose one might say; so good-natured that he might be taken for a simpleton, but that must be by those that do not know him. He is quite an old settler,—came in four years ago, bringing with him a wife, who is to him as vinegar-bottle to oil-cruet, or as mustard to the sugar which is used to soften its biting qualities. Mrs. Doubleday has the sharpest eyes, the sharpest nose, the sharpest tongue, the sharpest elbows, and, above all, the sharpest voice, that ever "penetrated the interior" of Michigan. She has a tall, straight, bony figure, in contour somewhat resembling two hard-oak planks fastened together and stood on end; and, strange to say, she was full five-and-thirty when her mature graces attracted the eye and won the affections of the worthy Philo. What eclipse had come over Mr. Doubleday's usual sagacity when he made choice of his Polly, I am sure I never could guess; but he is certainly the only man in the wide world who could possibly have lived with her, and he makes her a most excellent husband.

She is possessed with a neat devil; I have known many such cases; her floor is scoured every night, after all are in bed but the unlucky scrubber, Betsy, the maid-of-all-work; and woe to the unfortunate "indiffidle," as neighbor Jenkins says, who first sets dirty boot on it in the morning. If men come in to talk over road business,—for Philo is much sought when "the public" has any work to do,—or school business,—for that, being very troublesome, and quite devoid of profit, is often conferred upon Philo,—Mrs. Doubleday makes twenty errands into the room, expressing in her visage all the force of Mrs. Raddle's inquiry, "Is them wretches going?" And when, at length, their backs are turned, out comes the bottled vengeance. The sharp eyes, tongue, elbow, and voice, are all in instant requisition.

"Fetch the broom, Betsey! and the scrub-broom, Betsey! and the mop, and that 'ere dish of soap, Betsey! And why on earth didn't you bring some ashes? You didn't expect to clean such a floor as this without ashes, did you?"

"What time are you going to have dinner, my dear?" says the imperturbable Philo, who is getting ready to go out.

"Dinner! I'm sure I don't know! there's no time to cook dinner in this house! nothing but slave, slave, slave, from morning till night, cleaning up after a set of nasty, dirty," etc., etc.

"Phew!" says Mr. Doubleday, looking at his fuming helpmate with a calm smile. "It'll all rub out when it's dry, if you'll only let it alone."

"Yes, yes; and it would be plenty clean enough for you if there had been forty horses in here."

Philo, on some such occasion, waited till his Polly had stepped out of the room, and then, with a bit of chalk, wrote on the broad black-walnut mantelpiece,—

"Bolt and bar hold gate of wood,
Gate of iron springs make good;
Bolt nor spring can bind the flame,
Woman's tongue can no man tame,"

and then took his hat and walked off.

This is his favorite mode of vengeance,—"poetical justice," as he calls it; and, as he is never at a loss for a rhyme of his own or other people's, Mrs. Doubleday stands in no small dread of those efforts of genius. Once, when Philo's crony, James Porter, the blacksmith, had left the print of his blackened knuckles on the outside of the oft-scrubbed door, and was the subject of some rather severe remarks from the gentle Polly, Philo, as he left the house with his friend, turned and wrote, over the offended spot,—

"Knock not here,
Or dread my dear.—P. D."

and the very next person that came was Mrs. Skinner, the merchant's wife, all dressed up in her red merino, to make a visit. Mrs. Skinner, who did not possess an unusual share of tact, walked gravely round to the back door, and there was Mrs. Doubleday up to the eyes in soap-making. Dire was the mortification, and point-blank were the questions as to how the visitor came to go round that way; and when the warning couplet was produced in justification,—we must draw a veil over what followed, as the novelists say.

Sometimes these poeticals came in aid of poor Betsey; as once, when on hearing a crash in the little shanty-kitchen, Mrs. Doubleday called, in her shrillest tones, "Betsey, what on earth's the matter?" Poor Betsey, knowing what was coming, answered, in a deprecatory whine, "The cow's kicked over the buckwheat-batter!"

When the clear, hilarious voice of Philo, from the yard where he was chopping, instantly completed the triplet, "Take up the pieces and throw 'em at her!" for once the grim features of his spouse relaxed into a smile, and Betsey escaped her scolding.

Yet Mrs. Doubleday is not without her excellent qualities as a wife, a friend, and a neighbor. She keeps her husband's house and stockings in unexceptionable trim. Her *emptins* are the envy of the neighborhood. Her vinegar is —as how could it fail?—the *ne plus ultra* of sharpness; and her pickles are greener than the grass of the field. She will watch night after night with the sick, perform the last sad offices for the dead, or take to her home and heart the little ones whose mother is removed forever from her place at the fireside. All this she can do cheerfully, and she will not repay herself, as many good people do, by recounting every word of the querulous sick man, or the disconsolate mourner, with added hints of tumbled drawers, closets all in heaps, or *awful* dirty kitchens.

I was sitting one morning with my neighbor, Mrs. Jenkins, who is a sister of Mr. Doubleday, when Betsey, Mrs. Doubleday's "hired girl," came in with one of the shingles of Philo's handiwork in her hand, which bore, in Mr. Doubleday's well-known chalk-marks,—

> "Come quick, Fanny!
> And bring the granny;
> For Mrs. Double-
> Day's in trouble."

And the next intelligence was of a fine new pair of lungs at that hitherto silent mansion. I called very soon after to take a peep at the "latest found;" and if the suppressed delight of the new papa was a treat, how much more was the softened aspect, the womanized tone, of the proud and

happy mother! I never saw a being so completely transformed. She would almost forget to answer me, in her absorbed watching of the breath of the little sleeper. Even when trying to be polite, and to say what the occasion demanded, her eyes would not be withdrawn from the tiny face. Conversation on any subject but the ever-new theme of "babies" was out of the question. Whatever we began upon whirled round sooner or later to the one point. The needle may tremble, but it turns not with the less constancy to the pole.

As I pass for an oracle in the matter of paps and possets, I had frequent communication with my now happy neighbor, who had forgotten to scold her husband, learned to let Betsey have time to eat, and omitted the nightly scouring of the floor, lest so much dampness might be bad for the baby. We were in deep consultation, one morning, on some important point touching the well-being of the sole object of Mrs. Doubleday's thoughts and dreams, when the very same little Ianthe Howard, dirty as ever, presented herself. She sat down and stared awhile without speaking, *à l'ordinaire*, and then informed us that her mother "wanted Mrs. Doubleday to let her have her baby for a little while, 'cause Benny's——" but she had no time to finish the sentence.

"Lend my baby!" and her utterance failed. The new mother's feelings were, fortunately, too big for speech, and Ianthe wisely disappeared before Mrs. Doubleday found her tongue. Philo, who entered on the instant, burst into one of his electrifying laughs, with

> "Ask my Polly
> To lend her dolly!"

and I could not help thinking that one must come "West" in order to learn a little of everything.

THE HUMOR OF SENTIMENT.

VARIOUS.

[In the following series we give several poems of sentimental humor, and several others with more fun than sentiment. The first given, "The Dead Doll," is a gem in its way, and is probably destined, like "The Smack in School," to hold its own against multitudes of coming competitors for popular favor.]

THE DEAD DOLL.

You needn't be trying to comfort me,—I tell you my dolly is dead!
There's no use in saying she isn't, with a crack like that in her head;
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to have my tooth out that day,
And then, when the man 'most pulled my head off, you hadn't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when you say you can mend it with glue,—
As if I didn't know better than that! Why, just suppose it was you?
You might make her look all mended; but what do I care for looks?
Why, glue's for chairs, and tables, and toys, and the backs of books!

My dolly! my own little daughter! Oh, but it's the awfullest crack!
It just makes me sick to think of the sound when her poor head went whack

Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little shelf.
Now, nursey, what makes you remind me? I know I did it myself.

I think you must be crazy,—you'll get her another head!
What good would forty heads do her? I tell you my dolly is dead!
And to think I hadn't quite finished her elegant new spring hat!
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon,—I was playing out in the yard,—
She said to me, most expressly, "Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde."
And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde saw me do it;
But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind; I don't believe she knew it!"

But I know that she knew it now, and I just believe, I do,
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head broke too.
Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish my head had been hit!
For I've hit it over and over, and it hasn't cracked a bit.

But since the darling is dead, she'll want to be buried, of course;
We will take my little wagon, nurse, and you shall be the horse;

And I'll walk behind and cry, and we'll put her in this, you see,—
This dear little box,—and we'll bury her there, out under the maple-tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one he made for my bird;
And he'll put what I tell him on it,—yes, every single word!
I shall say, "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll, who is dead;
She died of a broken heart and a dreadful crack in her head."

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A district school, not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys,
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent,
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book;
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cried;
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath Williath Willith, if you pleathe:
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither, Will."

Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came,—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered: "I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!—
Before the whole set school to boot:
What evil genius put you to it?"
"'Twas she herself, sir," sobbed the lad;
"I did not mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

W. P. PALMER.

WHY BIDDY AND PAT MARRIED.

"Oh, why did you marry him, Biddy?
Why did you take Pat for your spouse?
Sure he's neither purty nor witty,
And his hair is as red as a cow's!
You might had your pick had you waited,
You'd done a dale better with Tim;
And Phelim O'Toole was expectin',—
You couldn't do better nor him.

You talk of us young people courtin',—
  Pray tell how *your* courtin' began,
When you were a widdy woman,
  And he was a widdy man."

"Tim and Pat, miss, you see, was acquainted
  Before they came over the sea,
When Pat was a-courtin' Norah,
  And Tim was a-courtin' me.
She did not know much, the poor Norah,
  Nor, for that matter, neither did Pat;
He had not the instinct of *some one*,
  But no one had then told him that;
But he soon found it out for himself,—
  For life at best's but a span,—
When I was a widdy woman,
  And he was a widdy man.

"I helped him to take care of Norah,
  And when he compared her with me,
He saw, as he whispered one evening,
  What a woman *one* woman could be.
She went out like the snuff of a candle;
  Then the sickness seized upon Tim,
And we watched by his bedside together,—
  It was such a comfort to him.
I was not alone in my weeping,
  Our tears in the same channel ran;
For I was a widdy woman,
  And he was a widdy man.

"We had both had our troubles, mavourneen,
  Though neither, perhaps, was to blame;

And we both knew by this what we wanted,
And were willing to pay for the same.
We knew what it was to be married,
And before the long twelvemonth had flown,
We had made up our minds it was better
Not to live any longer alone:
We wasted no time shilly-shally,
Like you, miss, and Master Dan;
For I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man."

R. H. STODDARD.

THE IRISH PICKET.

I'm shtandin' in the mud, Biddy,
Wid not a spalpeen near,
An' silence, spacheless as the grave,
Is all the sound I hear.
Me gun is at a "shouldher arms,"
I'm wetted to the bone,
An' whin I'm afther shpakin' out
I find meself alone.

This Southern climate's quare, Biddy,
A quare and bastely thing,
Wid winter absent all the year,
And summer in the spring.
Ye mind the hot place down below?
And may ye niver fear
I'd dhraw comparisons,—but then
It's awful warrum here.

The only moon I see, Biddy,
Is one small star asthore,

An' that's forninst the very cloud
It was behind before;
The watch-fires glame along the hill
That's smilin' to the south;
An' whin the sintry passes them
I see his oogly mouth.

It's dead for shlape I am, Biddy,
An' dhramin' shwate I'd be,
If thim ould rebels over there
Would only lave me free;
But when I lane against a shtump
And shtrive to get repose,
A musket-ball he's comin' shtrate
To hit me spacious nose.

It's ye I'd like to see, Biddy,
A-shparkin' here wid me,
And thin, avourneen, hear ye say,
"Acushla, Pat machree!"
"Och, Biddy darlint!" then says I,
Says you, "Get out of that,"
Says I, "Me arrum mates your waste,"
Says you, "Be daycint, Pat."

An' how's the pigs and ducks, Biddy?
It's thim I think of, sure,
That looked so innocint and shwate
Upon the parlor flure;
I'm sure you're aisy with the pig,
That's fat as he can be,
And fade him wid the best, because
I'm tould he looks like me.

Whin I come home ag'in, Biddy,
A sargint tried and thrue,
It's joost a dacint house I'll build,
And rint it chape to you;
We'll have a parlor, bedroom, hall,
A duck-pond nately done,
Wid kitchen, pig-pen, pratey-patch,
An' garret—all in one.

But, murther! there's a baste, Biddy,
That's crapin' round a tree,
An' well I know the crathur's there
To have a shot at me.
Now, Misther Rebel, say your prayers,
And howld yer dirthy paw.
Here goes!—begorra, Biddy dear,
I've broke his oogly jaw!

R. H. NEWELL.

THE FATE OF GENIUS.

The 'Lantic, an' the Century, an' Lippincott's, an' Harper's,
Scribner's, an' all the rest of 'em, is all a set er sharpers,
W'en they fin' a son er genius, an' a reg'lar ten-strike poet,
An' a close chum er the Muses, they don't know enough to know it!

I writ a roarin' poem, and I sent it to the 'Lantic,
An' then, w'en it come back nex' mail, it nearly driv' me frantic.
I sent it then to all the rest, to see how they would find it,
But they, with their durned printed slips, "respectfully declined" it.

W'en I got up that poem, in a wild, divine afflatus,
My whole brain was runnin' over, like a heaped-up hill er
'taters;
An' I rushed aroun' permiscus like, an' not at all partic'lar,
With my coat-tails horizontal, an' my hair a perpendic'lar!

An' I tore aroun' in frenzy, like a dog thet's taken pizen;
I was 'feared I'd knock the stars out, an' collide with the
horizon;
For all out-doors warn't big enough for old Sebastian
Morey,
For I could shin a rainbow right into the streets of glory!

W'y, all space was stuffed with rainbows, hung with pots
of gold to capture,
An' all the everlastin' hills were bustin' into rapture;
The birds, the frogs, the grasshoppers, all sung their loud
hozanner,
An' every single forest tree turned into a pianner!

If there ever was a poem foun', I had a chance to get it;
All heaven was bilin' in my soul, w'en I sot down an' writ
it.
The angels told it to me, sir, an' it would make me famous,
If every tarnal editor warn't such an ignoramus!

Wal, let 'em print their sappy stuff, but I can do without
it.
I've shet off my subscription, an' now let 'em squirm about
it;
The 'Lantic, an' the Century, an' Lippincott's, an' Harper's,
Scribner's, an' all the rest of 'em, is all a set er sharpers.

S. W. Foss.

REPARTEE.

They were lunching, one day,
In a handsome café,
And she happened to say,
As she noticed the way
That he and ice-cream were in unity,
"Can you eat ice-cream with impunity?"
And he made the reply,
With a wink of the eye,
"No, but I can with a spoon."

But her triumph came soon;
As they left the saloon,
He gave her a good opportunity:
"And now, Bessie dear,
As the weather is clear,
Can you take a walk with impunity?"
Her smile was as bright as the moon,
And deliciously shy
Came the mocking reply,
"No, but I can with a spoon."

BEN. WOOD DAVIS.

MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATASTROPHE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[The writings of Hawthorne contain many passages of finely-conceived and delicate humor, though of stories with a prevailing humorous significance the one here given is nearly the only one that offers itself. The tendency of Hawthorne's mind was much more towards the weird

than towards the amusing, and even in the following story gravity of design contends with humor of handling. In addition it will suffice to remark that Hawthorne was born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1804, wrote many novels of remarkable originality of plot and style, and died in 1864.]

A YOUNG fellow, a tobacco-peddler by trade, was on his way from Morristown, where he had dealt largely with the deacon of the Shaker settlement, to the village of Parker's Falls, on Salmon River. He had a neat little cart, painted green, with a box of cigars depicted on each side-panel, and an Indian chief, holding a pipe and a golden tobacco-stalk, on the rear. The peddler drove a smart little mare, and was a young man of excellent character, keen at a bargain, but none the worse liked by the Yankees,—who, as I have heard them say, would rather be shaved with a sharp razor than a dull one. Especially was he beloved by the pretty girls along the Connecticut, whose favor he used to court by presents of the best smoking-tobacco in his stock, knowing well that the country lasses of New England are generally great performers on pipes. Moreover, as will be seen in the course of my story, the peddler was inquisitive, and something of a tattler, always itching to hear the news, and anxious to tell it again.

After an early breakfast at Morristown, the tobacco-peddler, whose name was Dominicus Pike, had travelled seven miles through a solitary piece of woods, without speaking a word to anybody but himself and his little gray mare. It being nearly seven o'clock, he was as eager to hold a morning gossip as a city shopkeeper to read the morning paper. An opportunity seemed at hand when, after lighting a cigar with a sun-glass, he looked up and perceived a man coming over the brow of the hill at the foot of which the peddler had stopped his green cart. Dominicus watched him as he descended, and noticed

that he carried a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick and travelled with a weary yet determined pace. He did not look as if he had started in the freshness of the morning, but had footed it all night and meant to do the same all day.

"Good-morning, mister," said Dominicus, when within speaking-distance. "You go a pretty good jog. What's the latest news at Parker's Falls?"

The man pulled the broad brim of a gray hat over his eyes, and answered, rather sullenly, that he did not come from Parker's Falls, which, as being the limit of his own day's journey, the peddler had naturally mentioned in his inquiry.

"Well, then," rejoined Dominicus Pike, "let's have the latest news where you did come from. I'm not particular about Parker's Falls. Any place will answer."

Being thus importuned, the traveller—who was as ill-looking a fellow as one would desire to meet in a solitary piece of woods—appeared to hesitate a little, as if he was either searching his memory for news or weighing the expediency of telling it. At last, mounting on the step of the cart, he whispered in the ear of Dominicus, though he might have shouted aloud and no other mortal would have heard him.

"I do remember one little trifle of news," said he. "Old Mr. Higginbotham, of Kimballton, was murdered in his orchard, at eight o'clock last night, by an Irishman and a nigger. They strung him up to the branch of a St. Michael's pear-tree, where nobody would find him till the morning."

As soon as this horrible intelligence was communicated, the stranger betook himself to his journey again with more speed than ever, not even turning his head when Dominicus invited him to smoke a Spanish cigar and re-

late all the particulars. The peddler whistled to his mare and went up the hill, pondering on the doleful fate of Mr. Higginbotham, whom he had known in the way of trade, having sold him many a bunch of long nines, and a great deal of pig-tail, lady's twist, and fig tobacco. He was rather astonished at the rapidity with which the news had spread. Kimballton was nearly sixty miles distant in a straight line; the murder had been perpetrated only at eight o'clock the preceding night; yet Dominicus had heard of it at seven in the morning, when, in all probability, poor Mr. Higginbotham's own family had but just discovered his corpse hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree. The stranger on foot must have worn seven-league boots, to travel at such a rate.

"Ill news flies fast, they say," thought Dominicus Pike; "but this beats railroads. The fellow ought to be hired to go express with the President's message."

The difficulty was solved by supposing that the narrator had made a mistake of one day in the date of the occurrence, so that our friend did not hesitate to introduce the story at every tavern and country-store along the road, expending a whole bunch of Spanish wrappers among at least twenty horrified audiences. He found himself invariably the first bearer of the intelligence, and was so pestered with questions that he could not avoid filling up the outline, till it became quite a respectable narrative. He met with one piece of corroborative evidence. Mr. Higginbotham was a trader; and a former clerk of his, to whom Dominicus related the facts, testified that the old gentleman was accustomed to return home through the orchard, about nightfall, with the money and valuable papers of the store in his pocket. The clerk manifested but little grief at Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe, hinting, what the peddler had discovered in his own dealings with him, that he

was a crusty old fellow, as close as a vice. His property would descend to a pretty niece who was now keeping school in Kimballton.

What with telling the news for the public good, and driving bargains for his own, Dominicus was so much delayed on the road that he chose to put up at a tavern about five miles short of Parker's Falls. After supper, lighting one of his prime cigars, he seated himself in the bar-room and went through the story of the murder, which had grown so fast that it took him a half-hour to tell. There were as many as twenty people in the room, nineteen of whom received it all for gospel. But the twentieth was an elderly farmer, who had arrived on horseback a short time before and was now seated in a corner, smoking his pipe. When the story was concluded, he rose up very deliberately, brought his chair right in front of Dominicus, and stared him full in the face, puffing out the vilest tobacco-smoke the peddler had ever smelt.

"Will you make affidavit," demanded he, in the tone of a country justice taking an examination, "that old Squire Higginbotham of Kimballton was murdered in his orchard the night before last and found hanging on his great pear-tree yesterday morning?"

"I tell the story as I heard it, mister," answered Dominicus, dropping his half-burnt cigar: "I don't say that I saw the thing done. So I can't take my oath that he was murdered exactly in that way."

"But I can take mine," said the farmer, "that if Squire Higginbotham was murdered night before last, I drank a glass of bitters with his ghost this morning. Being a neighbor of mine, he called me into his store, as I was riding by, and treated me, and then asked me to do a little business for him on the road. He didn't seem to know any more about his own murder than I did."

"Why, then it can't be a fact!" exclaimed Dominicus Pike.

"I guess he'd have mentioned it, if it was," said the old farmer; and he removed his chair back to the corner, leaving Dominicus quite down in the mouth.

Here was a sad resurrection of old Mr. Higginbotham! The peddler had no heart to mingle in the conversation any more, but comforted himself with a glass of gin-and-water, and went to bed, where, all night long, he dreamt of hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree. To avoid the old farmer (whom he so detested that his suspension would have pleased him better than Mr. Higginbotham's), Dominicus rose in the gray of the morning, put the little mare into the green cart, and trotted swiftly away towards Parker's Falls. The fresh breeze, the dewy road, and the pleasant summer dawn revived his spirits, and might have encouraged him to repeat the old story, had there been anybody awake to hear it. But he met neither ox-team, light wagon, chaise, horseman, nor foot-traveller, till, just as he crossed Salmon River, a man came trudging down to the bridge with a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick.

"Good-morning, mister," said the peddler, reining in his mare. "If you come from Kimballton or that neighborhood, maybe you can tell me the real fact about this affair of old Mr. Higginbotham. Was the old fellow actually murdered two or three nights ago by an Irishman and a nigger?"

Dominicus had spoken in too great a hurry to observe, at first, that the stranger himself had a deep tinge of negro blood. On hearing this sudden question, the Ethiopian appeared to change his skin, its yellow hue becoming a ghastly white, while, shaking and stammering, he thus replied:

"No! no! There was no colored man! It was an Irishman that hanged him last night at eight o'clock. I came away at seven! His folks can't have looked for him in the orchard yet."

Scarcely had the yellow man spoken, when he interrupted himself, and, though he seemed weary enough before, continued his journey at a pace which would have kept the peddler's mare on a smart trot. Dominicus stared after him in great perplexity.

[The peddler, restored to faith in the murder by this incident, repeated the story at the town of Parker's Falls, which he soon reached.]

The story ran through the town like fire among girdled trees, and became so much the universal talk that nobody could tell whence it had originated. Mr. Higginbotham was as well known at Parker's Falls as any citizen of the place, being part owner of the slitting-mill and a considerable stockholder in the cotton-factories. The inhabitants felt their own prosperity interested in his fate. Such was the excitement that the *Parker's Falls Gazette* anticipated its regular day of publication, and came out with half a form of blank paper and a column of double pica emphasized with capitals and headed HORRID MURDER OF MR. HIGGINBOTHAM! Among other dreadful details, the printed account described the mark of the cord round the dead man's neck, and stated the number of thousand dollars of which he had been robbed; there was much pathos also about the affliction of his niece, who had gone from one fainting-fit to another ever since her uncle was found hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree with his pockets inside out. The village poet likewise commemorated the young lady's grief in seventeen stanzas of a ballad. The selectmen held a meeting, and, in considera-

tion of Mr. Higginbotham's claims on the town, determined to issue handbills offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of his murderers and the recovery of the stolen property.

Meanwhile, the whole population of Parker's Falls, consisting of shopkeepers, mistresses of boarding-houses, factory-girls, mill-men, and school-boys, rushed into the street, and kept up such a terrible loquacity as more than compensated for the silence of the cotton-machines, which refrained from their usual din, out of respect to the deceased. Had Mr. Higginbotham cared about posthumous renown, his untimely ghost would have exulted in this tumult. Our friend Dominicus, in his vanity of heart, forgot his intended precautions, and, mounting on the town-pump, announced himself as the bearer of the authentic intelligence which had caused so wonderful a sensation. He immediately became the great man of the moment, and had just begun a new edition of the narrative, with a voice like a field-preacher, when the mail-stage drove into the village street. It had travelled all night, and must have shifted horses at Kimballton at three in the morning.

[The stage contained two passengers,—a lawyer, who declared that he had a note from Mr. Higginbotham dated at ten o'clock of the preceding evening, and a young lady, who announced herself as Mr. H.'s niece.]

A wondering murmur passed through the crowd on beholding her so rosy and bright,—that same unhappy niece whom they had supposed, on the authority of the *Parker's Falls Gazette*, to be lying at death's door in a fainting-fit. But some shrewd fellows had doubted all along whether a young lady would be quite so desperate at the hanging of a rich old uncle.

"You see," continued Miss Higginbotham, with a smile, "that this strange story is quite unfounded as to myself; and I believe I may affirm it to be equally so in regard to my dear uncle Higginbotham. He has the kindness to give me a home in his house, though I contribute to my own support by teaching a school. I left Kimballton this morning to spend the vacation of commencement-week with a friend about five miles from Parker's Falls. My generous uncle, when he heard me on the stairs, called me to his bedside and gave me two dollars and fifty cents to pay my stage fare, and another dollar for my extra expenses. He then laid his pocketbook under his pillow, shook hands with me, and advised me to take some biscuit in my bag, instead of breakfasting on the road. I feel confident, therefore, that I left my beloved relative alive, and trust that I shall find him so on my return."

The young lady courtesied at the close of her speech, which was so sensible and well worded and delivered with such grace and propriety that everybody thought her fit to be preceptress of the best academy in the State. But a stranger would have supposed that Mr. Higginbotham was an object of abhorrence at Parker's Falls, and that a thanksgiving had been proclaimed for his murder, so excessive was the wrath of the inhabitants on learning their mistake. The mill-men resolved to bestow public honors on Dominicus Pike, only hesitating whether to tar and feather him, ride him on a rail, or refresh him with an ablution at the town pump, on the top of which he had declared himself the bearer of the news. The selectmen, by advice of the lawyer, spoke of prosecuting him for a misdemeanor in circulating unfounded reports, to the great disturbance of the peace of the commonwealth. Nothing saved Dominicus, either from mob-law or a court of justice, but an eloquent appeal made by the young lady in his

behalf. Addressing a few words of heart-felt gratitude to his benefactress, he mounted the green cart and rode out of town, under a discharge of artillery from the school-boys, who found plenty of ammunition in the neighboring clay-pits and mud-holes. As he turned his head to exchange a farewell glance with Mr. Higginbotham's niece, a ball of the consistence of hasty-pudding hit him slap in the mouth, giving him a most grim aspect. His whole person was so bespattered with the like filthy missiles that he had almost a mind to ride back and supplicate for the threatened ablution at the town pump; for, though not meant in kindness, it would now have been a deed of charity.

However, the sun shone bright on poor Dominicus, and the mud, an emblem of all stains of undeserved opprobrium, was easily brushed off when dry. Being a funny rogue, his heart soon cheered up; nor could he refrain from a hearty laugh at the uproar which his story had excited. The handbills of the selectmen would cause the commitment of all the vagabonds in the State; the paragraph in the *Parker's Falls Gazette* would be reprinted from Maine to Florida, and perhaps form an item in the London newspapers; and many a miser would tremble for his money-bags and life on learning the catastrophe of Mr. Higginbotham. The peddler meditated with much fervor on the charms of the young school-mistress, and swore that Daniel Webster never spoke nor looked so like an angel as Miss Higginbotham while defending him from the wrathful populace at Parker's Falls.

Dominicus was now on the Kimballton turnpike, having all along determined to visit that place, though business had drawn him out of the most direct road from Morristown. As he approached the scene of the supposed murder, he continued to revolve the circumstances in his mind, and was astonished at the aspect which the whole case as-

sumed. Had nothing occurred to corroborate the story of the first traveller, it might now have been considered as a hoax; but the yellow man was evidently acquainted either with the report or the fact, and there was a mystery in his dismayed and guilty look on being abruptly questioned. When to this singular combination of incidents it was added that the rumor tallied exactly with Mr. Higginbotham's character and habits of life, and that he had an orchard, and a St. Michael's pear-tree, near which he always passed at nightfall, the circumstantial evidence appeared so strong that Dominicus doubted whether the autograph produced by the lawyer, or even the niece's direct testimony, ought to be equivalent. Making cautious inquiries along the road, the peddler further learned that Mr. Higginbotham had in his service an Irishman of doubtful character, whom he had hired without a recommendation, on the score of economy.

"May I be hanged myself," exclaimed Dominicus Pike aloud, on reaching the top of a lonely hill, "if I'll believe old Higginbotham is unhanged till I see him with my own eyes and hear it from his own mouth! And, as he's a real shaver, I'll have the minister or some other responsible man for an endorser."

It was growing dusk when he reached the toll-house on Kimballton turnpike, about a quarter of a mile from the village of this name. His little mare was fast bringing him up with a man on horseback who trotted through the gate a few rods in advance of him, nodded to the toll-gatherer, and kept on towards the village. Dominicus was acquainted with the toll-man, and, while making change, the usual remarks on the weather passed between them.

"I suppose," said the peddler, throwing back his whip-lash, to bring it down like a feather on the mare's flank,

"you have not seen anything of old Mr. Higginbotham within a day or two?"

"Yes," answered the toll-gatherer: "he passed the gate just before you drove up, and yonder he rides now, if you can see him through the dusk. He's been to Woodfield this afternoon, attending a sheriff's sale there. The old man generally shakes hands and has a little chat with me; but to-night he nodded,—as if to say, 'Charge my toll,'—and jogged on; for, wherever he goes, he must always be home at eight o'clock."

"So they tell me," said Dominicus.

"I never saw a man look so yellow and thin as the squire does," continued the toll-gatherer. "Says I to myself, to-night, He's more like a ghost or an old mummy than good flesh and blood."

The peddler strained his eyes through the twilight, and could just discern the horseman now far ahead on the village road. He seemed to recognize the rear of Mr. Higginbotham; but through the evening shadows, and amid the dust from the horse's feet, the figure appeared dim and unsubstantial, as if the shape of the mysterious old man were faintly moulded of darkness and gray light. Dominicus shivered.

"Mr. Higginbotham has come back from the other world, by way of the Kimballton turnpike," thought he.

He shook the reins and rode forward, keeping about the same distance in the rear of the gray old shadow, till the latter was concealed by a bend of the road. On reaching this point, the peddler no longer saw the man on horseback, but found himself at the head of the village street, not far from a number of stores and two taverns, clustered round the meeting-house steeple. On his left was a stone wall and a gate, the boundary of a wood-lot, beyond which lay an orchard, farther still a mowing-field, and last of all

a house. These were the premises of Mr. Higginbotham, whose dwelling stood beside the old highway, but had been left in the background by the Kimballton turnpike. Dominicus knew the place; and the little mare stopped short by instinct; for he was not conscious of tightening the reins.

"For the soul of me, I cannot get by this gate!" said he, trembling. "I never shall be my own man again till I see whether Mr. Higginbotham is hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree!"

He leaped from the cart, gave the rein a turn around the gate-post, and ran along the green path of the woodlot as if Old Nick were chasing behind. Just then the village clock tolled eight, and, as each deep stroke fell, Dominicus gave a fresh bound and flew faster than before, till, dim in the solitary centre of the orchard, he saw the fated pear-tree. One great branch stretched from the old contorted trunk across the path and threw the darkest shadow on that one spot. But something seemed to struggle beneath the branch!

The peddler had never pretended to more courage than befits a man of peaceable occupation, nor could he account for his valor on this awful emergency. Certain it is, however, that he rushed forward, prostrated a sturdy Irishman with the butt-end of his whip, and found—not indeed hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree, but trembling beneath it, with a halter round his neck—the old identical Mr. Higginbotham!

"Mr. Higginbotham," said Dominicus, tremulously, "you're an honest man, and I'll take your word for it. Have you been hanged or not?"

If the riddle be not already guessed, a few words will explain the simple machinery by which this "coming event" was made to "cast its shadow before." Three men

had plotted the robbery and murder of Mr. Higginbotham; two of them, successively, lost courage and fled, each delaying the crime one night by their disappearance; the third was in the act of perpetration, when a champion, blindly obeying the call of fate, like the heroes of old romance, appeared in the person of Dominicus Pike.

It only remains to say that Mr. Higginbotham took the peddler into high favor, sanctioned his addresses to the pretty school-mistress, and settled his whole property on their children, allowing themselves the interest. In due time the old gentleman capped the climax of his favors by dying a Christian death, in bed, since which melancholy event Dominicus Pike has removed from Kimballton and established a large tobacco-manufactory in my native village.

END OF VOL. I.

71

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 4444 02916 9349

DECK REFERENCE

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY
LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE DIVISION
GRAND ARMY PLAZA
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11238